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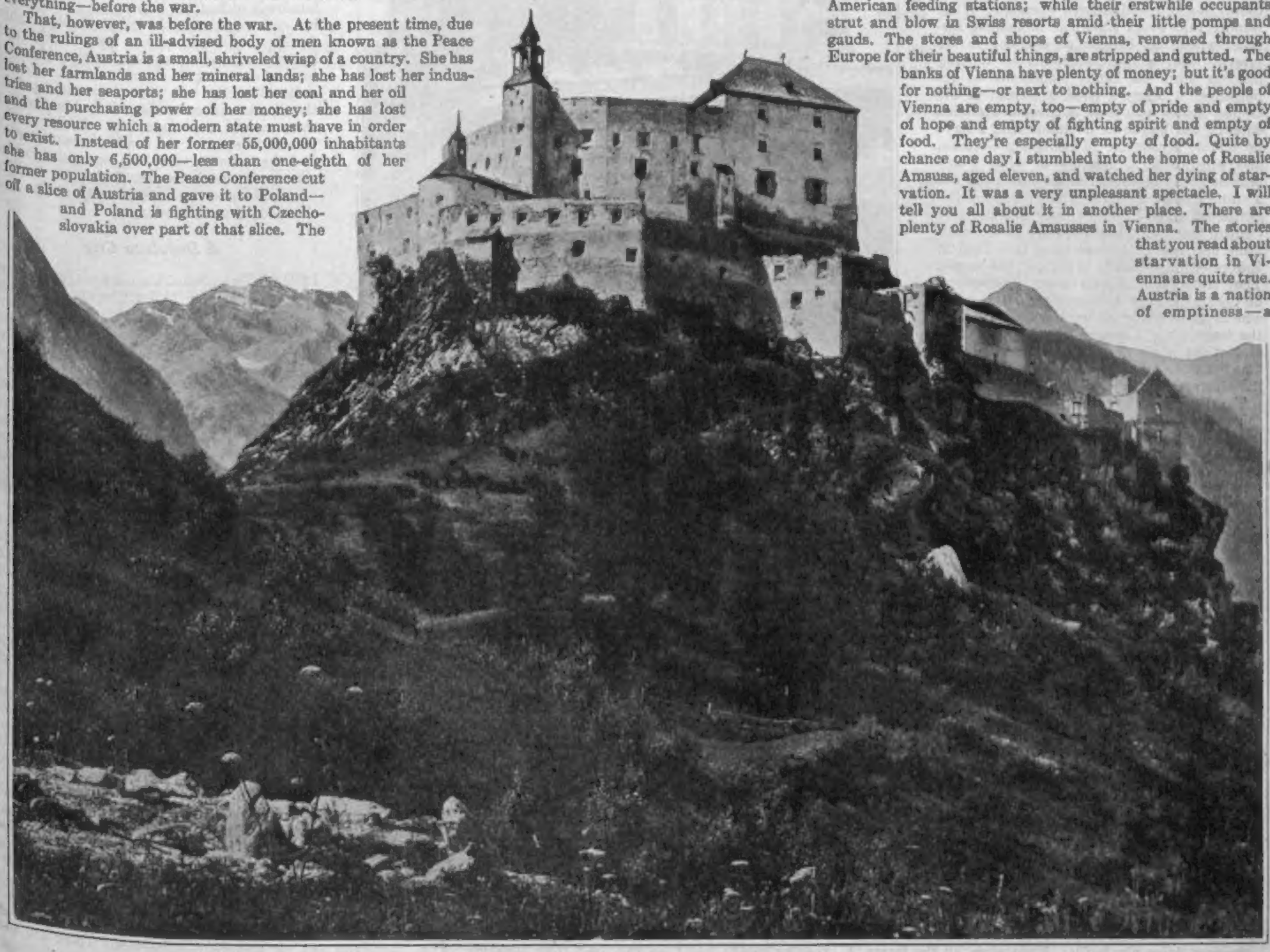
HUSKS — By Kenneth L. Roberts

AUSTRIA is a small peanut of a country about twice as large as Switzerland. It used to be a large, magnificent country—a K. u. K. country, to quote the Austrians, K. u. K. meaning *Kaiserlich und Königlich*, or Imperial and Royal. It was about as K. u. K. as any reasonable emperor could desire; for at the top it was wedged up into Germany and Russia, and swept grandly down past Switzerland and Italy and squatted heavily on the Balkan Peninsula. It was the largest and most K. u. K. agglomeration of real estate in all Europe, barring only Imperial Russia. Russia was a larger parcel of land; but a lot of it was marshland. It wasn't nearly so K. u. K. as Austria—or more properly Austria-Hungary. It didn't support so many palaces and *Hofs* and *Schlosses* and royal retainers and K. u. K. kinglets and princes and grand dukes and royal bums as Austria did.

Austria was rich. She had great industries and the raw materials for them, and the coal and the oil that they needed. She had a population of 55,000,000; and among the 55,000,000 there were as many different breeds of people as there were different varieties of postage stamps in one of those packages that used to be advertised as "10,000 stamps, all different: 25 cents." On every Austrian bank note the value had to be printed in eight different languages. Austria had everything—before the war.

That, however, was before the war. At the present time, due to the rulings of an ill-advised body of men known as the Peace Conference, Austria is a small, shriveled wisp of a country. She has lost her farmlands and her mineral lands; she has lost her industries and her seaports; she has lost her coal and her oil and the purchasing power of her money; she has lost every resource which a modern state must have in order to exist. Instead of her former 55,000,000 inhabitants she has only 6,500,000—less than one-eighth of her former population. The Peace Conference cut off a slice of Austria and gave it to Poland—and Poland is fighting with Czechoslovakia over part of that slice. The Peace Conference hacked off a huge gob and called it Czechoslovakia; and the Czechs and the Slovaks are quarreling between themselves, while the Czechs and the Hungarians are on the verge of going to the mat over part of Slovakia. The Peace Conference slashed off another slice and gave it to Rumania, and Hungary and Rumania are on the verge of fighting over it. She cut off a final great gob, which is now part of Jugo-Slavia. The Peace Conference has acted like a fatuous butcher cutting up a slab of meat for some friends; it cut off here and it cut off there, tossing the untrimmed chunks to this one and to that; and at the end it had a disagreeable little piece of gristle left, and that piece was tossed to the dogs. The piece of gristle is Austria; and the dogs to whom the Peace Conference threw it are the ravening beasts, Hunger and Cold and Despair.

Austria is a husk of a country—an empty shell. The nation itself is nothing but an unnatural boundary line surrounding a mass of land insufficiently large to feed its people, and without sufficient industries to support them. And Vienna, which with her two and a quarter million people is the greatest part of Austria, is an empty shell as well. The palaces of Vienna, which housed the diseased but royal breed that led Austria into the war and kept her there, are empty except for American feeding stations; while their erstwhile occupants strut and blow in Swiss resorts amid their little pomps and gauds. The stores and shops of Vienna, renowned through Europe for their beautiful things, are stripped and gutted. The banks of Vienna have plenty of money; but it's good for nothing—or next to nothing. And the people of Vienna are empty, too—empty of pride and empty of hope and empty of fighting spirit and empty of food. They're especially empty of food. Quite by chance one day I stumbled into the home of Rosalie Amsuss, aged eleven, and watched her dying of starvation. It was a very unpleasant spectacle. I will tell you all about it in another place. There are plenty of Rosalie Amsusses in Vienna. The stories that you read about starvation in Vienna are quite true. Austria is a nation of emptiness—a



One of the Castles Which Crown the Tyrolean Hills

husk of a nation and a nation of husks.

I saw scores of letters from Americans in the United States to Americans in Vienna while I was there, and every letter contained such questions as "Are the stories about starving people in Vienna true?" or "The papers say that the people in Vienna are starving, but they seem to keep on living. What's the truth of it?" or "Are conditions in Vienna as bad as they say? I suppose most of it is nothing but propaganda or newspaper talk."

I answer those questions here as the Americans in Vienna answered the letters:

The stories are true. Conditions are exactly as bad as they say, and they only grow worse with the passage of the weeks; almost none of it is either propaganda or what the thoughtless sometimes call newspaper talk; for the misery of the situation in Vienna is almost impossible to exaggerate.

Palace of Duke Friedrich, Commander of the Austrian Army. Empty To-day. Above—This Vienna Market Sold All Sorts of Good Things in the Old Days. To-day it Sells Nothing But Beets, Carrots and Shrivelled Apples

Central Europe is the greatest political, social and economic mess, with the single exception of Bolshevik Russia, that any man now living has ever seen. The situation is so fantastic and so incredible that any person who attempts to tell even a small part of it will automatically be doubted by all persons accustomed to a sane and ordered existence. What wonder that every American in Central Europe, when the League of Nations in its present form is mentioned, makes flapping motions with his hands significant of repugnance? Many a good American in the United States who is all in favor of America entering the league as it stands will, I have no doubt, accuse me of being pro-German, and pro-Bolshevik because of what I say against it. I am a reporter, however, and not a statesman or a judge. I am reporting the sentiment which I found among Americans in Central Europe. These men are good Americans and many of them came into Central Europe enthusiastically in favor of the league. They are in favor of it no longer. Somewhere in Central Europe there may be Americans who favor the entry of the United States into the league, but I missed them. "A League of Nations is all right," the Americans say; "such a thing ought to exist, and America ought to be in it. But not in this league! No indeed! Not this one!"

The Peace Conference has stripped Austria of everything which she needs in order to exist. Far harder terms, financially and territorially, have been imposed on Austria than on Germany. She can't buy coal, she can't buy food, she can't buy raw materials. Her neighbors, who hate her bitterly for her past sins, will give her nothing and will sell her next to nothing. She is cold and starved and helpless and hopeless. Her people want nothing but food to cook and fire on which to cook it.

On the Verge of Starvation

THE present-day Austria, as I have said, is a small peanut of a country. The contour of Ireland, I believe, is vaguely familiar to most people. If a giant steam roller were to roll up on Ireland's lower end and flatten it out a bit, her size and appearance would closely approach Austria's at the present time. Austria's flattened end is wedged between Germany and Italy, and the rounded end is held down at the top by Czechoslovakia, pushed in on the front by Hungary and jacked up by Jugo-Slavia.

The flat end is the Austrian Tyrol, where American tourists used to go to exclaim in wonder at the magnificent mountains worn by the landscape and the remarkable hats worn by the Tyroleans. These hats had large shaving brushes stuck in the bands in back, and were too killing for words. The hats still exist, and so do the mountains; and in the mountainous sections there is very little raised except the nimble chamois, a goatlike creature whose beard supplies the shaving-brush decoration for the Tyrolean hat. There is no agriculture to speak of. The rest of Austria is also very rugged and hilly, so that the farms are neither numerous, large nor fertile. Even when all the farms of Austria are thoroughly fertilized and producing at prewar speed they produce only enough to feed thirty per cent of her present population. In other words, they produce only a little more than enough to feed the people who live in the country districts. In the past, Austria has manufactured a wide variety of goods, sold them, and purchased food for the remaining seventy per cent of her population with a part of the proceeds. To-day the farms of Austria are producing even less than usual. Most of the few factories that have not been given to Czechoslovakia are shut down, for she has neither fuel nor raw material.

Consequently Austria has no goods to sell outside. She is earning nothing, and she has few resources; so she can buy nothing. Outside nations don't want to accept her money, for it is worthless. They are only willing to barter with her, and Austria has next to nothing with which to barter. Consequently the only people in Austria who are getting enough to eat are the people who are living in the country. They are getting just enough. The people in the cities are getting what the government can buy for them in outside countries and sell to them at a fairly reasonable rate or what the Americans send them. When the newspapers publish the statement that Vienna has enough bread to last until April seventeenth, it means that the amount of flour which outside nations have consented to sell to Vienna will give out on April seventeenth, and that unless the government has succeeded in scratching up a supply somewhere before that time the people will be unable to have any bread whatever. It does not mean that absolutely everyone will be breadless. Persons who have a great deal of money will still be able to get food. They won't be able to get the things they want, but they will be able to get enough to fill their stomachs. At no time can they, even with a lot of money, get enough fats to keep themselves from feeling hungry a short time after they've eaten; but they can keep from suffering. This applies only to people with a great deal of money. If the bread supply is exhausted on April seventeenth, the normal population gets no bread on April eighteenth. It can neither find nor afford the bread which is sold secretly.

All the capitals of Central Europe, in spite of their misery, look normal. Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna, Prague, Budapest—all of them are big, roaring, magnificent cities with crowded streets and honking taxicabs and shops and cabarets and theaters. On arriving in Vienna one rather expects to see people dying in the middle of the street-car tracks for lack of food. One expects to see the palaces crumbling in ruins and to see grass growing between the cobbles and to hear the low moaning of the starving children.

One finds nothing of the sort. Vienna wears a gay front. Her women, as always, are the most beautiful in Europe. Her men go briskly about their business, and their appearance is normal; there's none of that universal pallor that one expects. The shop windows glitter with jewels or blaze with paintings or silks, or foam—as the saying goes—with lingerie. The palaces are as massive and stately and imposing as ever. The streets, it is true, are full of dust and dirt and paper scraps; and there are hundreds of beggars importuning the passer-by—war cripples in the indescribably shoddy Austrian uniform; scraps and wrecks and husks of men who scramble on the sidewalks for the stubbiest of cigarette butts. But in order to see the true Vienna one must go into the shops and note the empty shelves and show cases; one must look closely at the palaces to see that the windows are unwashed and the rooms untenanted; one must go into the apartment houses to find once wealthy people living in the direst poverty, and to find them dying of starvation.

A Desolate City

TO GET an idea of Vienna as it really is one should see it for the first time at night. Then it is dark and dismal, cheerless and ghastly. The streets are lighted by the weakest of gas lights or electric lamps, separated by wide distances. Except for a few streets in the very center of this great city of two and a quarter million people, the thoroughfares are almost deserted when night has fallen. Even on the few populous streets the wayfarers are dim shapes whose movements seem stealthy and furtive. The hotel entrances and lobbies are dark caves. Vienna after dark looks like what it is—a sick city, a dying city, a city of abject despair.

In the restaurants and cafés—there is a wide difference between a restaurant and a café in Vienna—the electric lights are shut off at eight o'clock and are replaced by a few carbide lights, which give off a ghastly greenish-yellow glare. No street cars run after half past eight at night. The theaters begin at five o'clock in the afternoon, or half past five; and eight o'clock sees their audiences emptying into the darkened streets. Long-winded German operas, like Tannhäuser or Götterdämmerung, in which pairs of fat singers must sing into each other's faces endlessly, begin as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. In January, when I arrived in Vienna, there was a period covering several days during which, because of lack of coal, no passenger trains ran, no street cars, no elevators, no theaters, no opera, no cabarets. Every shop pulled down its shutters and locked its doors at dusk because no electricity could be burned. Vienna was the most desolate city I have ever seen.

At the bottom of all the trouble are lack of coal and lack of raw material. With coal and with raw material Vienna could eventually produce enough goods for export, so that she wouldn't have to be dependent on charity for her food. Without coal and without raw material Austria must be a beggar nation until she is permitted to join her fortunes with those of another nation that has the things which she lacks. Alone she cannot exist; that is an absolute, an accepted and an incontrovertible fact. There are four

(Continued on Page 78)

LUCK OF THE ROAD

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT TAKES two to make a collision, and since this story involves those most human of abstractions, the destructible and the resistible, coming head-on like reckless little meteorites, let me indicate on the map two points from which Fate shot her bolts simultaneously toward an unsuspecting farmhouse in the township of Brookhaven, Long Island.

The strategic points in our story lie about equidistant from the predestined farm in Brookhaven Township. If you know New York—as no doubt you do—you have heard of the Tory Club. Possibly you have had the rubberneck man bawl it out to you through a megaphone as the dollar sightseer goes by; possibly you are a member. From your seat in the democratic bus you may have beheld its granite perfection, including four glassy windows facing Fifth Avenue and magnificently framing four ancient conservative gentlemen who sit there forever reading, moveless as though they were already ossified into ancestral portraits.

With Frogman's Inn on the briny south shore of Long Island you are probably less familiar. For all I know it closed as soon as this man's war got well under way, for volunteering, drafting, Red Cross working and Liberty Loaning brought lean days to the wayside lobster palace.

But I write of a day still halcyon to American thriftlessness—September, 1914, when the cost of high living was moderate, when the income tax was no larger than a man's income, when citizens drank without fear of arrest. Frogman's Inn was a way station then for the great multitude who lived and motored at top speed; and on the cloudy noon of September when our story opens—Frogman's corps of German waiters was at that instant spreading tablecloths in the sea-view dining room—Mr. Fitzroy Herbert Delaine Colburn had just ransomed his baggage from the New York customs house and was starting uptown in his quietly expensive roadster.

Colburn had gone to Europe expecting to stay—as was his habit—until he got ready to come back. But the sudden blaze of war had turned him back in time for him to cable from London to his chauffeur in New York ordering his car to wait upon the arrival of a certain English liner. He had shaken hands with his chauffeur this morning and inquired after the man's family. Like many another rich man of cultivated tastes, Colburn was theoretically a democrat. For this as well as for his rather unskillful driving up Broadway we shall have to make allowances—without allowances we could say very little for poor Fitz in this tale of contradictions.

Had you called Fitz Colburn an expatriate, an internationalist or any other of the names as unpopular as they are polysyllabic he would have flown into a rage and included you among the many whom he ignored. To prove his Americanism—had he cared to take the trouble—he could have shown you the beautiful three-story-and-attic house in Nineteenth Street, where two elderly persons of the servant class dwelt in hourly expectation of their master's return. Often, too, he took an American car and an American chauffeur abroad with him to be of service in his art quests through Italian ruins and Spanish cathedral towns. That Colburn was not divorced from patriotism and that his liver had not grown pale from much travel was proved plainly enough by his behavior some four years later in a tight corner of the Meuse-Argonne.

I am only telling you how Colburn appeared to any average citizen on a stuffy September noon of 1914, when the inconveniences of a war in which he had no part had brought him back to the tumult and the crowding and the aimless hurry of his native city. Weaving his way in and out between trucks, wagons, automobiles, street cars, Colburn got glimpses of a race which was becoming daily more alien to him. Their determination provoked him, irritated him with a sense of his own futility. If he had gone into business, as Grandmother Colburn had insisted that he should, or followed the law according to the theories of his worldly sister, Mrs. Phillips Modderson, he might have been married now, a father of children, a burgess of his city, something else than an idler in the name of art.

Now September is—as we all know—the villain of the months. Its rains make mud, its sun makes dust. Its leaves wither without achieving autumnal glory and it is a fitting season for man to turn his hatred in upon himself. Fitz Colburn in his drive up Broadway narrowly escaped death in many forms. The police warned him several times and even his highly paid chauffeur breathed a respectful prayer for caution.

"I can't even drive a car," thought Fitz moodily, "let alone paint a picture or cut a figure in any community. In New York again—and where the devil am I going?"

He considered this last point pro and con as Hamlet might have done. His reflections and his poor skill had brought the car within sight of the Flatiron Building when the necessity for decision faced him. A block and a half east of the Nineteenth Street corner he had a house of his own. He had merely to descend upon the caretaker and assume proprietorship, to have it opened and aired. On the other hand, there was the Tory Club's splendid service and bachelor atmosphere. At the Nineteenth Street corner Fitz turned his car, still undecided. Halfway up the block within sight of the smart stuccoed front with green shutters and American basement entrance he turned again. The house could wait. He had never liked the idea of living alone in the place. Lunch at the Tory Club and a run out to Southampton to pay his sister a surprise visit seemed a sensible program under the circumstances; it would amount to approaching the horrors of New York by degrees. At the Tory Club's stone front he surrendered the wheel to his chauffeur.

"Come back at four," he said. "On the way stop at the house and have Richards give you my color box. I'll telephone him about it."

Through the Tory Club's splendid and exclusive halls Colburn wandered like a ghost—a middle-sized delicately

"He's Dead!" Cried Winnie, and Began to Whimper Softly

The Pretty Pollard Sisters Standing at the Gate of What Had Once Been the Pollard Farm Smiled Becomingly as They Waved Small Hands in Farewell to the Little Car

built ghost with a pale skin, romantic hazel eyes and a mustache not much larger than the eyebrows which shaded his shy, inquisitive regard. In the reading room one old man seemed to see him, for he lowered his copy of the Tribune and bowed rather stiffly. Colburn did his best to recall the old gentleman's name, acknowledged defeat and sauntered into the taproom. Here the scene was livelier. Several men of about Colburn's age—which was nearer forty than thirty—were gathered at a round oak table partaking of a short golden drink then not unknown to American public life.

"Hello, Fitz!" called out a bald Apollo, rising and extending his hand. "Where in the world have you been all this time?"

"Various parts of Europe," smiled Fitz, making a show of pleasure at the meeting.

He was among friends now—that is, men who had been his classmates at Groton and Harvard—and there would have been no sense in pretending that he had forgotten them.

"What's yours?" asked little Billy Cramp, motioning hospitably toward a chair which a bar boy was pushing up.

"Nothing, thanks," declared Fitz. Then seeing that his cold-water psychology was bringing a chill into the circle, he added hastily, "I'm on a diet."

"I guess there's nothing but diet over there now," suggested Bobby Lanyer, gesturing toward Europe.

"It looks like a pretty serious business," declared Colburn.

"Now?" somebody asked.

"From now on."

"After the way Von Kluck curled up at the Marne? Fitz, you always were a pessimist."

"I've been living in Italy and Spain," said Fitz, "and I don't suppose I know much more about it than you do. But ——"

"But what?"

"Well, Germany's just begun to fight. Italy hasn't begun yet."

"You don't think Italy'll be in it?"

"Yes—on the side of France and England."

"Dream on!" challenged Billy Cramp. "Next you know you'll be having America in."

"That's just what I'm worrying about."

"Well, I'm not."

"That's good. Keep cheerful," Fitz recommended, and went smiling toward the dining room.

Over the next golden drink the specialists round the oak table held a consultation upon Fitz Colburn's case.

"What's the matter with him anyhow?" asked one.

"He's got Europe on the brain," said another. "Once a highbrow always a highbrow."

"He's had something educated out of him."

"It's art that's doing for him."

"He can't paint for sour apples."

"He can make his family think he can and that's enough."

"If his father was alive Fitz would be in a factory somewhere learning how to build sewing machines."

"Why doesn't he die or get married or something?"

"You're a great one to talk!"

"That's personal. Let's have another. It's Saturday."

In the dining room Fitz Colburn heard none of these estimates of his character, and the hearing would have been of no benefit to him, since he knew much more about himself than ever the taproom could say. He hid behind a newspaper and finished his lunch slowly and in silence, seeing ahead of him the problem of becoming acquainted again with his own people—that and taking up a place in the world he no longer understood.

Lunch over, he found himself wondering if, after all, he wouldn't be bored to death after an hour with his sister. His chauffeur was late and a long wait under the "silence" sign in the club library gave Fitz a chance to change and rechange his mind several times. It was half past four and he had about decided to stay in town when a servant announced that his car was waiting. Quite evidently he was expected to do something. Southampton was vastly preferable to this bedlam, thought Fitz as he ordered his kit bag to be packed in the rumble. Upon such frail decisions our destinies can be built.

"I'll go out alone," he informed his man, then took the wheel and pointed the radiator toward that strategic center at which another of Fate's missiles was being hurled.

And now for a momentary glimpse of Frogman's Inn out on the sounding beach of Long Island. Already it was beginning to draw its Saturday trade. Automobiles of various makes and stages of respectability were coming to park along the sand-swept curb, and up the steps to Frogman's shingled veranda jolly parties were arriving by twos and fours. It was down in Frogman's ostentatious weathered-oak bar that the presence of Mr. Sid Freeland was first felt. He hadn't come by twos and fours. He had come alone, the fact being quite at variance with what he told the fat Bavarian bartender, who, smiling under the sign "Don't Talk War, Talk Business," was stirring ice and liquid with one hand while with the other he slid a bar glass across the counter.

"Come mit a party, Mr. Freeland?"

The Mr. Freeland thus addressed was a muscular man who stood nearly six feet in his light-topped brown shoes. His suit too was brown, cut close to the figure and with spare sleeves showing lavender silk cuffs. His face, though inclined to beef, was good looking, magnetic and amiable in the extreme. A slight droop in his left eyelid marred his appearance, and when he smiled—which he did often and easily—he seemed to be winking at a humor which he relished in secret.

"With a party?" he asked absent-mindedly, and winked again. "Oh, yes—a party. How's business, Mike?"

"Nefer better. Ve don't see you round here some time, Mr. Freeland."

"No, my circuit doesn't take me out this way often."

Upon second glance you would have concluded that Mr. Freeland was an actor. Or was he? A commercial traveler, possibly.

"Easy with the hair oil, Mike!" commanded Freeland, raising a hand in time to stay the bartender's attack with a bitters shaker. "Next you know Frogman'll be putting you in as head barber."

"Sure he might!" agreed Mike, but his attention was on the other end of the bar, where a young man with a powerful nose and puny chin was swaying slightly and demanding whisky straight.

Mr. Freeland lingered, sipping his cocktail appraisingly, concerned apparently in his own good thoughts. The young man having gulped his dram took his way unsteadily out of the room and Mike came back to the dialogue.

"His fader should be looking after him," he declared, hitching his thumb toward the departing figure. "Oudt here efery Saturday mit a jag and a chorus girl. Such a damn fool like him should not be allowed mit cars."

"Boys will be boys," agreed the man with the drooping eye. "That little green runabout with the wire wheels is his, isn't it?"

"Green is right," declared Mike disgustedly. "Und green vill be his grave if ——"

"Well, so long!"

Bored apparently with barroom philosophy, Freeland spun a quarter on the bar—such was the simplicity of 1914!—and went striding across the tiled floor toward the stairway. On the main floor he paused just a moment in the shadow of an ornamental palm while he studied the faces of twos and fours passing in toward a sea-food luncheon. Finally, the space round being for a moment cleared of humanity, he strolled over to the dining-room door and made a swift survey of the interior. Many groups sat round tables by the sea-view window. At a table next the wall the young man with the weak chin sat facing a brilliant-cheeked, parrot-hatted young lady. She was reading the menu card; he was sitting stiff and dignified with all the self-satisfaction of one who, not quite sober, imagines that he is deceiving the world as to his true condition.

"One, sir?" asked the head waiter, approaching the casual watcher by the door.

"Never mind," replied Mr. Freeland, winking pleasantly as he turned on his heel and left the place.

Round the sand-blown corner on the street at right angles to the beach he saw the green two-seater standing alone. It was too far out into the road and gave the appearance of having been abandoned—as it had—without regard to consequences. Freeland never changed his sauntering pace as he went over to the car and took his seat behind the wheel. The key had not been turned in the magneto. Very expertly he switched on the power, applied the self-starter and guided the pleasant little vehicle back to the road whence it had come.

He knew of an honest garage not so far off the main highway where wire wheels could be changed to wooden, licenses renumbered and other magic wrought in a scant three hours. And beyond there lay the smooth concrete ribbon running all the way into the city, where human misdeeds may be hidden in an indefinite variety of their kind.

But a certain obscure farm near Bellport lay between, Fate's target, though quite unconscious of its destiny.

II

THE automobile—as has oft been said—brings the country to the city and the city to the country, the fair exchange being in a sense mutual robbery. To-day the Long Island farmer, who once dwelt as far from Manhattan as the Grand Lama from Peking, has taken on a citified air and can talk quite intellectually of the Midnight Follies or of the price of a year's crop which he lost last week playing Wall Street on a margin. The automobile has taken him Manhattanward to his loss, but it has brought him back to the farm, where he can await his revenge. For well he knows that ere long the city dweller, swollen with pride, will come bowling along the country road out Brookhaven way to find that our artless rustic has been cutting his acres up into suburban lots upon which he is willing and able to profiteer.

Irma and Winnie Pollard lived on one of those mediums of exchange between city and country, a concreted road hard as a stone, smooth as a ribbon and running in from Bellport to connect with cobwebs of similar thoroughfares beyond.

The Pollard sisters got very little out of that road except the excitement of looking at it, but their ways of looking at it were as different as their complexions and temperaments. From Uncle Henry Pollard's shabby porch Irma, the elder, would fix her lazy brown eyes upon the smooth surface and smile absently as if to say that the road was a nice old thing with a good turn in it somewhere. Winnie's blue gaze would travel restlessly as far as the bend beyond the bridge, then she would sigh impatiently and vent her temper on the slow-minded Irma, whom she loved, deplored and regarded with both fondness and jealousy—sister-wise.

The sisters were regarded as anomalies in Brookhaven Township. Up to Irma's sixteenth year they had lived in Brooklyn, where their widowed father to the day of his death had followed the trade of paper hanging. Irma, never a scholar, had kept house. Winnie had enjoyed the

advantage of two years in the high school, where she acquired the germ of ambition which still grew within her as she rocked on the porch of Uncle Henry Pollard's road-view farm.

It was a poor excuse for a farm, however you looked at it. Hedged in by automobile speedways and real-estate additions, the Pollard farm, like the Magic Skin, had shrunk and shrunk with its owner's hopes. Uncle Henry, a philosophical Long Island native, had counted his life work finished upon his return from the Spanish War. A philanthropic syndicate from Jamaica had sauntered in and purchased most of his farm bit by bit. Already they were filling the scrubby woods with signs, committing atrocities on the landscape under the pretext of laying sidewalks. For a sixty-foot strip of sand just beyond the duck pond the Jamaica speculators were asking a price far in advance of what Uncle Henry had received for all his acres, now well lost.

But Henry Pollard being by nature a dreamer was not without a dreamer's inspirations. Long since he had given up any idea of putting his nieces to ordinary farm work. As Aunt Naomi said, more in sorrow than in anger, "They're ladies." So there was an end to it so far as any earthly use was concerned. But Uncle Henry was proud of their skill in copying costumes out of fashion magazines; he liked their superiority to the native small fry and harbored—as Aunt Naomi guessed—secret ambitions for their future.

One fair spring morning in 1914 shortly after the opening of the automobile season he came out of the cellar, a black smudge across his nose, a pine splinter between his teeth, a home-lettered sign under his arm. Hammer and nails he then produced and proceeded to attach the sign to the bole of an ancient apple tree centered in the front yard.

Milk for Sale to Auto Parties

Aunt Naomi saw it and asked quite naturally if Uncle Henry had been drinking again.

"Nope, I ain't been drinkin' none," declared Henry. "But I been calculatin'. Six glasses—providin' you pick 'em yourself—makes one quart o' milk. You're forever jawin' about Irma and Winnie doin' nothin' but set round lookin' pretty. All right. Let 'em set on the porch and sell milk to auto parties. Fifteen cents a glass makes ninety cents a quart—if you pick your own glasses."

Uncle Henry looked ever so sly when he said this, and results proved the soundness of his cunning. The beautiful Pollard sisters made excellent salesladies for milk. Their striking good looks stimulated trade—and if they blushed prettily when they named the price per glass who can say whether that rosy tint was induced by a knowledge of extortion or was but the natural hue of maiden cheeks under admiring inspection?

They managed the business with marked success during the sultry summer months. Their share in the profits brought them in a ghostly income, which they spent on materials with which to deck their gentle bodies. It gave them something to do. A milk sale was to the Pollard sisters a bright jewel in a rosary of dull hours. They became all but clairvoyant in guessing the intentions of approaching motors. A rakish mustard-colored roadster would come popping round the bend. Rocking on the porch, the sisters would sigh a mutual sigh; lone young men with sporting overcoats seldom asked for milk. Then a laden touring car would slow down as it neared the shackly gate. Irma and Winnie would come bouncing to their small feet to be handy with a tray of glasses and Aunt Naomi's best china pitcher. Someone would whisper, "What love-ly girls!" Irma's dark eyes would meet Winnie's blue ones in sisterly jealousy. Then a stout lady—probably the wife of the stout gentleman at the wheel—would declare that fifteen cents a glass was outrageous even in these times.

"Quit your kicking, Angy!" the stout gentleman would say, usually forgetting to ask for any change in the confusion of his sentimental glances as he wheeled reluctantly away.

After such a sale—typical of many—the Pollard sisters would go back to their porch to sew or quarrel or read magazines, but for an instant they would be solaced with the feeling that they had touched the hem of life.

On the September evening which is in a sense the eve of our story, Uncle Henry Pollard took a hot bath. This was in itself unusual, since it was then only Friday. But Uncle Henry had been bred to associate a shave, a clean shirt and a hot bath with ceremonial occasions, and at midmorning of Saturday the elder Pollards, attired as for a festival, got themselves and their rattan suitcase into the family's rough-riding runabout and started bumpily away toward the Port Jefferson pike. Like everything else in the lives of Uncle Henry and Aunt Naomi, this departure was but an obedience to habit. For nearly twenty years it had been their wont to cross the island in early September for a week's visit with Cousin Judah's folks; Cousin Judah fattening with the years had grown from a humble oysterman to a responsible real-estate dealer in the Port. It was quite natural that Henry and his wife looked forward to their annual visits at the house of the great man.

The pretty Pollard sisters, standing at the gate of what had once been the Pollard farm, smiled becomingly as they waved small hands in farewell to the little car as it rattled down the road.

"Don't let Serena ——"

Aunt Naomi's thin voice, shrill with her last message, was lost in the motor's roar. Serena, the elderly hired girl, who cooked, fed the chickens, dusted, milked the cows and attended the furnace, was to be their chaperon for the week.

"What didn't she want Serena to do?" asked Irma, permitting her brown eyes to rest rather fondly upon the disappearing chariot.

"How do I know?" said Winnie impatiently. "She always wants something. Let's go up on the porch—it's hotter than blazes here."

So back to the porch they went and selected for their ease two black-walnut rockers, elaborate machines which worked on hidden springs and squeaked dismally as they worked. Irma resumed her sewing, Winnie her magazine; and as they sat there silently they were easily the pleasantest feature in all that September landscape.

It was not hard to see why motorists should have paused over their milk to exclaim "What love-ly girls!" There was very little of the rural in their appearance; not in vain had they studied that type of periodical published for the purpose of bringing Paris and Newport to the houses of the humble. Fortunately for them they had not gone to the moving-picture theaters to select their modes of hairdressing. They made their own clothes for the most part. On the rare occasions when Aunt Naomi could afford to take them shopping in New York they selected very well. As far as frivolity was concerned, the Pollard sisters were wise beyond their years and education.

Upon first glance—since the eye first follows brilliant color—you would have said that Winnie was the prettier

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They Laid Him on Aunt Naomi's Carved Black-Walnut Bed in the Company Bedroom Downstairs

DIGGING OUT

By Bernard M. Baruch

DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE world, without knowing it, is digging itself out. I believe the peak of scarcity and underproduction is definitely passing away. From now on we shall see a slow, steady increase in the supply of all those goods which are required to satisfy human wants and, though the demand will continue great, there will be a lowering of the price levels and a bettering of the exchange markets.

The idea is very simple. It does not depend upon prophecy. You have only to consider what everyone already knows to be taking place and then ask yourself what the consequences must be.

What made the scarcity? You say it was the war. It was, of course; but why did war make things scarce? Because the work of about one-fifth of the world's efficient population was changed from productive ends to destructive purposes. Let us get a picture of what happened then.

In 1914, when the World War commenced, there were drawn from all walks of life—from every field of production and distribution—into the armies of the world an ever-increasing number of men, until it amounted to something like twenty millions when the armistice was declared. These men were no longer producers, but only consumers. In order that this vast army should be fed, clothed and munitioned further drafts were made upon the man and woman power of the world, much of which was used for new purposes, which had no relation to ordinary production and distribution. Military statisticians have estimated that it takes five people at home to keep one man at the Front. When one surveys the enormous areas included in the war, the vast populations engaged in it, it is not difficult to believe that during the sixty months of the struggle the estimate that 120,000,000 men and women were directly or indirectly occupied with war manufacture is substantially correct. As an indication of the reasonable accuracy of these statistics, it can be pointed out that in the last six months of America's participation there had been a gigantic conversion of industries from a nonwar basis to a war basis effected. This was true to such an extent that during the summer of 1918 it was rare indeed to find a going concern which was not producing something that contributed to the success of the national program. Nations no longer fight with men alone, but with things. The whole of the world's resources were thrown into the conflict. Not alone was production lessened, but available facilities of ordinary peacetime production were converted for war purposes.

The Silent Resumption of Production

THE millions of men and women thus engaged in war manufacture were well paid; they had to be. Thus wealth, so far as it is represented by money, became widely distributed. There was money to spend, but not many things to spend it on. There was a vast gap between supply and demand. These 120,000,000 men and women drawn out of the fields of production and distribution made a great hole in the stocks of everything everywhere, because they were taken away from the occupations of peace, wherein they manufactured those articles contributing to life and comfort, and put to the manufacture of those things making for death and destruction.

This vacuum was further increased by the interruption, and in some instances by the breakdown, of railroad and shipping facilities. Thus it was not always the case that scarcity was due to an actual famine in the things that were scarce. For example, while Europe was crying for wheat that precious life-sustaining cereal lay in rotting mountains in Australia, fattening armies of rats. Why? Because the time of a ship was even more vital to victory than Australian wheat; ships could not be spared to make so long a journey. Though there may have been a plentiful supply of tin and rubber in the Straits, or jute in India, or manganese in Brazil, or wool in South Africa and the Argentine, or wheat in Russia, or hides in Siberia, it could not be moved on account of the lack of transportation. It was as if this supply did not exist. When the armistice was signed the world had reached the maximum of men in the armies and of workers in munitions and the minimum in its facilities of distribution and transportation.

Immediately on the signing of the armistice there was a wild scramble for goods of all kinds to replenish private stocks. This was true not only of merchants but of individuals. Those who could afford to be extravagant, or to have plenty, but who had been cut down to rations during the war, all with one impulse began to buy food, clothes and luxuries. This demand, falling suddenly upon the sources of supply before there had been time to increase production, caused an after-climax. Prices went up with a rush and the idea of scarcity was not only confirmed but in many cases it was, one may suspect, encouraged by those who were making great profits by the rise, with all trading restrictions off.

But now what is taking place? The work of 120,000,000 people is changing back again from destructive purposes to productive ends. It takes a little time. The consequences, however, are as inevitable in one case as in the other. As men and women were dismissed from munition factories and as men were demobilized from the army and navy, all gradually drifted back—or will drift back—into the fields of production and distribution. This return of workers to the fields of production will surely tend to its increase. There are more people working to-day by far than at the time of the signing of the armistice; more people working to-day than yesterday, and so it will be to-morrow. Slowly at first, but now faster and with pace soon to be greatly accelerated, the workers are returning to their usual occupations.

This process of digging ourselves out is now going on much faster and is already much further advanced than we generally suppose. The reasons for our being unaware of our progress are two. In the first place, the idea of scarcity surviving from the war had a kind of momentum which would carry it on long after the turn came in the tide of production. In the second place, you do not see the demobilization taking place and it is not dramatized in the daily news as the work of mobilization very naturally was.

Take only the case of ships. During the war the splash of a new ship was an event to be cabled round the world. We counted them one by one and were in an agony of suspense lest we should not be able to launch them fast enough. But our shipbuilding industry was like a lake that goes on rising long after the rain has stopped. Every day new ships are still slipping into the water and we hear nothing about it. These are ships that were already begun before the armistice; they had either to be abandoned on the ways or finished. Of course they were finished. And as fast as they are finished they start going about the world picking up the grain and the jute and the wool and hides which had been so scarce because they could not be transported from where they were produced to where they were wanted. At the same time ships are being released from the army-transport service and they also go up and down the seas looking for cargoes, so that now we are fast returning to a nearly normal supply of ocean shipping, whereas only a few months ago there was a tragic scarcity. A surplus of transportation facilities is the forethought of cheaper and more abundant merchandise. Day by day great docks are demobilized; private persons take them over and begin to think of ways to develop the freight that will make them pay. Next the railroads are demobilized. For a little while you will not notice much change; but there will be thousands of expert traffic minds thinking night and day how to originate new traffic, how to increase traffic here and there by moving freight more cheaply or more rapidly, how to improve the terminals, how to do more business than the other fellow.

Great economic changes take place slowly. It was not until the second year of the war that people began to know what scarcity was. Demobilization naturally is much slower than mobilization. The idea of plenty will not suddenly displace the idea of scarcity. This important psychological reversal will take place by degrees.

Slow But Steady Improvement

WHEN I say that I believe the peak of scarcity has been touched I do not mean to say that a great and sudden fall in prices is either probable or desirable. On the contrary, a decline so steep as to upset business is by every means to be avoided. No such dangerous thing need be. The soundest reason for expecting any decline in prices to be orderly and gradual is that the demand will widen as we return to normal in supply and prices of commodities, thus enabling purchasers to buy without paying exorbitant costs.

I see in economic conditions directly before us slow and steady improvement. With these improving economic conditions we shall see improving social and political conditions, because political and social unrest are reflections of economic conditions and not vice versa. It is fallacious to assume that lower prices coming from an increased supply will make for hard times. That would be true were a third factor present, namely—lack of demand. But there is every reason to believe that demand will continue and, if anything, increase—due, first, to the wide distribution in this country of money; secondly, to the fact that nonemployment is negligible; thirdly, that many needs have remained unfilled because of the barrier offered by abnormally high prices, conversion and skeletonizing of industries during the war and the stoppage of all constructive enterprises during the war period. It is certainly within the bounds of safety to say that demand will continue for some time.

It will take a long time for the world to replenish its stocks of goods of all sorts that have been depleted less directly by the ravages of conflict than by the turning from a productive to a destructive basis. During the war all improvements, whether in manufacturing, city or government work, transportation or housing, were either partly or entirely stopped. This will have to be caught up with in addition to what the future may hold forth.

The return to normal conditions and to greater prosperity will be swifter if we can remove certain psychic obstructions.

The lack of desire, or perhaps the inability, of men and women returning to ordinary pursuits of life to work with the same zeal and effort as previously is one of the factors in the situation that must be reckoned with. There is no

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FARMERS' SAND

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WELL, sir, I can hardly resist the urge. To see everybody round me getting rich overnight in oil makes me itch to do the same. To be sure, for every one who has made any money I know ten who have lost or gone broke—but why shouldn't I be one of the lucky? The answer lies in the sort of hands I hold whensoever I have bucked the ancient game of draw poker or essayed a session of African golf with boys from Texas—boys who learned how to talk to the dice long before I even learned of the existence of the ivory cubes or suspected the possibilities of combinations that go to make a seven when you don't want it. And yet—and yet—before me lies a letter from one whose aim is to do the downtrodden good, and I find it difficult to withstand Napoleon's appeal.

For that is his name; *mais oui*, his name is Napoleon. And lend ear to his trumpet call to wealth: "This message may mark the turning point in your career. I am writing this letter because I believe I can help you make a fortune if you will follow my suggestions." Then it develops that Napoleon, besides being president of an oil-stock company, edits a golden-rule magazine, the object of which "is to help the great struggling masses find peace, happiness and financial strength sufficient for their enjoyment of those common privileges to which every human being is entitled."

But ah!—how can that be attained? "Through the greatest oil boom the world has ever seen I have discovered an additional means of helping the man of small capital to acquire a substantial fortune with but little risk." And again: "My object in life is to help the great struggling masses by showing them how to acquire the necessities and some of the luxuries; how to overcome the eternal struggle for a mere existence which kills the finer emotions of the human heart and strangles the finer impulses of the soul."

At this point I rise to make an inquiry. Why wasn't this guy at the peace conference? Where has Napoleon been hiding these past eighteen months? How come, as they say in Texas—how come he couldn't be utilized where altruism bloomed in fairest flower?

Whatever the reason, Napoleon advises the purchase of his oil stocks. "Experienced oil men and newspapers have estimated that the well will produce from 1000 to 2000 barrels a day"—he is talking about a well brought in near the acreage his company controls—"but a telegram in our office states that the former driller who worked on the well stated it was a 5000-barrel well. If the well makes 5000 barrels a day, or even 2000 barrels, the company's 756 acres near this big new well would alone be worth the entire capital of the company."

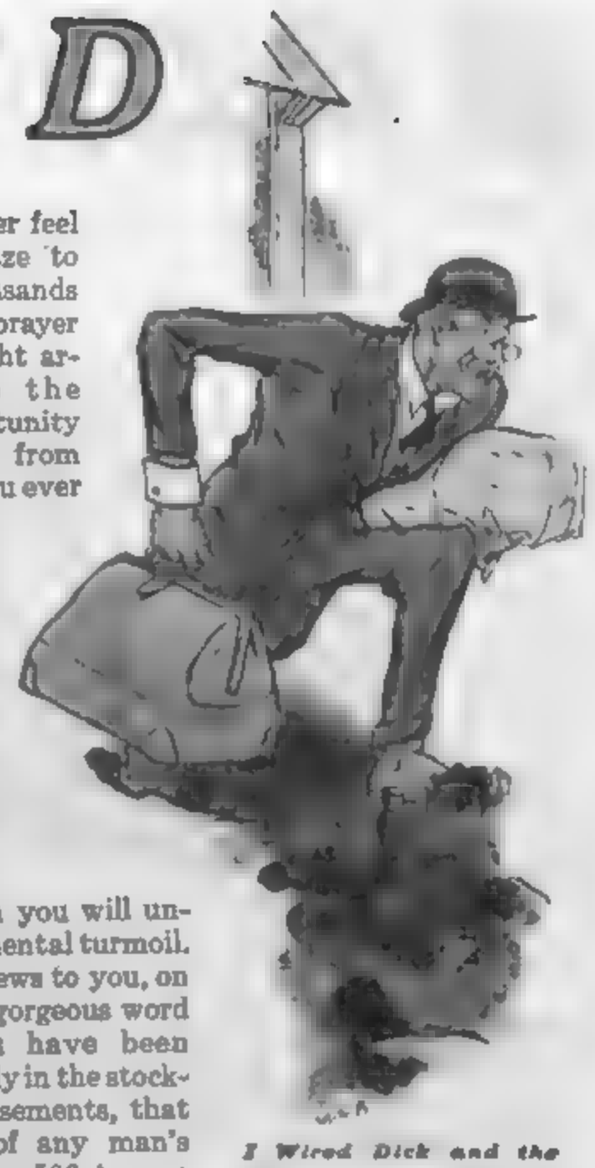
I can feel myself slipping. But will the well make 5000 barrels? Or will it make 2000 barrels? And have any of those who bought on the spur of his advertisements cleaned up a fortune on the stock? There's the rub. Those questions give me pause. For it so happens that the well he is touting is located on property belonging to relatives of mine; we visited it; watched it flow by heads; and it doesn't make, and never did make, 2000 barrels. So probably I shall cling to my hard-earned POST checks after all, and Napoleon will have to pick on somebody farther afield to uplift above the eternal struggle for mere existence.

The Odds Against You: 500 to 1

BUT I do wish these well-wishers wouldn't hurry me so. Why can't they take it comfortably, instead of all the time driving me into a fret that I may lose the chance of a lifetime? Surely they don't do that with everybody! "Buy now before the golden opportunity slips away from you forever," writes one unknown benefactor. And Napoleon's literature shrieks at me not to "delay or wait to investigate, but send your order by telegraph and follow it with your remittance. . . . This quotation is for quick acceptance, as the price is to be advanced to $1.50 in a few days."

That's always the way. Book publishers who want me to get the benefit of a set of ninety volumes by the Persian poet, Flubdubber Iam, at three dollars the copy, ten dollars down and the remainder before I get up again, always threaten me with that sure rise in price unless I make speed. Doggone! Why won't they give me time to think? If I hesitate I may never be able to get in on the ground floor, and their effort to do me good will fail ignominiously. On the other hand, a country boy who works for a living just naturally hates to risk a pile of money which represents hard labor.

Did you ever feel the same craze to rush some thousands by wire, with a prayer that they might arrive before the golden opportunity slipped away from you? Have you ever been seized, too, of the fever to get rich quick, while these golden floods are gushing from the deep sands of Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana? Well, well! I declare! Then you will understand my mental turmoil.



I Wired Dick and the Others to Come Out, and They Came a-Running

It may be news to you, on top of all the gorgeous word painting you have been treated to lately in the stock-selling advertisements, that the chances of any man's striking oil are 500 to one against. These are the odds quoted by the oldest drillers and operators in the oil business. And the next time you are given an opening to acquire some close-in stuff it may impart caution and retard that impulse if you realize that even in proved oil fields two out of five wells drilled are dry holes or of too insignificant production to warrant working.

These remarks are not designed to throw a damper on legitimate development or investment in established production companies. Neither are they meant for the genuine wildcatter who risks his own and his associates' money in exploring new territory, for such are the pioneers of the oil industry and constitute an invaluable asset.

Aunt Zelphia's Luck

HUGE fortunes have been made in oil of late, and hundreds and hundreds of smaller ones—I admit all that. I know of an old colored woman in Bull Bayou field, De Soto Parish, Louisiana, who owns forty acres and was recently drawing $30,000 a month in oil royalties from wells on her land; and the road to her shack amid the pine woods has been black with nephews and nieces and cousins and half cousins. I mention Aunt Zelphia because it illustrates a point I wish to make: Almost all of the fortunes have been made by persons owning land on which some driller struck oil. The others were acquired by men who happened to be on the ground before a strike was made and jumped in at once on the strength of their judgment or information, and leased acreage heavily.

Three out of five of these lease speculators lose their money in the long run, however, sinking the winnings of one coup in some other wildcat, though they are on the spot and in a position to estimate values, so far as such can be estimated in the oil game. Then what do you think the chances are for investors at a distance? My own opinion is that

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The Whole Country Quit Work and Came to See the New Well. There Were Scouts From Every Corner of the State and We Had All Sorts of Bids for Acreage. Would We Sell Any? I Guess Not!

BED ROCK

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I am Fifteen Thousand Under. It's My Debt."
"How Do You Get That Way? I Thought You Were a Fifty-Fifty Guy"

IN AUGUST young Frank Ross finished the steel erection on a thousand-ton smelter job in Arizona. The combination of August and Arizona had its effect. For a good many days and a good many nights Ross and Arizona had been too hot for comfort.

"I crave ice," he said to Conway, who was associated with him on the contract. "Me for the North. Me for the land of absolute zero. I long for an igloo in the Arctic night."

"Go to it," Conway replied. "I think I will hit that foundation job in Pennsylvania."

Ross landed in San Francisco with a thousand dollars in his pocket. He enjoyed San Francisco. A month later he arrived in St. Louis with half that amount. He left St. Louis in October, financially weak, but still going a million with his ambition to cool off. On a day in January he rode the west-bound Canadian Pacific into Fort William, north of Lake Superior.

When the train slowed in the Fort William yards he took his shaving kit, his toothbrush and a necktie out of his suitcase and put them into the pocket of an overcoat which he had bought in St. Louis. He carried the suitcase forward to the dining car and handed it to the dining-car conductor.

"Here, buddy," he said, "keep this. It will square me for supper last night and breakfast this morning."

He got off the train. To the porter standing beside the car steps he gave sixty-five cents.

"Here, son," he said to the porter, "that's all you get."

He had another dime in his possession, but his cold fingers failed to discover it in the depths of his pocket. He walked over to the lee of the dispatcher's window, and in a little bay between the window and the wall of the railway station he read the thermometer fixed to the wall.

"Forty below—where do we go from here?"

He walked uptown. The packed snow lying a foot thick on the sidewalk chirped under his marching heels.

"Room and bath," he said to the clerk at the hotel.

"Excuse me, partner, your face is frozen," the clerk said.

Ross signed the register. The clerk asked for his baggage checks. Ross looked at him.

"There is no baggage."

"In that case," the clerk began, "it is customary ——"

"I shall be here for a long time," Ross interrupted. "The baggage will accumulate from day to day. Snow is what you use on a frozen face, isn't it?"

Ten minutes later he was shaving in his room. He lathered his face and dried his hands. From the watch pocket of his trousers he produced a five-dollar bill.

"Bed rock," he commented. He telephoned for a boy. "Buy me a suit of heavy flannen underwear," he directed; "a shirt and a collar and a pair of socks. Get me a turndown collar, size fifteen. Number eleven socks."

"Gray flannel?" the boy asked.

"I said flannen," Ross returned. "Flannen comes in red only. Flannen for Flannigans.

"Bed rock! My last five spot! I wonder if the change will be big enough to buy a thousand calories of ham and eggs," he reflected after the boy had gone. "If not there is another notch left in the old belt. I can dine on hypnotism. 'You are full. You are full to bursting. There is no hunger.'"

He made a swipe at himself with the safety razor.

"Neat, but not gaudy. The furrows of care are easily cut. Even if to-day is faithless, why should I doubt to-morrow? Forty below! At last my fevered brow is cool. A fifty-dollar suitcase for a fifty-cent breakfast. And now the loom of the lunch problem."

The boy returned with the clothes and forty cents change.

"Keep the change. Buy yourself a house," the owner of the red Flannigans directed.

Presently Ross walked downstairs considerably dolled up.

"Where is the division engineer's office of the Trans-Pacific?" he asked the clerk.

"Three blocks down the street and turn to your left. The first red-brick building on the right-hand side."

Ross made his way down the street. The snow chirped under his heels.

"Monotonous frozen music," he said. "If a fellow could change his shoes fast enough he could play a tune."

He found the division engineer of the Trans-Pacific.

"I would like to have a job," he said.

The old man looked at him.

"What school did you graduate from?"

"I never went to school."

"What can you do?"

"Anything," Ross answered. "I am a steel man."

The division engineer rang for his chief draftsman.

"Mr. Norris, this gentleman says he can do anything."

The chief gave Ross a quick inspection

"I need a bridge draftsman," he said. "Do you know anything about structural steel?"

"I do," Ross answered. "When do I go to work?"

"When can you go to work?"

"Now."

"Come with me."

The chief draftsman led the way to the drafting room, in which thirty men were at work.

"The contractors will cover two hundred miles of line as soon as the season opens. We must turn out general plans for eleven steel bridges along the line and the details for forty or fifty pile trestles. I will turn the whole thing over to you. There is one-fifty a month in it."

At noon, on his way to his hotel, Ross stopped at a bank and walked to the manager's desk.

"My name is Ross," he said to the gentleman at the desk. "On March first I shall have one hundred and thirty-three dollars and ninety-three cents coming from the Trans-Pacific. I would like to borrow one hundred dollars on a feeble hand-made note."

The bank manager looked at him for five seconds and then smiled slowly. He shoved a form across his desk.

"Sign your local name on the last line," he said.

Ross signed a thirty-day note.

"You make more of a hit with me than the money does," he commented.

At the hotel he encountered the clerk at the desk.

"Twenty-five days multiplied by three dollars is seventy-five dollars. I want to pay for my room in advance until the first of March."

He gave the clerk seventy-five dollars. The hotel clerk hesitated.

"The rate will be two dollars a day that way."

He handed back twenty-five dollars.

"In that case," Ross returned, "I shall probably eat during the last few days of the month."

With each succeeding year the wheat of the north explored some field more distant than the last. Consumers' appetites lay to the south. The annual pulse of transportation surged to excess through the narrow overstressed arteries that led to the mills. Nature functioned with the calendar, and then for the rest of the year lay sleeping. During all this time storage space was essential for the grain tonnage, and so it came about that emergency construction was the order of the day at the northern terminals, where lake transportation connected with the rail lines that ran to each far corner of the northern empire of grain. On the low island out from Fort William foundations for wheat elevators began to grow. On these foundations there would presently rise structures greater than those which lined the water front along the town. Between these island terminals and the main lines a bridge was to be built. The River Bridge, as it was termed, would carry the grain tonnage from the mainland to the ships that lay waiting for their cargoes. This bridge was the keystone of the transportation arch, and the key to the bridge was the foundation beneath it.

Surveys were made in March and the bridge foundation was explored through the ten-foot ice. Late in March Ross signed his name to the drawings which revealed the results of the foundation surveys. Thirty feet of ice and water lay on a forty-foot stratum of hard blue clay, and underneath was bed rock.

"That's a queer formation," Ross said to the chief of the survey crew. "Are you sure there is no gravel between the clay and the bed rock?"

"She's hard blue clay clear to ledge, just as the notes show."

In April the division engineer talked officially with Ross for a few minutes.

"From now on," he said, "you will report to me direct. Norris is still chief draftsman, but effective to-day you are bridge engineer in charge of the bridges along the division. There is twice as much money in it for you."

Ross smiled his thanks.

"I was just getting ready to listen to another kind of an oration," he said. "The plans are all complete. All of the work is done except the actual construction, and that is holiday stuff."

"Go to it," the division engineer replied. "Enjoy your breathing spell. You will find enough to keep you busy when construction starts. Bear down hard on the River Bridge. That is a rush job if there ever was one. Unless it is ready for next year's wheat the whole line has been built a year sooner than necessary—meaning that we have thrown away a year's interest on fifty million dollars."

"She'll be ready, chief."

In May various bridge contractors with their engineers and contracting agents began to drift into the division engineer's office.

"When will the plans for the River Bridge foundations be ready?" they asked.

Each of them was referred to Ross. One day a roll of blue prints came to his office by express and word went out that the foundation plans had arrived from the chief engineer's office in Montreal. That afternoon his office was thronged with bridge men.

"I have a copy of the call for bids and the specifications for each of you," he said, "but I shall have to have the plans traced before you can get prints. Montreal sent only two sets."

"How big will she run?" one of the contractors asked.

"Somewhere round three hundred thousand dollars," Ross estimated.

At midnight he had completed preliminary figures covering the cost of the foundations.

"Nearer three hundred and fifty thousand," he summarized.

"Why the blazes do they stick to that old-time timber-caisson idea?" he objected. He began to figure an alternate estimate. An hour later he had arrived at a new cost. "It's a cinch we can save a hundred thousand by using steel caissons."

He tore up his figures and threw them in the waste-basket, from which fate they were retrieved on the following morning by a thrifty janitor, who pasted the torn sheets together and sold them to the representative of the McGerry-Oceanic Company. At nine o'clock the next morning Ross went into the division engineer's private office. He waited for that gentleman for twenty minutes. The division engineer came into his office.

"I figured the River Bridge foundations last night," Ross said. "The Montreal plans will run round three hundred and fifty thousand. We can save a hundred thousand by using steel caissons instead of timber."

The division engineer dictated a telegram to the Montreal office. Two hours later the reply to this telegram was laid in front of Ross on his desk.

"Steel plate for caissons not available. Mill deliveries delayed seven months. Use wood."

The telegram was signed by the chief engineer of the Trans-Pacific. Ross read it. For ten seconds he looked intently at a calendar on the wall in front of his desk. Subconsciously he was trying to visualize the yard arrangement of a stock of structural steel which he had seen from his car window as he had left Chicago.

"That may be true," he said to himself, "and then again it may not be. Montreal is only human."

Throughout the morning he studied the problem carefully. At noon, meeting the bridge men at his hotel, instead of making any inquiries about available stocks of steel plate he kept his own counsel. At two o'clock anyone who knew him well might have observed that under the phenomenon of normal mental stress there had been born a big idea. At three o'clock he wrote a telegram, which he paid for out of his own pocket. It was addressed to his Arizona associate, Arthur King Conway.

"Come up here," the telegram read. "I need you."

Three days later Conway greeted Ross in the latter's room at the hotel.

"How many dollars have you got?" Ross questioned.

"The plural flatters me," Conway returned. "I rode the cushions and ate heavy. If I had known you craved my wealth instead of me I could have wired it."

"Boy, listen strong! The foundation plans for the River Bridge blew in four days ago. They call for timber caissons. I can save a hundred thousand with steel. Montreal says there isn't enough plate in North America and that mill deliveries are seven months dead. I know that there is enough plate lying round somewhere to do the job. I've got to find it. The wolves have rallied round, but if I can locate enough steel for the caissons they will have slim pickings on this job. I blew in here broke and I'm drawing three hundred dollars now." He emptied the contents of his pockets upon the bed. "At the moment there appears to be forty dollars and some decimal stuff in the treasury." He picked up the money and handed it to Conway. "Hunt up a poker game or some galloping ivory and jazz it up a little with this wealth of mine. I need a minimum of three hundred beans. There's from one to six poker games in every saloon in town. Good-by—good luck! See what you can do."

At two o'clock in the morning Conway came back to the room in which Ross lay sleeping. He woke Ross up. Conway handed him a roll of bills.

"There is four hundred in that stack," he said. "There would have been more, but I got sleepy."

"Running true to form!" Ross counted one hundred dollars from his roll. "Here," he said, "this will keep you going for ten days. I'll be back within that time."

Conway took the money.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Chicago. Keep still about it. Git to bed."

At seven o'clock the next morning Ross sought the division engineer at his residence.

"I'm due in Chicago for a day on some legal business," he said. "I'll be back in a week. Meanwhile there is

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"Help Yourself. But It Won't Do You Any Good," the Watchman Returned. "Old Gordon Didn't Pay But About Half of His Bills. This Stuff Is Tied Up Under a Court Order"

YOUR CHECK

By EDWARD H. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Took This Instrument to His Laboratory and Went to Work on It. His Altered Draft is Still Shown as One of the Great Marvels of the Forger's Art

IN THE poorhouse of Livingston County, New York, is an extraordinary old man. He is hard on sixty-five, lean, broken, quaked by periodic throes of epilepsy, worthless, utterly derelict. At twenty-five he was a millionaire, mayor, candidate for Congress and a rising political personage. At thirty-five he was a broken gambler and speculator. At forty-five he was one of the most pervasive and elusive criminals this crime-populous land has ever known. "Jim the Penman" he was called, and "King of the Forgers." His name—not that it matters—is Alonzo Whiteman.

There is no intention to squeeze the bag of pathos or draw the tiresome moral. The few facts as to Whiteman are harsh enough for present purposes, and as to the lesson to be learned, it is no more than that men from the heights come low.

If I summon Lon Whiteman from the immediate past it is as a historic figure. He was one of the recent great captains of a criminal industry that costs the bankers and business men of the country a loss of $30,000,000 a year. He thus relates himself to a problem with which American business, legal and police forces are keenly struggling and trying to overcome.

Living on Public Carelessness

TRUE, Whiteman was and is something more than a mere related figure. Of the fabulous old school of check forgers he is the last survivor. Of the new school he was one of the initiators. He is a transitional personage, a bridge between criminal epochs, a fellow of two felonious worlds. He has seen check swindling grow from a sporadic type of crime, confined to a few professionals, to a widespread and growing traffic, to a sustained attack on the purses of trade. In his day he has watched the annual total of bad-check takings mount from about $1,000,000 to $30,000,000. A large but by no means a disconcerting figure, this last; nevertheless, too serious a loss to be borne without struggle. The public will no doubt want to know how to curtail it.

Has your check ever been raised? Have you been victimized by forgery or alteration? Have you a bank account? Do you write or receive checks? In any case, you will want to know how criminals operate against bank deposits, how they are being fought, how checks are altered, how to safeguard yourself and how not to do it. These matters will be considered here. Incidentally it will be necessary to go somewhat into the lives and exploits of the check men, the criminals who live on public carelessness and delusion in the matter of check writing.

I have said that check losses have multiplied seriously in twenty-five years. Speaking before the convention of the American Bankers' Association in Boston in 1914, William J. Burns said the total of losses through forgery and raising had been about $17,000,000 in 1907, whereas in 1913 the sum of $23,000,000 was reached. Since that time the bankers have considered it better policy not to publish such figures. From private sources, which are completely reliable, I can, however, confirm the accuracy of the figures for present losses. This total may not agree with some published estimates. Nevertheless those who have most experience in these matters are agreed upon it.

Moreover, it seems to be a fact that forgery and check crimes in general are and have been for years on the increase, as compared to other forms of property crime. It is now believed by students of the problem that only larceny numerically exceeds forgery in its various manifestations. And in amount of loss forgery is exceeded only by swindling and embezzlement.

Summed up, it is certain that check fraud is one of the commonest and costliest offenses of the day. It expands roughly at the rate of a million dollars a year in additional losses. It has grown constantly as a problem to business and banking. Naturally, as the crime has increased so the fight against it has been intensified, with the result that the historic struggle between the social and antisocial forces—business and crime—is being enlarged with new and astonishing chapters.

Again and again in the last twenty years devices have been invented and plans put forward which seemed on their faces to put an end to the activities of the forger and check alterer. With a little time it has usually been found that the cleverer criminals succeeded in beating these protective mechanisms.

It would be folly to deduce from such statements as these that banking, business and police brains have been outwitted by the criminals. What seems to be true is that the lawbreaker has always had something of an advantage. It is easier to break into a man's home than to make that home burglar-proof. Something comparable exists in the relations of the check alterer and the writer.

Nor is it to be assumed that the great growth in the total of check losses is any whit alarming or out of fair proportion to the growth in business. The enormous expansion in bank clearings in twenty-five years represents the growth in the total of bank-check transactions. In the years 1895, 1896 and 1897, the period a little less than a quarter century ago, the average yearly clearances of the New York Clearing House were $30,000,000,000 and the national total a little less than $50,000,000,000. On the other hand, New York cleared $214,000,000,000 in 1919, and the country saw $387,000,000,000 through its banks. It will be seen that a loss of $30,000,000 out of a total of $387,000,000,000 in check transactions is in the proportion of 1 to 12,900.

There is no reason why business should meekly submit to an annual tap of this size, and the fact is that banks and business houses generally are more alive to the situation and more active in their protective work than ever before. On the other hand, the general public seems both negligent and ignorant in the matter. The average man believes in some protective devices which do not protect and often render a check more easy to alter. The average writer of checks is grossly careless and leaves the way open to many frauds that are wholly avoidable. The intention is to give the holders of bank accounts as much sound information as there is on the subject. It is not claimed that the author or anyone else knows any absolute protection for your check. But there are ways of reducing losses and preventing crimes.

Two Forgeries on One Check

THE head of one of the largest insurance companies issuing indemnities against business losses says of the present situation: "There is no doubt that check losses have increased rapidly in recent years and that devices used for protection against check alteration have not come up to expectations. Check raisers appear to have found ways of getting round mechanisms now in use. To evidence this there is the fact that a demand for insurance against check frauds has lately sprung up. This is practically a new insurance development for this country. As to the amount of losses last year, I cannot give authoritative figures, but I have heard experts estimate it at $30,000,000 and I believe that to be approximate."

It might be well to say in beginning that there is no intention to discredit any honest system, method, device, mechanism, chemical or other idea or substance employed in the defense of checks. The sole purposes are to point out that nothing is completely successful, that much carelessness and many false notions exist and that reasonable foresight will do more against the criminal than any discovery yet made. At the same time it is fair to say that many protective measures now in use have distinct value.

In the beginning it is necessary to understand clearly the difference between forgery and alteration as used in this article. The legal definitions are disregarded and a wholly practical distinction is made between false signatures, which will be referred to as forgeries, and raisings and other changes made in the body of the check, which will be called alterations. Historically forgery preceded alteration as the popular method of criminal attack on checks. A little story may make the succession and the difference clear.

In the period just after the close of the Civil War W. G. Patterson enjoyed—or did he?—considerable fuliginous reputation as a forger, having perpetrated the notorious Pacific National Bank forgery in New York in 1865. What he confessed when brought up for arraignment was that he had made out a check to a high city official and signed the name of a wealthy New Yorker. Here was his first forgery. He then forged the indorsement of the official to the back of the check, presented himself at the bank, signed his own alias below the forged indorsement and drew out the money, a couple of thousand dollars. Because of the fact that the man had committed two forgeries on

the one check this comparatively simple affair attracted much attention in that day.

Patterson went off to Sing Sing for a bit of rustication. When he was emitted to society again, about 1869, he had learned subtler modes and met more accomplished rogues. One day in the early months of 1870 a brokerage firm issued a certified check for $156, payable at the Bank of Commerce, of New York, to a stranger who had been doing a little trading. Some days or weeks later this check turned up at the Bank of Commerce and the bank paid out $16,000 in currency for it on its own certification. In due time the check went back to the brokers, and there was an instantaneous eruption. A long and bitter legal fight followed, in which it was finally decided that the maker and not the bank was responsible, the bank having certified the check in its original amount, $156. But this is beside the point.

Something new in check operations had happened. Patterson, who procured the original certified check, had taken it to the highly notorious Spence Pettis, a criminal whose doings cover many scores of pages of old records. Pettis had a knowledge of chemicals and ink removers. No protective devices were used then and it was a simple thing to wash out the amount line without injuring signature and certification stamp. He then lightly resurfaced the check and filled in the raised sum, $16,000. This changed check was deposited in another bank, reached the Bank of Commerce through a regular channel and was paid without question. One of the very early jobs of check raising had been committed. By his term in Sing Sing Patterson had graduated from forgery into raising. Pettis, on his side, had begun a new criminal movement which came within the generation to overshadow forgery entirely.

A Wide Field for Fraud

FORGERY is as old as writing. It is apparent from the way in which the Sumerians of thousands of years ago protected their instruments—they executed on clay tablets in cuneiform characters with a sharpened reed—that falsification was then already a problem. Traces either of substitution or erasure are not far to seek in written documents as old as the Nile papyri. All the nations of antiquity of whose culture enough is known to permit such judgments encountered the false writer. When it is considered what an imposing array of written instruments may be forged this is not surprising. Wills, letters, legal papers, military orders, state papers, credentials, agreements, leases, contracts, tax receipts, permits, licenses, tokens of office, references, introductions, deeds, passports and many similar written executions are almost as old as history, and in all times the falsification of such instruments may be traced by direct record and through historic inference. Later on pictures, sculptures and literary productions were the subjects of forgery and misrepresentation. Still later came bonds and stocks and checks.

Check forgery came into being, past doubt, with the growth of banking among the Italian maritime states before the Renaissance. As commerce expanded and the transfer of money tokens became more voluminous the criminal attack on checks began to develop and be complicated. The check as we know it to-day is not an institution of great antiquity, but for many centuries there have been in existence the predecessors of the check against deposits. In the early days of the United States it was still a custom among men with money in bank to issue ordinary written orders for cash payments. Who has not seen such instruments as this, written completely in longhand, filed in collections of old papers:

"Mr. John J. Jones, Jones' Bank. Please pay to bearer, J. H. Brown, the sum of 10 (ten) dollars, and charge to my account."

Here was the immediate ancestor of the present form of bank check. Business growth demanded greater convenience in drawing checks and recording disbursements, so the present system was evolved. It is certain, however, that were the old hand-written order for payment still in vogue forgery and raising would be at a minimum. Nothing is finally more difficult to falsify than a chirographic instrument, but imagine the head of a great business house of to-day sitting down and writing out the thousands of checks that stream from large accounts every week. The thing is manifestly absurd.

But even in the old days there were forgeries. Perhaps the best way to get at the beginning of this evil as a recognized traffic is to consider the enactment of laws against it. In Tudor times the evil was apparently not a great one in England and the penalties paid by the forger were mild, considering mildness from the fifteenth and sixteenth century angle. But in 1562, the fifth year of Elizabeth's reign and two years before Shakspere's mundane arrival, Parliament passed a special act against forgery "to amend the small, mild and easy punishments" then in force. Evidently forgery had become a menace.

By this new act any person found guilty of forgery was sentenced to pay double costs and damages, was to be set in the pillory in some open market town and there publicly to have both ears cut off, his nostrils slit and cut and seared with a hot iron, "so as they remain for a perpetual note or mark of his falsehood." And finally the unhappy forger was to lose all his possessions and be imprisoned for life.

Evidently, however, severity was no more effective against crime then than now. But the seventeenth century had not learned or digested this lesson, for in 1634, after the Elizabethan statute had been several times amended and strengthened to meet the growing number of forgeries, this crime was made a "capital offense without benefit of clergy," which meant that a man might not escape the gibbet on account of high birth were he convicted as a forger. It is hard to believe that this monstrous law remained in effect until ninety years ago, when many types of forgery were taken off the list of capital crimes along with such similar offenses as hold-up, burglary, garroting, brigandage, picking pockets—and stealing bread.

Such, however, was the humor of the times, and it is worth remarking that one of the most celebrated and poignant criminal affairs of Georgian times came about through this law. The Rev. William Dodd, an ultra-fashionable preacher in late eighteenth-century London, a literary man, beau and tutor to Lord Chesterfield, the fifth earl and godson of the epistolary genius, was rash enough to forge the name of his noble pupil to notes by which he procured £4200 to tide him over a monetary pinch. Through one of those trifling oversights which trick so many offenders Dodd betrayed himself and was arrested. He made restitution, showed that he had no intent to rob his pupil and benefactor, and proved himself merely the victim of spending and overtemptation. Nevertheless even a great surge of popular feeling could not save him from the noose and he was hanged near London on June 27, 1777, when the American Revolution was in full bloody flower. The Macaroni Parson, as he was called, was by no means the only victim of the law, nor were the excitement and reaction his death caused great enough to force the repeal of this cruel legislation. In 1803 John Hatfield, the blithe and debonair adventurer who eloped with that beautiful and pathetic village belle, Mary Robinson, whom Wordsworth celebrated as Mary of Buttermere, was hanged for the check forgery whereby he got the money to woo and win his suburban charmer.

The Penalties for Forgery in America

SINCE 1830, however, England has subjected forgers to nothing worse than imprisonment for life. Unless the statute has been recently amended it is still possible to condemn a signature falsifier for his natural span, though there has been no recent imposition of the extreme punishment.

In America the attitude has generally been a little milder. A digest of the laws of various states shows that the sentences for forgery range from one to twenty-five years in prison. The Federal statute allows a latitude of from one to fifteen years. In New York state three degrees of forgery are recognized, with maximum sentences of five, ten and twenty years, according to whether the offense be forgery in the third, second or first degree. Thus forgery is about on a par with burglary so far as American jurisprudence is concerned.

When men set out to misuse checks in this country they began, as is the case in the history of all crimes, at the exposed and obvious point of attack. When checks were written on any stray bit of paper that happened to be at hand, and later when the ordinary printed check of the last generation was handled with great carelessness, the criminal saw that untilled checks were easy to procure. Where the genuine checks might be lacking it was easy

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He Simply Gives a Lecture and Demonstration in Check Alteration, and Goes His Way, Having Sown a Strange Crop of Dragon's Teeth

BERNICE BOBS HER HAIR

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

He Wondered Idly Whether She Was a Poor Conversationalist Because She Got No Attention or Got No Attention Because She Was a Poor Conversationalist

AFTER dark on Saturday night one could stand on the first tee of the golf course and see the country club windows as a yellow expanse over a very black and wavy ocean. The waves of this ocean, so to speak, were the heads of many curious caddies, a few of the more ingenious chauffeurs, the golf professional's deaf sister—and there were usually several stray, diffident waves who might have rolled inside had they so desired. This was the gallery.

The balcony was inside. It consisted of the circle of wicker chairs that lined the wall of the combination clubroom and ballroom. At these Saturday-night dances it was largely feminine; a great babel of middle-aged ladies with sharp eyes and icy hearts behind lorgnettes and large bosoms. The main function of the balcony was critical. It occasionally showed grudging admiration, but never approval, for it is well known among ladies over thirty-five that when the younger set dance in the summer time it is with the very worst intentions in the world, and if they are not bombarded with stony eyes stray couples will dance weird barbaric interludes in the corners, and the more popular, more dangerous girls will sometimes be kissed in the parked limousines of unsuspecting dowagers.

But after all, this critical circle is not close enough to the stage to see the actors' faces and catch the subtler byplay. It can only frown and lean, ask questions and make satisfactory deductions from its set of postulates, such as the one which states that every young man with a large income leads the life of a hunted partridge. It never really appreciates the drama of the shifting, semicruel world of adolescence. No; boxes, orchestra circle, principals and chorus are represented by the medley of faces and voices that sway to the plaintive African rhythm of Dyer's dance orchestra.

From sixteen-year-old Otis Ormonde, who has two more years at Hill School, to G. Reece Stoddard, over whose bureau at home hangs a Harvard law diploma; from little Madeleine Hogue, whose hair still feels strange and uncomfortable on top of her head, to Bessie MacRae, who has been the life of the party a little too long—more than ten years—the medley is not only the center of the stage but contains the only people capable of getting an unobstructed view of it.

With a flourish and a bang the music stops. The couples exchange artificial, effortless smiles, facetiously repeat "*la-de-da-dadum-dum,*" and then the clatter of young feminine voices soars over the burst of clapping.

A few disappointed stags caught in midfloor as they had been about to cut in subsided listlessly back to the walls, because this was not like the riotous Christmas dances. These summer hops were considered just pleasantly warm and exciting, where even the younger marrieds rose and performed ancient waltzes and terrifying fox trots to the tolerant amusement of their younger brothers and sisters.

Warren McIntyre, who casually attended Yale, being one of the unfortunate stags, felt in his dinner-coat pocket for a cigarette and strolled out onto the wide, semidark veranda, where couples were scattered at tables, filling the lantern-hung night with vague words and hazy laughter. He nodded here and there at the less absorbed and as he passed each couple some half-forgotten fragment of a story played in his mind, for it was not a large city and everyone was Who's Who to everyone else's past. There, for example, were Jim Strain and Ethel Demorest, who had been privately engaged for three years. Everyone knew that as soon as Jim managed to hold a job for more than two months she would marry him. Yet how bored they both looked and how wearily Ethel regarded Jim sometimes, as if she wondered why she had trained the vines of her affection on such a wind-shaken poplar.

Warren was nineteen and rather pitying with those of his friends who hadn't gone East to college. But like most boys he bragged tremendously about the girls of his city when he was away from it. There was Genevieve Ormonde, who regularly made the rounds of dances, house parties and football games at Princeton, Yale, Williams and Cornell; there was black-eyed Roberta Dillon, who was quite as famous to her own generation as Hiram Johnson or Ty Cobb; and, of course, there was Marjorie Harvey, who besides having a fairylike face and a dazzling, bewildering tongue was already justly celebrated for having turned five cart wheels in succession during the last pump-and-slipper dance at New Haven.

Warren, who had grown up across the street from Marjorie, had long been wildly in love with her. Sometimes she seemed to reciprocate his feelings with a faint gratitude, but she had tried him by her infallible test and informed him gravely that she did not love him. Her test was that when she was away from him she forgot him and had affairs with other boys. Warren found this discouraging, especially as Marjorie had been making little trips all summer, and for the first two or three days after each arrival home he saw great heaps of mail on the Harveys' hall table addressed to her in various masculine handwritings. To make matters worse, all during the month of August she had been visited by her Cousin Bernice from Eau Claire, and it seemed impossible to see her alone. It was always necessary to hunt round and find someone to take care of Bernice. As August waned this was becoming more and more difficult.

Much as Warren loved Marjorie, he had to admit that Cousin Bernice was sorta hopeless. She was pretty, with dark hair and high color, but she was no fun on a party. Every Saturday night he danced a long arduous duty dance with her to please Marjorie, but he had never been anything but bored in her company.

"Warren"—a soft voice at his elbow broke in upon his thoughts, and he turned to see Marjorie, flushed and radiant as usual. She laid a hand on his shoulder and a glow settled almost imperceptibly over him.

"Warren," she whispered, "do something for me—dance with Bernice. She's been stuck with little Otis Ormonde for almost an hour."

Warren's glow faded.

"Why—sure," he answered half-heartedly.

"You don't mind, do you? I'll see that you don't get stuck."

"'Sall right."

Marjorie smiled—that smile that was thanks enough.

"You're an angel, and I'm obliged loads."

With a sigh the angel glanced round the veranda, but Bernice and Otis were not in sight. He wandered back inside, and there in front of the women's dressing room he found Otis in the center of a group of young men who were convulsed with laughter. Otis was brandishing a piece of timber he had picked up, and discoursing volubly.

"She's gone in to fix her hair," he announced wildly. "I'm waiting to dance another hour with her."

Their laughter was renewed.

"Why don't some of you cut in?" cried Otis resentfully. "She likes more variety."

"Why, Otis," suggested a friend, "you've just barely got used to her."

"Why the two-by-four, Otis?" inquired Warren, smiling.

"The two-by-four? Oh, this? This is a club. When she comes out I'll hit her on the head and knock her in again."

Warren collapsed on a settee and howled with glee.

"Never mind, Otis," he articulated finally. "I'm relieving you this time."

Otis simulated a sudden fainting attack and handed the stick to Warren.

"If you need it, old man," he said hoarsely.

No matter how beautiful or brilliant a girl may be, the reputation of not being frequently cut in on makes her position at a dance unfortunate. Perhaps boys prefer her company to that of the butterflies with whom they dance a dozen times an evening, but youth in this jazz-nourished generation is temperamentally restless, and the idea of fox trotting more than one full fox trot with the same girl is distasteful, not to say odious. When it comes to several dances and the intermissions between she can be quite sure that a young man, once relieved, will never tread on her wayward toes again.

Warren danced the next full dance with Bernice, and finally, thankful for the intermission, he led her to a table on the veranda. There was a moment's silence while she did unimpressive things with her fan.

"It's hotter here than in Eau Claire," she said.

Warren stifled a sigh and nodded. It might be for all he knew or cared. He wondered idly whether she was a poor conversationalist because she got no attention or got no attention because she was a poor conversationalist.

"You going to be here much longer?" he asked, and then turned rather red. She might suspect his reasons for asking.

"Another week," she answered, and stared at him as if to lunge at his next remark when it left his lips.

Warren fidgeted. Then with a sudden charitable impulse he decided to try part of his line on her. He turned and looked at her eyes.

"You've got an awfully kissable mouth," he began quietly.

This was a remark that he sometimes made to girls at college proms when they were talking in just such half dark as this. Bernice distinctly jumped. She turned an ungraceful red and became clumsy with her fan. No one had ever made such a remark to her before.

"Fresh!"—the word had slipped out before she realized it, and she bit her lip. Too late she decided to be amused, and offered him a flustered smile.

Warren was annoyed. Though not accustomed to have that remark taken seriously, still it usually provoked a laugh or a paragraph of sentimental banter. And he hated to be called fresh, except in a joking way. His charitable impulse died and he switched the topic.

"Jim Strain and Ethel Demorest sitting out as usual," he commented.

This was more in Bernice's line, but a faint regret mingled with her relief as the subject changed. Men did not

talk to her about kissable mouths, but she knew that they talked in some such way to other girls.

"Oh, yes," she said, and laughed. "I hear they've been mooning round for years without a red penny. Isn't it silly?"

Warren's disgust increased. Jim Strain was a close friend of his brother's, and anyway he considered it bad form to sneer at people for not having money. But Bernice had had no intention of sneering. She was merely nervous.

II

WHEN Marjorie and Bernice reached home at half after midnight they said good night at the top of the stairs. Though cousins, they were not intimates. As a matter of fact Marjorie had no female intimates—she considered girls stupid. Bernice on the contrary all through this parent-arranged visit had rather longed to exchange those confidences flavored with giggles and tears that she considered an indispensable factor in all feminine intercourse. But in this respect she found Marjorie rather cold; felt somehow the same difficulty in talking to her that she had in talking to men. Marjorie never giggled, was never frightened, seldom embarrassed, and in fact had very few of the qualities which Bernice considered appropriately and blessedly feminine.

As Bernice busied herself with toothbrush and paste this night she wondered for the hundredth time why she never had any attention when she was away from home. That her family were the wealthiest in Eau Claire; that her mother entertained tremendously, gave little dinners for her daughter before all dances and bought her a car of her own to drive round in never occurred to her as factors in her home-town social success. Like most girls she had been brought up on the warm milk prepared by Annie Fellows Johnston and on novels in which the female was beloved because of certain mysterious womanly qualities, always mentioned but never displayed.

Bernice felt a vague pain that she was not at present engaged in being popular. She did not know that had it not been for Marjorie's campaigning she would have danced the entire evening with one man; but she knew that even in Eau Claire other girls with less position and less pulchritude were given a much bigger rush. She attributed this to something subtly unscrupulous in those girls. It had never worried her, and if it had her mother would have assured her that the other girls cheapened themselves and that men really respected girls like Bernice.

She turned out the light in her bathroom, and on an impulse decided to go in and chat for a moment with her Aunt Josephine, whose light was still on. Her soft slippers bore her noiselessly down the carpeted hall, but hearing voices inside she stopped near the partly opened door. Then she caught her own name, and without any definite intention of eavesdropping lingered—and the thread of the conversation going on inside pierced her consciousness sharply as if it had been drawn through with a needle.

"She's absolutely hopeless!" It was Marjorie's voice. "Oh, I know what you're going to say! So many people have told you how pretty and sweet she is, and how she can cook! What of it? She has a bum time. Men don't like her."

"What's a little cheap popularity?"

Mrs. Harvey sounded annoyed.

"It's everything when you're eighteen," said Marjorie emphatically. "I've done my best. I've been polite and I've made men dance with her, but they just won't stand being bored. When I think of that gorgeous coloring wasted on such a ninny, and think what Martha Carey could do with it—oh!"

"There's no courtesy these days."

Mrs. Harvey's voice implied that modern situations were too much for her. When she was a girl all young ladies who belonged to nice families had glorious times.

"Well," said Marjorie, "no girl can permanently bolster up a lame-duck visitor, because these days it's every girl for herself. I've even tried to drop her hints about clothes and things, and she's been furious—given me the funniest looks. She's sensitive enough to know she's not getting away with much, but I'll bet she consoles herself by thinking that she's very virtuous and that I'm too gay and fickle and will come to a bad end. All unpopular girls think that way. Sour grapes! Sarah Hopkins refers to Genevieve and Roberta and me as gardenia girls! I'll bet she'd give ten years of her life and her European education to be a gardenia girl and have three or four men in love with her and be cut in on every few feet at dances."

"It seems to me," interrupted Mrs. Harvey rather wearily, "that you ought to be able to do something for Bernice. I know she's not very vivacious."

Marjorie groaned.

"Vivacious! Good grief! I've never heard her say anything to a boy except that it's hot or the floor's crowded or that she's going to school in New York next year. Sometimes she asks them what kind of car they have and tells them the kind she has. Thrilling!"

There was a short silence, and then Mrs. Harvey took up her refrain:

"All I know is that other girls not half so sweet and attractive get partners. Martha Carey, for instance, is stout and loud, and her mother is distinctly common. Roberta Dillon is so thin this year that she looks as though Arizona were the place for her. She's dancing herself to death."

"But, mother," objected Marjorie impatiently, "Martha is cheerful and awfully witty and an awfully slick girl, and Roberta's a marvelous dancer. She's been popular for ages!"

Mrs. Harvey yawned.

"I think it's that crazy Indian blood in Bernice," continued Marjorie. "Maybe she's a reversion to type. Indian women all just sat round and never said anything."

"Go to bed, you silly child," laughed Mrs. Harvey. "I wouldn't have told you that if I'd thought you were going to remember it. And I think most of your ideas are perfectly idiotic," she finished sleepily.

There was another silence, while Marjorie considered whether or not convincing her mother was worth the trouble. People over forty can seldom be permanently convinced of anything. At eighteen our convictions are hills from which we look; at forty-five they are caves in which we hide.

Having decided this, Marjorie said good night. When she came out into the hall it was quite empty.

III

WHILE Marjorie was breakfasting late next day Bernice came into the room with a rather formal good morning, sat down opposite, stared intently over and slightly moistened her lips.

(Continued on Page 159)

Bob Ito

G. S. L. TO HIMSELF

By Gerald Stanley Lee

I AM calling this article G. S. L. to Himself because in a grave national crisis like this I do not want to tell other people what they ought to do. A large part of what is the matter with the world just now is the way telling other people what they ought to do is being attended to.

I do not dare, for one, to let myself go. I am afraid I should be among the worst if I got started joining in the scrimmage of setting everybody right.

During the last three months, the more desperate the state of the world gets from day to day, the more I feel that the only safe person for me to write to or give good advice to is myself.

I have always carried what I call a day book in my pocket, and if anything happens to my mind or to my pocketbook—in a railway station, in a trolley car or on a park bench or up on Mount Tom—wherever I am—I put it down; put it down with the others and see what it makes happen to me. As the reader will see, the things that follow are taken out bodily from this book to myself.

On the other hand I want to say deliberately before anybody goes any further and in order to be fair all round, this is a book, or rather part of a book, a hundred million people would write if they had time. It has been written to express certain things a hundred million people want during the next four years from the next President; and with the end in view of getting them, I am bringing up in it certain things I have thought of that I would do, and begin to do next week if I were the hundred million people.

I do not think I could deny in court on a Bible, if driven to it, that if the hundred million people were to sit down and write a book just now, that I really believe it would be—at least in the main gist and spirit of it—like mine.

I cannot prove it, but the hundred million people can prove it and do something that will prove it. And the two great political parties in their coming conventions—one or both of them—I believe, will give them a chance to try.

But this is not up to me. Copying off this book is as far as I go with people. And the book is not to them. It is not even for them. This book is to me.

EN ROUTE, NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD R. R.
January 19, 1920.

Dined at the ——s' last night. Judge —— was there. Two other lawyers. We sat after dinner and talked very late.

Three lawyers are too many for a dinner.

I do not know why it is, but I never spend the evening with a lawyer without talking back to him in my mind all the next day.

Probably if at this late date I were picking out what I would be in the world, and had to be one thing rather than another, I should pick out being a lawyer backward.

The usual standard idea of a lawyer is that he is an expert in conducting people's fights for them. My idea is that the whole thing should be turned round and that in the special state the world is in just now a new profession should at once be started—a profession in which any man who went into it would be occupied in being a lawyer backward.

I think this would perhaps be the best way to put it, because to most people being a lawyer backward is inspiring to think of—because everybody would see—a whole nation would see all in one unanimous minute—just what the new profession I have in mind would be like.

Everybody knows about lawyers. They are always being advertised by the things they do and get the rest of us to do. The most conspicuous ad, their huge national international display ad, just now, of what a lawyer is like and of just how nice being a lawyer backward would be, is the United States Senate.

It would be a most alluring sight to most people if we could have the spectacle in our country of two or three hundred thousand men being lawyers backward—two or three hundred thousand men stationed strategically in ten thousand cities, as experts to whom everybody went to keep them out of fights.

The Whole Industrial Situation Between Capital and Labor Might be Put Into Two Words by a Hundred Million People To-Day, to Capital and Labor: "Swap Whispers!"

You see a man's sign up over his door and you go in and pay him a fee, or pay him so much a year, for making you love your enemies. And of course he will change your enemies some for you in spots so that you can put it over. Then by putting in a little touch here and there on you perhaps, it is not impossible he will make your enemies love you.

My notion is that this idea should be presented to people not for what it is worth—not as a high moral idea or as a spiritual luxury, but as a plain, practical, everyday convenience in our world as it is, for getting the things done that one wants to do, and for getting what one wants.

If I were hiring a man to help me get what I want out of other people, and if I had my choice between hiring a man who is a skilled expert in making people understand me and hiring a man who is a skilled expert in making people afraid of me, it would not take me long to say which would be the more practical thing for me to do.

If I could go downtown and engage a man at so much a year who would be an expert in making me understand myself and in making me make fun of myself, so that I could get myself into fairly good shape for other people to understand, it would be still more practical.

I should soon find myself after the first few séances with the man I was hiring to sit down with me and be a lawyer backward to me—I should soon find myself having things done to me that would be so plain, so pointed, so sensible, so scientific and matter-of-fact and thorough that I should be able in a minute to cut down to the quick with any man I met—cut down to the quick and get what I wanted on any subject I took up, because nobody could fool me, because I couldn't even be fooled by myself.

I do not know how long it is going to take, but I do know that if the world is going to be reformed it is going to be by men who—either by doing it personally or by hiring somebody else to help them do it—have reformed themselves.

So far my own personal observation is that when I set out to see things against myself I seem to need, somehow, a great deal of assistance.

In such a naturally disagreeable, mussy job, of course, instead of going to one's friends, to people one goes out to dine with, I feel there ought to be some regular professional person one could go to, some more noble, refined sort of spiritual hired man; make an appointment by telephone, go down to a room downtown on the way to one's office, and then just as a plain matter of course be done off for the day, be done over, be put in shape for one's fellow human beings to get on with.

Then one could go out into the midst of the people and keel over a world.

After one had hired someone to be a lawyer backward to one and got used to it, one would soon be in shape to go to one's employers and let them put in some touches, go to one's employees, go to anybody and everybody right and left. One would soon get so that one could learn something from everybody. One would take points even from relatives.

The main difficulty in a thing like this would be the one that would come at the start, the difficulty of getting people to look upon undergoing the truth about themselves respectfully and seriously and like an operation.

No amateur or friend could get anybody started. The only way to begin is to have some special expert to go to, some special expert with a long string of notable moral patients, men who have succeeded in business by seeing through themselves more, and seeing through themselves quicker and oftener than other people do. You hear of some especially good man who is being a lawyer backward practicing regularly with great success. You observe his patients from day to day and see how the truth works. Then you go down to his office, plank down your money and get the truth. The trouble with truth from friends is that even when they tell it nobody pays for it. And most people take neither the truth nor anything else in this world seriously if it is free. People get more the more they want it. And the more they want it, the more they show it by wanting to pay for it.

This is why I suspect that being a lawyer backward will have to be a regular profession. There is going to be a tremendous demand for going downtown and getting a disagreeable truth, the moment people see how going down and getting one and digesting it makes one get on with people in one's work.

The lawyers who are hired to fight out a man's lies about himself will soon be crowded out of business by the lawyers who free a man from himself, who knock a man out from a kind of cramp of himself and present him a world with the truth.

This idea should be presented to people just as plain common sense. People should be asked to take it up not as an ideal, but as an operation. If a man goes downtown to hire a doctor to tell him how he has got to eat in order to live, why should he not go downtown to a man's office and hire him to tell him what he has got to be like in order to have anyone willing to let him live?

We have operations on all our other inner organs. The things that are done to us at these times are usually, to say the least, intensely personal and intimate things. And if people will let themselves be cut open and operated on so that they can eat, why should there not be men—thousands of men everywhere in offices—that people can go to to be operated on so that they can earn something to eat? Nine out of ten of the things that keep people from earning a living as they should or as they might are truths against themselves that have never been operated on.

II

THE first thing the man in the White House for the next four years is going to have to face is the problem of dealing with people as they really are.

If I were writing a book for the next President to run for President on, one of the first things I would put into it would be a definite statement of what the President and the Government proposed to do and what policy they proposed to adopt to keep labor and capital from being off on their facts about each other.

There are two policies to choose from.

First Policy: Have capital tell labor what is the matter with labor, and have labor tell capital what is the matter with capital. Results: Strikes heaped on lockouts, and lockouts heaped on strikes.

Second Policy: Turn the whole truth-telling policy round.

The way to make a truth count is to get the utmost possible attention to it.

The way to get the utmost possible attention to a truth is to have people one does not expect it from, telling it.

The way to advertise the sins of capital is to have capital tell them. Employers and capitalists can attract twenty times as much attention in telling things that are the matter with them, and will be believed forty times as much.

And they not only can tell the facts against themselves more fairly but while they are telling the facts against themselves they are in a position to change them. They can tell facts against themselves with one hand and change them with the other. Or they can begin changing them—begin getting labor to help them change them.

If I had to save the world in a week, or rather get assurance in a week that it could be saved, I would get all the people in it to agree for a year to read one another's papers. Have every man read two papers. We would start up for America the national parallel-column habit—each man by himself daily putting his own little world and other people's worlds alongside until they got used to it, and then together.

There is no limit to what reading the wrong papers would do for this nation. It is not a matter to argue about. It is a mere plain matter of fact in ordinary everyday psychology. The veriest tyro in human engineering can see it—that the way to get a truth noticed about capital or labor, the way to make a truth of some use and get it believed and acted on, is to have the wrong people tell it.

Judge Gary could say some of the things Mr. Gompers is saying a great deal more effectively than Mr. Gompers can.

There is one thing I am going to do when I put this up to people—I am not going to let them think I am putting it up to them as a Christian. The way to introduce the idea is to speak as a plain practical engineer in folks and in the way human nature works. I don't know that I would mind people's having fine religious feelings about it, when they did it, if they liked, but I would prefer to call it and prefer to introduce it as simple, plain, hard-headed publicity.

The most natural quick universal short cut to peace, to having different groups of people in America get their facts right and get them quick and to have them deal with one another as they really are, is to have people go round in America from now on, telling truths everywhere, who have just got them—people the truths look prominent on.

III

THE gist of the labor problem simmers down to our making some adequate universally understood provision, generally resorted to by everybody as a matter of course, for people's not being fooled about themselves.

If people do not fool themselves nobody else can fool them. And they do not go round fooling others.

The next thing employers and employees who are being fooled by themselves and who are trying to fool one another are going to observe is that their competitors—the employers and employees in their own industry who are not fooled by themselves and who are not taking time to fool one another—are producing more, cheaper and better goods than they can.

Things that take years to straighten out, straighten out in weeks when people on both sides who have stopped fooling themselves get together and look at the facts over one another's shoulders. All that is necessary is to get the thing started—looking at the facts over one another's shoulders. Employers and employees who do not want to look at facts in this way should call in a specialist until they do.

Labor human nature is not one kind of human nature, and capital human nature another. They both believe on both sides what they want to, unless they go to a specialist and get a practical, matter-of-fact, profitable habit started of making a deliberate desperate effort not to.

The world is not being run from day to day by the truth. It is run by what people believe is the truth. It is what the I. W. W. extremists believe is the truth which constitutes the important fact—the fact which has to be looked up and seriously dealt with. The truth about Judge Gary's attitude, or Charles Schwab's, toward labor unions makes no difference if nobody believes it or if the labor unions don't believe it. As long as the labor unions are fooling themselves the only serious matter-of-fact way to deal with them is to consider how they manage to do it. The fundamental thing that is the matter with people is that they are off on their facts about themselves. They believe what they want to about themselves. Naturally, having begun with this they branch out and believe what they want to about anybody.

To this end in our present industrial deadlock the first thing we have obviously got to make provision for in our modern American life is practically a new profession—regular professional persons everywhere in all cities, and in all the different industries, and in the highly specialized groups, each with its special and different technics, who are experts in saving people from the consequences to themselves and others of believing what they want to about themselves.

A very considerable proportion of the things that labor unions are in the habit of saying against their employers, the employers lock their office doors and sit down to whisper to one another against themselves.

A very considerable proportion of the things that employers are in the habit of saying against their workmen, the workmen of the more efficient type are whispering round to one another against themselves.

One cannot help thinking what it would mean in our present industrial deadlock if the people who are whispering would shout and the people who are shouting would shut up.

But perhaps it does not matter so much what the shouters shout.

What is going to happen is this: The moment the shouters first suspect what the whisperers are whispering—the whisperers on the other side—they will stop shouting to listen.

The whole industrial situation between capital and labor might be put into two words by a hundred million people to-day, to capital and labor: "Swap Whispers!"

The tumult and the shouting die.
It is with the whispers we shall save the world.

IV

THE proposal that we have a new profession—a group of specialists to go to, to straighten out our souls so that we can get on with other people, and be competent in business—comes to one's mind at first as perhaps a kind of good-humored, whimsical way of treating a serious and almost tragical subject. But something has made me want to begin my idea in this way.

In strained situations between people—situations in which one sees people getting all worked up and fine, noble and wild-eyed about themselves—I am not so sure but that the best, most pointed, most immediate and thorough thing that can be done is for someone, someone who feels like it, to start up a little mild good-natured careless laugh.

To start up something careless even for a minute, whether it laughed or not, would be practical.

Mr. Dooley, in our present tightened-up hysterical situation between capital and labor, could really do more than Savonarola.

And Life could do more than the Christian Register. It was not frivolous in Abraham Lincoln, in the deepest and most tragic hour this nation ever had, to try to make way with his cabinet for his Emancipation Proclamation by introducing it with Artemus Ward. It was the pathetic humanness, the profound statesmanship of the loneliest man of his time, in the loneliest moment of his life, smiling his way through to his God.

I am not sure but that if Finley Peter Dunne could have been appointed on the President's industrial conference and could have got off some nice, cozy, relaxed, human little joke just in the nick of time—just as Mr. Gompers and his labor children said, like so many dear little girls, that they would not play any more, took their dollies and their dishes and went home—stuck their heads up and majestically walked from the room—if Mr. Dooley and Hennessy could have been present and got in a small, deep, lighthearted, human word, all in one-half minute, the President's conference might have been saved.

The broad everyday human fact about the conference was that, seen from the point of view of God or of common people, many of the men in it—most of the men in it, for the time being—were really being very funny and childish about themselves. So far as the public could see through the windows the only real grown-ups in the conference, who conducted themselves with dignity, with serenity, with some sense of fact about human nature and humor, some sense of how the conference would look in a week, were the men in the Public Group. There were doubtless lively and equally discerning individuals in the Capital Group and the Labor Group, but they were voted down and hushed up, and not allowed to look to the public outside any more like intelligent fellow human beings than could be helped.

The President's conference at this particular moment, like our whole nation to-day, had worked itself up into a state of spiritual cramp—a state in which it did not and could not make any difference what anybody thought; and nobody had the presence of mind at the moment, apparently, or the willfulness of love for his kind, or the quickness to do what Lincoln would have done—slip in a warm homely joke that would have got people started laughing at one another until they got caught laughing at themselves.

When Mr. Gompers and the labor people with tragic and solemn dignity, as if they were making history and as if a thousand years were looking on, walked out of the room, I do not claim that if they had met Oliver Herford or Mr. Dooley in the hall they would have come back, but I do claim that if someone just beforehand had made a mild kindly remark, recalling people to a sense of humor and to a sense of fact, Mr. Gompers

(Continued on Page 185)

In Strained Situations in Which One Sees People Getting All Worked Up the Best Thing That Can Be Done Is for Someone to Start Up a Little Laugh

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

OLD Ben Tillotson always blamed his wife for it as many a husband would—but if he had left that sort of business to Father Adam and had blamed Old Man Circumstance instead you might have better understood why Ben's youngest son was regarded as the fool of the family. To begin at the beginning, Ben made an error. He thought that the stork had made its last appearance at the Tillotson household.

"And a good thing too," said he. "I've got four now—two boys and two girls—and that's enough for any man to bring up and do it right."

Do you notice in those few words how he took upon himself the credit for bringing up his mixed quartet? Every mother will know how natural that sounds.

"I'm like the fellow says," old Ben continued in a truculent voice. "I wouldn't trade any of my young ones for a million dollars, but I wouldn't give a nickel for another."

Nobody spoke when he uttered this ancient saying—no mule kicked him, no bee stung him—but perhaps the stork was listening and winked a roguish eye.

The years rolled on and the oldest of Ben's boys grew into long trousers and the oldest girl into long skirts. And then one day the stork came flying for the fifth and last time to the Tillotson door—with an expression round its wise old beak as though it were saying, "Here's a great joke on old Ben!"—and before he went away again he had left our hero behind him.

Now, when the other children had been born Ben had been having a pretty hard time of it trying to get his sawmill started, and Susan, his wife, hadn't had much time for dreams and contemplation. But with the progress of time the sawmill had prospered, a hired girl had been added to the Tillotson establishment and now before this last event just mentioned Susan had found time to sit and read and dream those dreams which bring the fairies to a baby's cradle.

"What are you thinking about?" old Ben would ask her, frowning.

"Nothing," she would meekly answer.

But perhaps she was thinking: "I hope it will be a wonderful poet, like Longfellow or Mrs. Browning"; or "I hope it will be a great singer, like Caruso or Mrs. Patti"; and sometimes at night, while old Ben snored a muffled obbligato, she would steal out of bed and sit at the window and look at the stars as a woman at times will look at a man when she would draw from him the secrets of his soul—only later to weep a little at what she thinks she has seen. So altogether you will hardly be surprised to learn that old Ben's fifth and last wasn't like the other four.

"What a head he has on him!" Ben remarked at his first inspection.

"He's going to make a wonderful man," said Susan, still weak, but full of a quiet and earnest pride.

"What are you going to call him?" he asked. "Myself, I was thinking that if we called him John Henry—after my grandfather—"

"Ben," said Susan, "you had the naming of the others, and I'm going to name this one."

"What are you going to call him?"

"Alpheus," said she.

Old Ben made a terrible gesture and left the room.

When Susan grew stronger she and Ben had many an argument over the infant Alpheus.

"You're making a regular little fool of him," said Ben one day.

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Susan, who had been trying to get her infant prodigy to model in wax, whereas Alpheus wished to eat the wax and have done with it, and speaking with that sarcasm which every husband knows so well, she added: "No son of yours, Ben, could ever be a fool!"

"He's different already from any of the others," said Ben, turning a bit sulky.

"I'm glad he is."

"Why?"

"Because I want him different—that's why."

"Well, you'll have him different all right. The fool of the family—that's what you'll have him if you keep on the way you're going."

"The fool of the family!"

The phrase stuck in old Ben's mind, and when Alpheus grew up into a solemn, staring boy, who had to be fitted with glasses before he was seven years old, Ben groaned in secret and felt indeed that he had been endowed with the dreadful gift of prophecy.

As Alpheus grew older he began to read, and it wasn't long before he had acquired a downright passion for the printed word. One night Susan went to his room to tuck him in and found him at the window looking up at the stars, even as she had done that time. Susan's heart turned in her bosom and she felt that she was close to those invisible things which the eyes of this world can never hope to see. "What are you looking at, sonny?" she asked, kneeling by his side.

"There are Times When You Seem to Know the Stars So Well That I Could Almost Believe You Had Lived Among Them"

"The stars," he said. "I love to sit and watch them. See that bright one? That's Sirius, the Dog Star. See his legs? And up there—that's the Harp. And way over past the sawmill—that's the Big Dipper. I read about them in a book the other day."

Morning, noon and night, Susan prayed for her children; but, still on her knees, she offered up a special one for Alpheus then.

The year he entered high school Ben's other two sons went to New York, where they started in business on their own account, making those little dressmaking tables with folding legs on which the women of a previous generation cut out their sewing.

"I guess I'm lucky to have had two sensible boys out of the three," mused Ben one day as he watched Alpheus idling his time away over one of his everlasting books. "Same time it comes hard to the old man," he sighed. "Makes people think that I've got a fool streak in me somewhere—and this is it."

He had a ray of hope when Alpheus won the Milner scholarship at high school. By that time his last-born was a rather striking young man—pale, serious and wearing his hair longer than the custom. He parted it in the middle, and if you had seen the way in which it fell draping down on each side of his forehead it would have made you think of a pale youth looking out at the world from behind a pair of long black curtains.

"What course are you going to choose?" Ben asked him. "Law? Medicine? Engineering?"

"No, father," said Alpheus, smoothing his curtains back from his forehead. "I think I shall follow the full classical course, with special attention to astronomy and ancient history."

"What'll that ever get you?"

"What will it lead to? To a professorship, I hope."

"A professorship!" snorted Ben. "Where did you get that crazy notion?"

Perhaps Alpheus' thoughts had turned to the stars, or to those mysterious generations whose records are lost in antiquity. At any rate he was silent and his glance was far away.

"A professorship!" snorted old Ben again. "Hasn't anybody ever had the sense to tell you that a hodcarrier makes more money than the average college professor?"

"Money!" murmured Alpheus with a compassionate smile, his glance still far away. "What is money—compared to some things?"

Old Ben made a terrible noise in his throat and turned to Susan—even as in an earlier day Adam had turned to Eve. "Fool of the family!" he uttered in awful accents. "Are you satisfied now?" cried he.

II

THE more Alpheus studied the stars the more he became wrapped up in them—clothing himself, one might say, as though in the mantle of night, and jeweling himself with constellations.

For a graduation thesis he selected the subject, The Enigma of the Milky Way; and so altogether perhaps you won't be surprised to learn that when the venerable professor of astronomy and mathematics applied to the trustees of Packer University for a pension Alpheus was offered the chairs of astronomy, ancient history and political economy.

"The—heh-heh—immediate honorarium is fifteen hundred a year," said Prexy in his deepest voice. "But the—heh-heh—possibilities are practically unlimited; though not, I hasten to add, necessarily in the pecuniary or—shall I say?—the—heh-heh—mercenary meaning of the word."

Alpheus listened with the rapt expression of a neophyte receiving the sacred fires from his Druid chief, and that night for the first time he spoke to the stars. It wasn't premeditated—such things seldom are—and of course he wouldn't have done it at all if he hadn't known that he was quite alone. He had climbed the hill overlooking Packer Lake. There was no moon that night, but the stars sparkled like diamonds set in blue-black velvet.

"Professor Alpheus Tillotson, B. A.," he solemnly announced to the twinkling host above. "What do you think of that?"

No one hearing him, no one answered. But if old Ben Tillotson had been there he would have plopped out plump: "At fifteen hundred a year? Fool of the family—just what I always said." Old Ben, however, was over the hills and far away, and Alpheus, his face upturned, unconsciously paraphrased a song which was once a favorite on the hurdy-gurdies.

"Oh, you beautiful stars!" he breathed.

In his well-nigh fevered imagination he fancied that they were regarding him with friendly eyes—the Great Bear, the Eagle, Cassiopeia in her stately chair, Lyra with her hands upon the Harp ——"

"Lyra!" he breathed again. "Must you always be silent?"

Presently with his head on one side he found himself humming a tune, and just for a few short, wonderful moments he thought he saw the constellations come to life—as a hunter staring at an autumn bush will sometimes see it sprout a set of antlers and a tail. Lyra played the Harp, the Wagon trundled, the Dolphin leaped, the Ship sailed, the Little Dog chased the Big Dog, and Orion gave the Bull a mighty whack right among the curly locks that grow between the horns.

Alpheus swallowed hard, and the constellations came to rest again. And though he knew, as well as you and I know, that it was only imagination, he always afterward looked upon the stars as friends and thought of Lyra every

time he heard sweet music play. But if you had seen him at his lectures on astronomy you would have thought that he regarded the stars as deities instead of friends. Having received the sacred fire of knowledge, he was now the grand interpreter revealing the mysteries of the temple; but even as the cleverest interpreter sometimes comes to a word which catches his foot, so one day young Professor Tillotson found himself tripped by the fact that Packer was a coeducational institution.

"Many stars are colored," he was telling his class that day. "Aldebaran and Betelgeuze have tints of fire; Procyon and Pollux have a golden glow; Vega is slightly bluish; while Capella and Sirius, for instance, are brilliantly white.

"Among the telescopic stars, as you will see," he continued, "some are of a blood-red hue; others are orange, yellow, garnet colored—like gems in a jeweler's window. Nor is this all. Among the multiple systems I will show you other colors; stars as green as the sea on a cloudless day; stars the color of violets in spring; stars as blue—as blue ——"

It was then that he saw her—regarding him with a large admiring glance.

"As blue," he continued in the voice of reflection, "as the eyes of a girl—as the eyes of a beautiful girl. And others as pink—as pink as she looks when she blushes."

A rising plaudit of handclapping brought him back to earth.

"Young gentlemen," he said, trying to look astonished, "what is the cause of this unseemly demonstration? Is it possible that one of you has at last grasped the reason why the moon affects the tides?"

But quoting another ancient ballad, the young gentlemen were hep-hep-hep; they knew their step-step-step. Scholastic winks and academic verdicts were the order of the day.

"Little Al's got his, all right," was one of these learned conclusions.

"Poor old whale," whispered another. "Just as he came up to blow, lads—harpooned right in the blubber!"

But for one thing Alpheus was too much wrapped up in the heavens for a fall like Lucifer's, and for another thing the young lady wasn't a whaler. Her name, he discovered that afternoon, was Alice Parsons, and she lived with her mother on the same street as himself.

"I thought I had seen you before," he told her. "That must be my excuse for staring so when—when I was thinking of something else."

"Oh, I don't mind," she said, "and I think your lectures on astronomy are perfectly splendid!"

"You flatter me."

"No, really; everybody says so," she earnestly told him. "And besides, why should I flatter you?"

That was a hard one to answer, even for the learned Alpheus.

"I hope some day," she continued, "that you will put your lectures into a book. I know myself that I should love to read it—over and over again."

That was the start of that. Before the month was over he had dined with the Parsons, and every time he looked at Alice he found it an easier thing to do. After dinner they started for a lecture on the Elizabethan drama, to be followed by a dance, but just as they reached the bottom of the veranda steps Alice remembered that she had forgotten her gloves.

"Will you wait for me here?" she asked. "I won't be a minute."

There was a new moon that night, and the stars were out. Alpheus was still watching them when the door opened and Alice started down the veranda steps buttoning her gloves. She came down slowly, smilingly, floatingly—one might almost say confidently—and her advancing presence seemed to whisper: "Alpheus, I'm on one step. Alpheus, I'm on two steps"—the hereditary heroine of that immortal story that can never, never die. At the bottom of the steps Professor Tillotson awaited her, and countless generations of forefathers seemed to whisper in his ear: "She comes! Behold! She comes! She comes alone!"

But as for Alpheus, he firmly clasped his hands behind him and turned his glance upward to the Harp.

"Lyra!" he breathed as though for help.

He was still looking up, his hands behind him, when Alice quietly took her place by his side—the faintest possible touch of disappointment in her manner.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," she said.

And that was that, if you please.

III

THE following spring young Professor Tillotson started his Story of the Stars, and Alice, who had a second-hand typewriter which had to be coaxed at the end of each line, helped him with his manuscript.

"There are times," she said one night, "when you seem to know the stars so well that I could almost believe you had lived among them."

A faint prickle made itself felt under the young professor's scalp.

"I feel myself very close to them at times," was all he would tell her.

On his way home that night Lyra thrummed her harp for him, and his heartstrings seemed to answer with deep æolian chords.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" said Alice another night. "I don't see how you think of it!"

Alpheus looked pale but proud.

"If it isn't inspiration," she calmly continued, "it's something awfully near it."

He felt like saying: "Oh, Miss Parsons, can't you see? It's the stars themselves who are telling me their stories—the stars themselves—one of the greatest works of the Almighty; set there to draw our thoughts, to rouse our imaginations, to teach us the unattainable, the calm serenity of the great plan—moving—gleaming; placed there by hands whose power we would sometimes question; and shining there to reassure us of an eternity where all is well."

But of course a young man doesn't speak like that to a girl, so Alpheus merely answered lamely enough: "I'm glad you like it."

But along toward the end of the summer Alice began to see things that she didn't like so well. The university had decided to give summer courses. The lake and surrounding mountains had always drawn a number of vacationists, and Prexy, justly fond of Packer, believed that summer courses would help both the university and the town.

"Thus, if I may use a—heh-heh—common, or garden, expression," said he, "killing two birds with one stone."

The course was started, and it was then that Alice began to see the things which she didn't like. The Story of the Stars, though nearly finished, went badly, and Alpheus stayed away from the lame typewriter with a frequency that increased as the weeks sped by. One evening when she met him and he started to give an excuse for not having yet finished the fifteenth chapter she calmly asked him a question.

"Who was that young lady with whom I saw you yesterday?" said she.

For the first time since she had known him Alpheus blushed, her question evidently cutting deep.

"That was Miss Lawrence," he said.

"Miss Lawrence? Who's she?"

"Old Prexy's niece from New York—one of my pupils," he added after a moment's pause.

Under Alice's even gaze his color deepened and he became embarrassed.

"One of your students?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"What are you teaching her?"

Unexpected by both of them, there was a troubled note of pain in Alpheus' answer, and academic phrases suddenly went for nothing.

"Teaching her?" he asked in a low voice. "I sometimes wonder what she is teaching me!"

IV

WHATEVER it was that they were teaching each other, Professor Tillotson and Prexy's niece had another lesson the very next night. He called at the house on the hill with the air of a young man who had been that way before, and found Miss Diane Lawrence, evidently expecting him, on the veranda.

"I was beginning to think that your absorbing book was going to keep you away again to-night," she said.

"It doesn't seem to absorb me any more," he moodily answered.

(Continued on Page 102)

"I Was Beginning to Think That Your Absorbing Book Was Going to Keep You Away," She Said. "It Doesn't Seem to Absorb Me Any More," He Answered

EXPIRED LOANS

By J. R. SPRAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NATHAN BAER was in bad humor as he opened his pawnshop for the day's business. He unlocked the big safe and took out the faded trays of watches and jewelry, which he shoved irritably into the showcase up by the front door. Then he took a feather duster and slapped at the piles of clothing, the unredeemed bargains in shoes, and the stock of shotguns and musical instruments. He dragged a large trunk with two suitcases on top of it to the front door and established them in their usual place on the sidewalk.

In the doorway the pawnbroker, pausing for a breath of fresh air, surveyed the scene before him with disfavor. South Water Street was almost deserted at that early hour. Across the way a few customers straggled into Johnson's Restaurant for Colored, the Little Place With the Big Eats; next door to the pawnshop Greek Joe was hanging a bunch of bananas out in front of his fruit stand and ice-cream parlor. Later in the day Joe would do a good business. Customers known to be all right could slip him three dollars and walk into the back room, there to be served a half-pint bottle of something, not exactly whisky, but possessing a good kick.

"South Water Street ain't no location for me," Nathan grumbled aloud, "where mostly the customers is bootleggers and colored. I bet one of these days I am going to move."

In strict truth the pawnbroker's clientele was not aristocratic. Occasionally a bargain hunter from downtown ventured out to South Water Street, but mainly the trade was limited to the neighborhood. From a pawnbroking standpoint South Water Street's chief industry was the Afro-American Literary and Improvement Club, where the poker and crap games started promptly at twelve o'clock each day and lasted as long as there were customers. An enterprise of that sort naturally needs a convenient pawnshop.

Financially Nathan Baer had done well. If he had kept any books they would have shown that he was making more than seven hundred dollars net profit every year. Being no bookkeeper Nathan only knew that he had four hundred pawn tickets out, a fine stock of goods on hand, and owed no man a dollar. But in spite of this strong financial showing he sighed discontentedly as he turned back into the store to take the la vallières and brooches out of the safe and put them in their accustomed places in the show window, surmounted by the sign "Bargains in Expired Loans."

The first customer of the day appeared. He was a tall colored youth with two fine gold teeth, nattily dressed in a checked suit with fedora hat to match, and long pointed tan shoes.

"Dollar and a quarter on the shoes, Mista' Baer?" he questioned, pointing to his feet.

"A dollar," responded the pawnbroker mechanically.

"But I needs a dollar and a quarter," persisted the customer.

"A dollar," repeated Nathan tonelessly.

"Now look yere, Mista' Baer," pleaded the customer, "you knows I don't ask for a thing less'n I needs it. The game don't start till noon and I got to have a dollar capital. Meanwhile how does I eat? You wouldn't expect me to go into no game on an empty stomach, would you?"

The matter thus being put on a business basis Nathan relented, but gloomily. He walked over to his shoe department, which was contained in a large dry-goods box, and fished round until he located a pair that looked as if they might serve the customer for temporary use. The young speculator had already sat down on the store stool and taken off the shoes that were to serve as collateral. When he saw the pair the pawnbroker was bringing he set up an excited protest.

"Them shoes ain't mates!" he cried. "An' look at the shape! The man they come off from certainly had bunions. You wouldn't send me out on South Water Street in no shoes like that, would you, Mista' Baer?"

But Nathan was adamant.

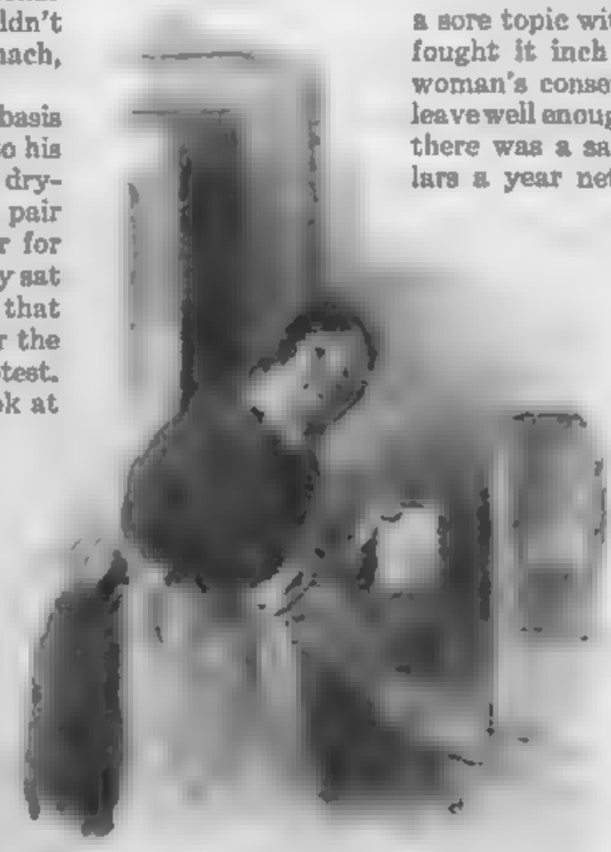
"When I loan a feller a dollar and a quarter on a pair of shoes which so help me ain't worth the money," he said severely, "I don't give him no patent leathers to go to no crap game in."

The customer had to be satisfied. He grudgingly put on the shoes, which weren't mates, and went out into the world of South Water Street. As he paused a moment in the doorway a false friend went by; the pawnshop background, the sporty hat and suit, the badly matched shoes told a story. The friend burst into a hilarious cackle.

"Jes' look at ol' Dude Brooks," he cried to all within hearing. "He's a swell dresser right down to his feet!"

Inside the pawnshop Nathan Baer was in no mood for pleasantries of any kind. Of late he had become dissatisfied with the lot of a pawnbroker on South Water Street, where he had to make loans on shoes and old clothing, where two-thirds of his customers were crap shooters, and where passing small boys had a habit of sticking their heads in his doorway and shouting "K.ke."

Down in the fashionable shopping district a dozen blocks away was located the object of Nathan Baer's daydreams—the Empire Loan Office, S. Jacobs, Proprietor. The Empire scorned clothing and old shoes; it loaned only on diamonds and solid-gold watches. In place of colored crap shooters it had for customers the swell white patrons of the National Club and other exclusive gambling parlors. Nathan had once seen Harry Palmer, proprietor of the National Club, the biggest gambler in all the city, come out of the Empire's private office. Out on South Water Street, colored customers did not require or even wish to do business in a private office. To them the negotiation of a loan was merely a light adventure, entered into with open good humor.



"Nathan," She Asked Quietly, "Did You Wrote This?"

Mrs. Baer came out of the living apartment at the rear of the pawnshop, accompanied by a strong smell of breakfast cooking.

"This ain't no life, mamma," said Nathan grumblingly; "loaning a dollar and a quarter to colored crap shooters on a pair of shoes or maybe some old pants."

"But it's ten per cent a month interest, Nathan," replied Mrs. Baer soothingly. "Ten per cent a month, don't forget that, Nathan."

"It's ten per cent a month on big loans too," argued Nathan stubbornly. "Just look at that Empire Loan Office, S. Jacobs, Proprietor, now. I bet this very day he loans five, six hundred dollars on one big diamond or maybe a pair earrings. Only think, mamma, fifty dollars interest on just one loan!"

It was a subject that had been argued in the Baer household for a long time. Nathan's ambition to become a leader in his chosen profession was a sore topic with Mrs. Baer, who had fought it inch by inch. With all a woman's conservatism she wanted to leave well enough alone and stay where there was a safe seven hundred dollars a year net profit.

"Fifty dollars interest on one loan is big money," said Mrs. Baer pessimistically; "but also four hundred dollars a month rent, which that Empire Loan Office pays, is big money too."

"The rent don't cut no ice when you do the business," countered Nathan. "Here I pay sixty dollars and down on Market Street maybe four hundred. But here I loan a dollar and a quarter to colored crap shooters and down there I loan five hundred to fellers like that Harry Palmer and other high-class white gamblers from the National Club."

"You wouldn't need to go no farther than yourself to find a gambler, Nathan," said Mrs. Baer severely, "if you're fool enough to pay every month four hundred dollars for rent."

There was no come-back for this thrust; it was only the entrance of a customer that saved Nathan's face. The customer was a woman bargain hunter who asked to see a fur neckpiece which hung on a nail in the show window, labeled "Big Bargain $15.50. Used only 1 Season."

"Is that a lynx fur?" asked the customer.

"No, lady," said Nathan earnestly. "I wouldn't tell you it was a lynx for the little profit I make on that piece. Believe me, lady, I wouldn't tell no lie where I make less than a dollar profit."

"Then what kind of fur is it?" asked the customer.

"It is skunk fur," replied Nathan. "Genuwine black skunk, understand me, lady."

The customer involuntarily brought the garment to her nose, but smelled only the odor of breakfast cooking in the living apartment at the back of the store. "I might give you ten dollars for it," she said.

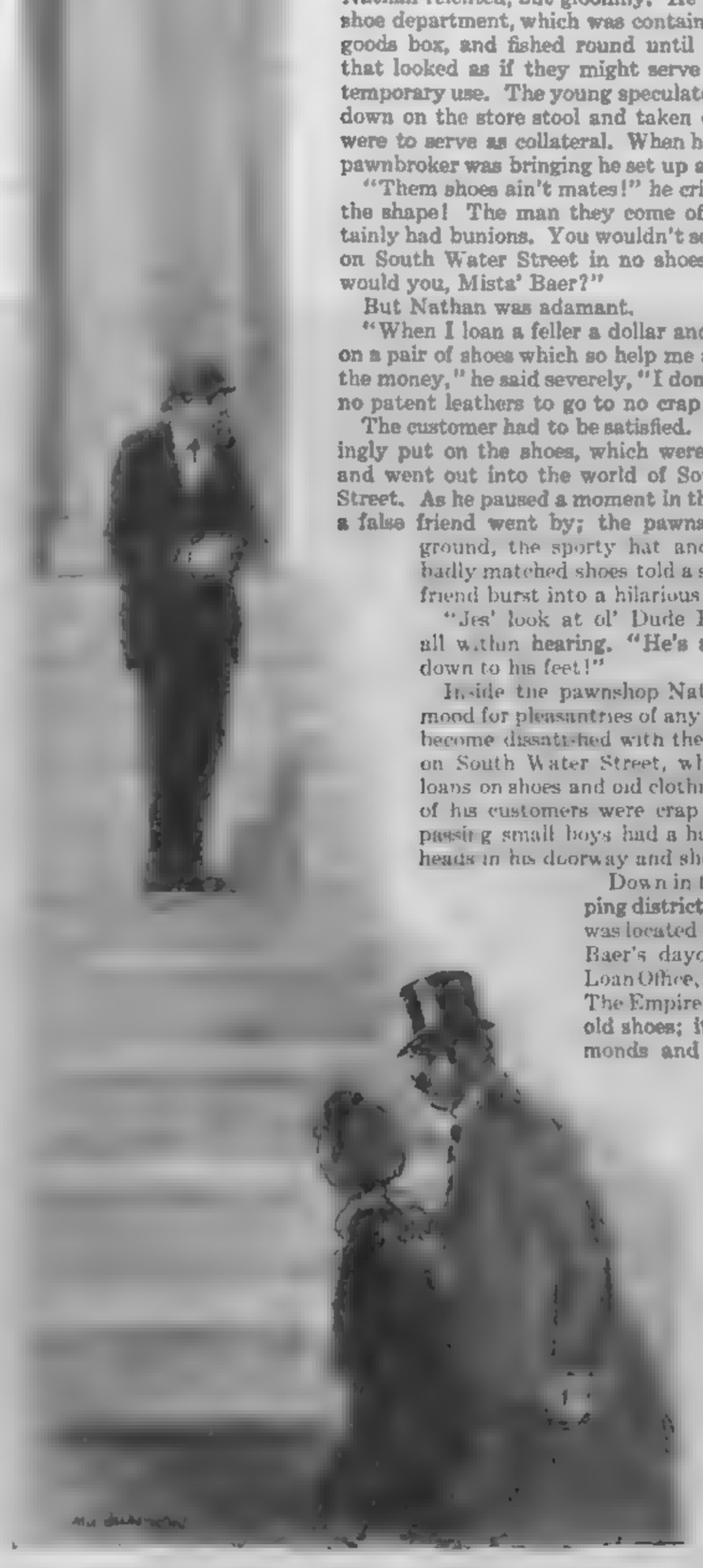
An actual offer of money, no matter how much below the price, always acts as a tonic to a real salesman; to Nathan Baer it was like turning on the self-starter. He began to talk loud and fast, using both hands.

"You must be joking, lady," he said, leaning across the counter at her, "to offer ten dollars for a fine piece of goods like that, which so help me is worth forty dollars of anyone's money; and believe me, lady, it cost me fourteen dollars. I show you my books."

In the heat and excitement of salesmanship the pawnbroker forgot that he had never had a set of books; but to mention them gave weight to his argument.

"Oh, well," said the customer, half turning toward the door, "I might make it twelve. But not a cent more."

The pawnbroker dashed round the end of his counter with the fur in his hands, ostensibly for the purpose of displaying it in a better light; his real intention was to get between his customer and the door.



He Was a Ridiculous Little Figure Standing There

"Just look at it, lady!" he cried excitedly. "I guarantee it a real genuwine skunk. Worth fifty dollars. Make it thirteen dollars and we close the deal. I don't mind losing money to a reasonable customer like you."

The reasonable customer was tempted. She could pay to have the garment renovated and still own it far below the prices of the downtown stores. In the mental pause that always comes to a frugal nature just before deciding to spend money a question occurred to her.

"Suppose I should wear that fur out in the rain and get it wet," she asked, "would it be hurt?"

Nathan Baer set his back firmly against the door and spoke slowly and impressively.

"It is genuwine skunk," he said, "and understand me, lady, I know skunks. For ten years I walked the country roads with a pack on my back. I seen a thousand skunks, but believe me, lady, I never yet seen a skunk with an umbrella."

In three minutes the customer was gone, contentedly carrying a genuine skunk neckpiece wrapped up in a newspaper. The pawnbroker went to the rear of his establishment and called out exultantly: "Mamma, come out here and see what I done!" When she had arrived he continued: "I just sold that fur we bought off that colored woman two years ago last Christmas! Of course I didn't make no big profit on it, but I got the cash money."

"South Water Street is a fine business location," said Mrs. Baer.

"We make a good living on South Water Street because I am such a fine salesman," said Nathan conceitedly. "I tell you, mamma, a man like me ought to be down on Market Street with plate-glass windows and solid-gold watches."

The old sore question was opened up again. Mrs. Baer would not fall in with her husband's ambitions. For ten years they had worked together on South Water Street; the children had been born there; she did not want to give up the present safe contentment for a showy but uncertain future in the high-rent district. Her husband pursued his line of argument.

"This ain't no place for a lady like you," he said trickily, "living always among the old shoes and shotguns and secondhand pants. Down on Market Street I won't loan on nothing except diamonds and high-class jewelry. Or maybe a good revolver once in a while," he added in the interest of strict truth. "And for you, mamma," he went on gayly, "down there we won't live back of no pawnshop. We will have an apartment upstairs somewhere. Only Saturday nights maybe, will you have to help out in the store."

"I suppose you would rather have a hired clerk instead of me to help you," said Mrs. Baer bitterly.

"Why not a hired clerk?" replied Nathan optimistically. "Maybe two, three clerks." He lost himself in contemplation of a glorious future. "Even a cashier I might have," he added ecstatically, "when I grow to be a big concern like the Empire Loan Office, S. Jacobs, Proprietor."

This was a bad slip.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Nathan," said his wife hotly, "talking about cashiers. Ain't it the wife of S. Jacobs himself who is suing in the divorce court, all on account of a yellow-haired cashier?"

"Mamma, you mustn't talk like that," said Nathan reprovingly. "I'm a good family man, and you know it."

"A good family man on South Water Street, yes," countered Mrs. Baer, "where your customers is mostly colored and you ain't tempted. But down on Market Street with four hundred dollars a month rent on your mind all the time, and those high-class white gamblers for customers, how do I know how you would act?"

With this parting shot Mrs. Baer disappeared into the living apartment. Nathan's feelings were outraged. That a steady man with whiskers, and forty-one years of age, should be so insulted by his wife was beyond forbearance. He grumbled to himself as he got out the tray of signet rings received from the factory the day before, and rubbed them over with powdered sulphur in order to tarnish them a little and make them fit to put in the show window as expired loans.

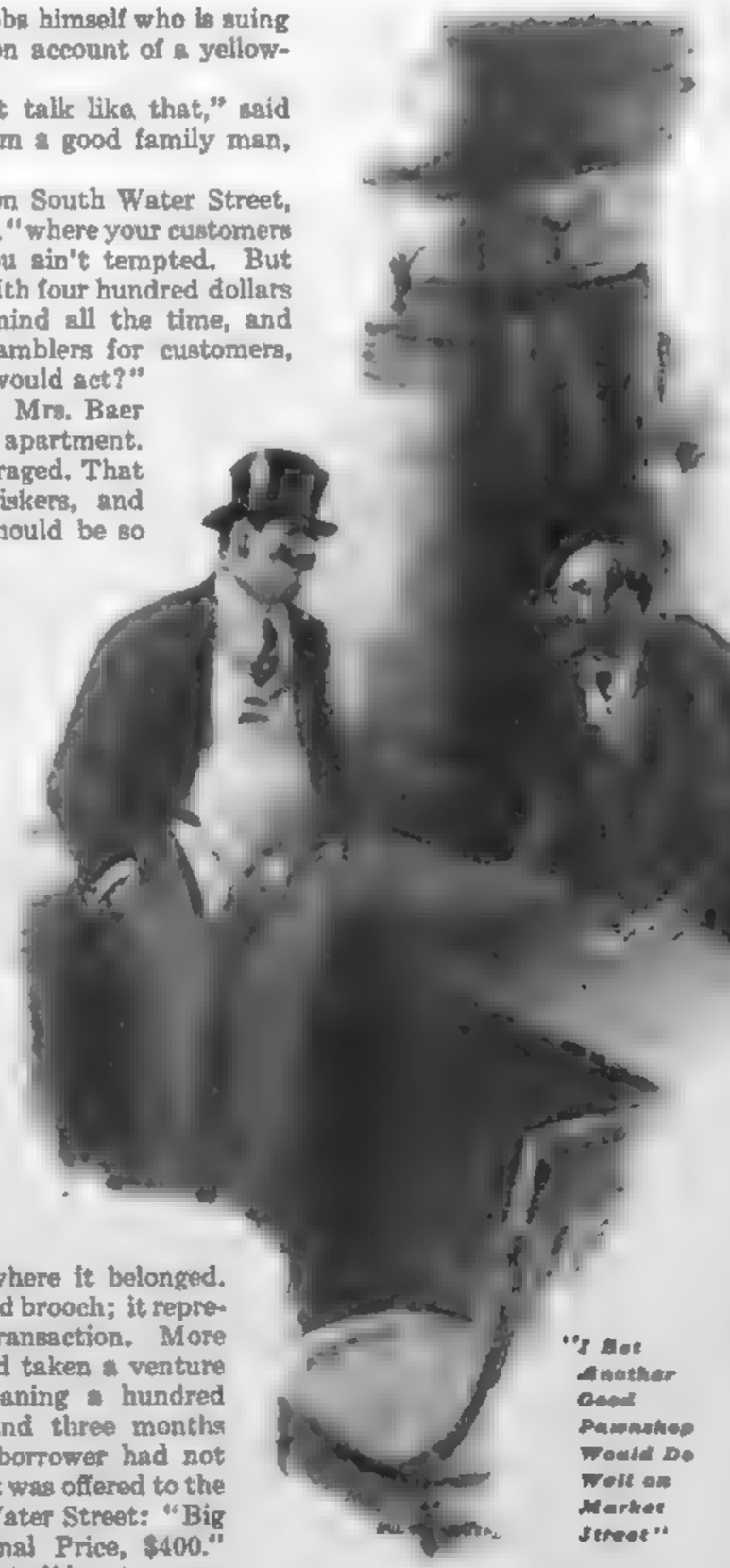
This bit of strategy accomplished he realized that he had forgotten something. He went to the safe and got out a faded blue-velvet case containing a diamond brooch, which he set at the front of the show window; there was a little spot nearly free from dust to show where it belonged. Nathan hated this diamond brooch; it represented an unprofitable transaction. More than a year before he had taken a venture into big business by loaning a hundred dollars on the bauble, and three months passing by wherein the borrower had not appeared to pay interest it was offered to the buying public of South Water Street: "Big Bargain, $232.50. Original Price, $400."

But South Water Street did not appreciate honest values in diamonds, even though blue white and perfect. For almost a year Nathan had taken the diamond brooch out of the safe each morning and set it in its regular place in the window; each night he had carried it back to the safe.

"In a fine show window down on Market Street," said Nathan disgustedly, "that brooch would sell every day to some sucker. But here I keep it forever. Pretty soon that brooch will be old enough to get out of the safe by itself and walk every morning to its place in the window."

A revolutionary thought occurred to the pawnbroker. If the wife of a first-class business man did not know what was good for her, then it was time to use his own judgment. He took a sheet of blank paper, and using the top of the showcase as a desk laboriously brought forth the following advertisement, addressed to the editor of Three Balls, the official organ of the pawnbroking trade of the United States and Canada:

For Sale: High-class loan office, fine run customers, good loans. Sales of furs and diamonds my specialty. Prop'r retiring to go into other business. My price 100 cts. on the dollar. Don't answer unless you have the cash. Auctioneers save your postage stamps. Address Big Money, care Editor.



"I Bet Another Good Pawnshop Would Do Well on Market Street"

Having thus taken matters into his own hands Nathan felt strong and masterful; but there was a latent timidity in coming right out in words and telling his wife about it; the ordeal might be easier if she were allowed to see the matter in writing. He spread the manuscript conspicuously out on the repair bench up at the front window and waited.

It was not long before Mrs. Baer came out from the rear and saw it. She picked up the paper and silently read it over two or three times.

"Nathan," she asked quietly, "did you wrote this?"

"I sure did, mamma," responded Nathan rebelliously.

"Against my wish, Nathan?"

He wished she would scold or cry; it is hard to defy the woman one loves when she makes no fuss, but just stands quiet and pathetic.

"But you don't understand nothing about big business, mamma," said Nathan appeasingly. "Such things you should leave to a good salesman like me. I am doing it for you, mamma. I am going to take you down on Market Street, where you won't have to live with secondhand shoes and pants and suitcases."

"I am afraid of that big business," interrupted Mrs. Baer tensely. "In this place for ten years we are happy together and make a fine living. The old shoes and pants I don't mind. It is better to have love even among old pants and shoes, Nathan, than the biggest place on Market Street where hired clerks are, and lady cashiers."

Great decisions are often influenced by the most trivial things. Nathan Baer wavered before his wife's love; his eyes wandered about the place while his mind should frame the words to tell her that she had won. But his gaze rested on the diamond brooch which had failed to find a purchaser during a whole year in the show window at the bargain price of $232.50.

"South Water Street is no good for a live wire like me," he said roughly. "Go back to the kitchen, mamma, and leave big things to experienced business men."

Though he had crushed opposition Nathan was not altogether happy, and he welcomed the entrance of a customer. He set the newcomer down as a wop or something. The man was dressed in overalls and jumper, looking very little like ready money, but in the pawnbroking business one never can tell. The secret of success lies in working just as hard on one customer as on another.

"And what can I do for you to-day, mister?" queried the pawnbroker, rubbing his hands together pleasantly.

The customer indicated in fairly poor English that he was in the market for a good watch if same might be purchased pretty cheap for cash.

"You come to the right place for it, mister," said Nathan reassuringly. "I got them both new and secondhand for half the price of them big stores downtown."

It was rather hard to tell which were new and which were secondhand, because dust and finger marks were on all alike; but Nathan set one after another out on the showcase, praising them all impartially. With true salesmanship he played no favorites, but watched the customer for any sign that might indicate a preference. Finally the man picked up a timepiece and looked at it admiringly. It was a thin-model, open-face watch with fancy gold hands.

"That's just the watch you should have," said the pawnbroker decisively. "All high-class gentlemen wear them thin models now. And look at the gold hands! Real gold plate. That nice plain back too. It don't get all full of dirt like those engraved ones. And it's open face. You don't have to stop and open it every time you want to see what time it is." (Continued on Page 93)

"No, Mamma," Repeated Nathan Wearily, "I'm Not Smart. I'm Just a Sucker"

THE CYRILIAN CYCLE

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

JAMES CYRIL FOX walked sedately down the side of Edgett's Lane, in which his own home was set, pushed his way through the turnstile at the end of the lane, and still solemn with the momentous purposes which filled him proceeded up the other side of the lane to the Weaver house.

Edgett's Lane was laid out in a peculiar fashion and no one remembered how and why it was ever planned in that outlandish way, just as no one remembered who had erected the crumbling old turnstiles. Down the center of the lane like a huge raised backbone lay a mound of earth on which grass and bushes and even a tree or two grew. The final ridge of the mound was surmounted by a picket fence, which long since had started to fall to pieces and on which the red paint had gradually turned to gray. It was only from the second stories of the houses on the north side of the lane that you could see the houses on the south side, though this was not true the other way about, because the houses on the south side were built upon ground so much higher than the others that they gazed down upon them. Perhaps it was this that gave the south-side dwellers a slight feeling of superiority over the others, though as a matter of fact all the houses were very similar—insignificant little frame residences cuddling close to the earth, nestling back against their protecting and lofty trees, each with its little patch of grass and flowers in front and its vegetable garden in the rear. Only the Weaver house, which was on the north side—the wrong side, socially speaking—was at all pretentious. It had three stories instead of two, it boasted a large wing on one side, with a glass-inclosed conservatory, and a cupola topped the flat roof. Besides, the woodland in back of the house belonged to old man Weaver. In fact, it was called Weaver's Woods.

In the afternoon after school and all day Saturdays Jimmy Fox, Phyllis Weaver and some other boys and girls had gone chestnutting there in the fall or searching for May pinks and violets in the spring; or at all seasons when the mood had seized them had chased along, playing fox and hounds or puss in the corner or Red Rover, filling the entire woods with their shouts and chatter.

But that, of course, was long ago when they were children. James Cyril Fox was now twenty-two. He was a business man. He was preparing to seize all the rights and privileges that belong to the estate of mature manhood.

Why, only six months ago, a month ago—yesterday—he wouldn't have bothered to walk down the length of one side of the lane and up the length of the other. He would have run up the embankment, cleared the fence at one bound and thus made his way to Phyllis Weaver in much less time, though in a much less dignified manner. But Jimmy Fox was at last arrived at that point where his dignity was of the utmost importance to him. One couldn't go leaping at Phyllis with the news that he had to give her.

The evening was still aglow with the light of the autumnal sunset, and as Jimmy turned up the cinder path that led to the Weaver front porch he saw to his dismay that Phyllis was not alone. Her father was there and so were her aunt and uncle from the city. These relatives of Phyllis' were very fashionable and wealthy people. They had driven down in their wonderful new twenty-two-horsepower automobile, which Jimmy now saw standing round at the side of the house. They had been compelled to drive it in through the Weaver back yard and over the lawn, because those absurd turnstiles wouldn't let automobiles pass—kept all sorts of vehicles away from the seclusion of Edgett's Lane. This was the first automobile that had ever invaded its privacy; in fact, it was one of the first that had ever entered Bay Crest.

Phyllis' aunt, Mrs. Delafield, still wore her huge duster made of yellow silk. A long green veil was wound round her hat and floated in two streamers behind, but her goggles were dangling from one hand and her bright brown eyes laughed at Jimmy in a way that embarrassed him. He admired Mrs. Delafield. She was still very beautiful, though she must be quite old—thirty-five or six—but he resented the way she looked at him, because it made him feel so young and inexperienced.

He mumbled, "Good evening," and slunk down on the steps close to the rocker in which Phyllis sat.

Phyllis' uncle removed his big black cigar from his mouth and said in a loud, boisterous, self-assured voice that Jimmy both hated and envied: "Well, young man, you're just in time for a little ride. I'm going to take Mr. Weaver and Phyllis out in my new devil wagon and I guess we can crowd you in somewhere if you want to go."

Ordinarily Jimmy would have rejoiced at this invitation. He had never ridden in an automobile. It would be glorious to ride round the streets of Bay Crest in one—especially the streets in which his friends lived. He knew that they would be terrifically impressed. But to-night he had something else on his mind, more important even than impressing his friends. He wanted to have a talk with Phyllis alone.

Instead of answering her uncle, therefore, who had turned away taking his answer for granted, he whispered to Phyllis in a desperate aside: "Phyllis, I—I got to see you alone about something. It's—it's awf'ly important."

Phyllis turned eyes wide with astonishment upon him.

"You mean you don't want to go out in the automobile?"

"Not to-night. I want to see you alone."

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm crazy to go out in Uncle George's new car. Won't to-morrow night do?"

"I won't be here to-morrow night," he muttered darkly.

"You won't! Where will you be?"

"I'll be gone!"

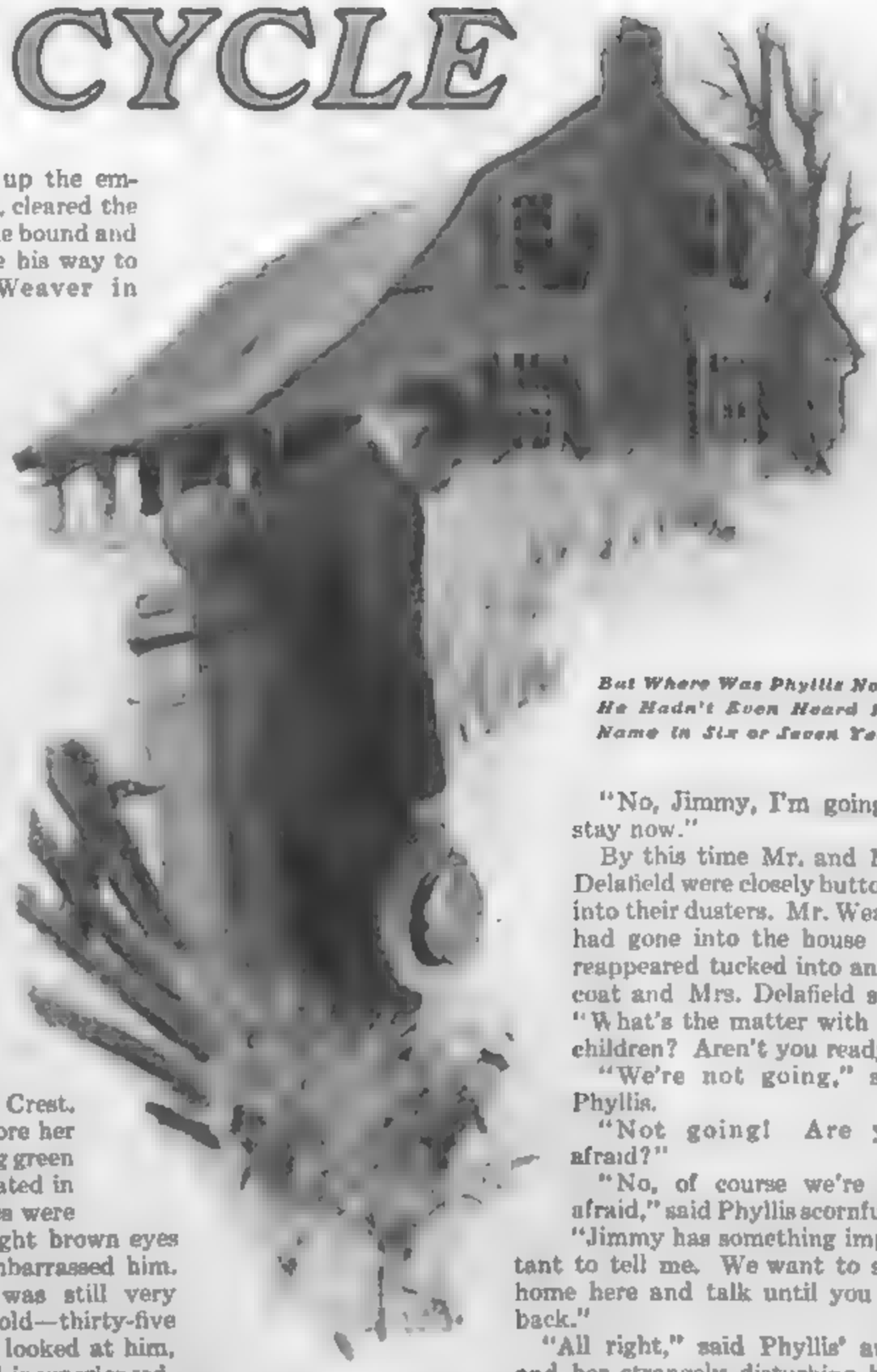
"Gone, Jimmy! What in the world are you talking about?"

"That's what I came to tell you, Phyllis—to tell you all about. You can see how awf'ly important it is."

Phyllis sighed.

"Well, of course I'll stay then. Uncle George will be down again. I can go out in the automobile some other time."

"No, you go, Phyllis, if you want to. If you'd rather go with them than stay with me, considering I got something so important to tell you——"



But Where Was Phyllis Now? He Hadn't Even Heard Her Name in Six or Seven Years

"No, Jimmy, I'm going to stay now."

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Delafield were closely buttoned into their dusters. Mr. Weaver had gone into the house and reappeared tucked into an old coat and Mrs. Delafield said: "What's the matter with you children? Aren't you ready?"

"We're not going," said Phyllis.

"Not going! Are you afraid?"

"No, of course we're not afraid," said Phyllis scornfully. "Jimmy has something important to tell me. We want to stay home here and talk until you get back."

"All right," said Phyllis' aunt, and her strangely disturbing bantering eyes again laughed at Jimmy. He curled up closer against Phyllis' rocker.

Mr. Delafield had quite a little difficulty in starting the car, but at last they were off. The noisy chug-chug died away down Second Avenue. The Murdens and the Smiths and the other inhabitants of Edgett's Lane, who had come out to gaze at the departure of the strange monster, returned to their verandas and their rocking-chairs.

"Well, what is it, Jimmy?" Phyllis asked at last.

Jimmy did not answer at once. He was gazing at Phyllis admiringly. What a good friend of his she was! They had been friends, it seemed now, forever and ever. He didn't love Phyllis. He didn't suppose he'd love anyone—oh, not for years and years anyway. There were so many other things in life besides love, so many things about which he felt a tremendous curiosity. Love tied you down, bound you to one place and one person. He wanted to be free. He wanted to—what was the word? Oh, yes, gamut. He wanted to run the gamut of human experiences. But now to-night he almost wished he were in love with Phyllis. She looked so lovely in her white ruffled dress against the background of dark-green vines that formed a screen at one end of the porch. It was during the period when every girl in America was trying to look like one of the heroines of Mr. Gibson's drawings, but if you had asked Jimmy he would have claimed Phyllis achieved the effect more enchantingly than any other girl he had ever seen—in Bay Crest, in Brooklyn, even in New York. She wore her blond hair in a high fluffy pompadour, her waist was as small as you could imagine a waist to be, and the sleeves of her white dress were made in that new and most daring fashion where they puffed out enormously just below the elbow. Her profile, too, was exactly the Gibson Girl's—the same fine straight nose, firm generous lips, the same definite yet delicate penciling of the arched eyebrows. She was adorable.

The girl, however, stirred impatiently under his scrutiny and urged once more: "What do you mean, you'll be gone to-morrow, Jimmy?"

"I mean that at last I've got pa's consent to go and live in New York, Phyllis."

"But you're not going to-morrow?"

"Yes, I am. I'm going before he can change his mind again."

"But it's all so sudden."

He looked at her reproachfully.

"You know I've been trying to get away from this dead-'n'-alive place for a long time, Phyllis."

Why Didn't They Go? Cyril Was Sick of It—Dead Sick of It

"Yes, but you're actually going now—that is sudden."

"Well, everything did happen sort of sudden. You see, I got a raise to eighteen dollars a week."

"Oh, that's wonderful, Jimmy!"

"Yes, it is wonderful. They—they seem to think a lot of me at the office, Phyllis. They're letting me handle all the details of the city trade now. If any customer makes a kick I'm sent up to smooth it out, and that's a mighty ticklish job, let me tell you. But the best part of the raise is that it makes me independent. I can support myself. I don't have to ask pa for any help."

"Where are you going to live?"

"In a boarding house on Madison Avenue. You remember Fred Schlang, don't you? He lives there. He told me about it."

"Oh, I don't like Fred Schlang, Jimmy."

"Why?"

"He was always so fresh—so fresh and so cheap."

"Well, I don't suppose he's the kind that girls would like. But he's awf'ly bright. He's getting on fine in business. He's in an advertising-agency office and writes some of the advertisements himself. Sometimes I think I'd like to get into advertising. They're awf'ly nice to me at my place, but somehow I don't think there's so much money in the wholesale grocery business."

"I—I don't see why you're so anxious to leave Bay Crest, Jimmy."

"Oh, I hate it here!" cried Jimmy vehemently. "Why, I've been buried here all my life. I want to live in the city—not way out here in the country. Why, look at the time you lose going to and from business! I could be doing something worth while during that time. The other night Fred Schlang took me to the theater in New York to see Babes in Toyland and I didn't get home till two o'clock. A fellow can't do that and do good work next day—not when he has to get up as early as he does out here to get to the office on time."

"Yes, but you don't have to go to the theater every night, you know, don't you, Jimmy?"

"That's just the point!" said Jimmy triumphantly. "If you live in New York you can go every night if you want to and still do good work."

"Your father and mother will miss you terribly."

"Yes, I guess they will," admitted Jimmy soberly. "At least ma will. But a fellow's got to live his own life and make his own way, Phyllis. Pa won't miss me so much. All he thinks about is working in his garden. That's all that makes him happy. Gosh, if I ever got like that I'd rather be dead! They—they don't understand me. I guess nobody that's old understands anybody that's young. I—I thought you'd understand, Phyllis."

"Well, maybe I do, Jimmy, but—but I never could imagine myself leaving father. Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to run away to the city to live, but I'd never be happy because I'd always be thinking of him all alone out here."

"Girls are different, Phyllis."

"Oh, I don't know that they're so different, but they're expected to act differently and somehow most of them do what's expected of them."

Jimmy jumped to his feet and shot his hands over his head in a violent gesture.

"Oh, I can't put it into words, Phyllis, but I—I sort of feel smothered down here in Bay Crest. I don't feel sometimes as if I was living at all. When I have to come home at night after being in the city all day—well, I just feel awful. I just wish with all my heart that instead of coming way down here I could go uptown instead with the other fellows—to go round and see a little something of life. What can you do down here at night? Nothing! Nothing at all! Maybe go for a walk—or sit on the front porch—or read a book. But a fellow wants something more exciting than that once in a while, Phyllis."

"Yes, I know how you feel, Jimmy. I—I just feel like that sometimes too."

"You do?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, of course I do."

"I—I didn't know a girl ever felt like that."

They were silent.

Over the tree tops rose the harvest moon—a great golden-red disk of magic. From across the street drifted the faintly sad smell of burning leaves.

"Aunt Bella Says You're Just the Kind of Young Chap With Your Dark Eyes and Romantic Look That Women are Crazy About"

"I guess that's pa still working round the place," said Jimmy bitterly. "He never does let up with his old garden. Why, even in winter he's always fussing and fussing about something or other."

Phyllis slid from her rocker to the steps close to Jimmy. She placed one of her hands over his.

"Oh, Jimmy, I hate—I hate to see you go away," she said. "Bay Crest won't be the same without you. It will be more lonesome than ever down here. And—and I want you to promise me something. When you're up there in the city there'll be all sorts of temptations. Don't go round too much with that Fred Schlang, Jimmy. Oh, I don't want to sound preachy and old-fashioned, but I guess you know what I mean. Aunt Bella says you're just the kind of young chap with your dark eyes and romantic look that women are crazy about."

"Oh, no, she didn't say that, did she?" protested Jimmy, though secretly he was pleased and flattered.

"Yes, that's exactly what she did say. And Aunt Bella knows. She's been everywhere and seen everything. And I—I want you to stay the nice clean boy you have always been. Will you promise?"

"Yes, of course I will, Phyllis. But it's silly to make me promise. Of course I will."

"You'll come down to Bay Crest to see us once in a while, won't you?"

"Yes, certainly. Pa and ma'll expect me down every week, I guess."

"Well, it won't be like losing you entirely, Jimmy."

Phyllis got up and stood white and slim in the red moonlight. She sauntered over to the end of the porch—where you could just see a bit of the harbor—and she stood there gazing at the moonlight glittering on the water. When she returned her eyes were moist, but Jimmy did not notice that.

"It's getting chilly, isn't it?" she said. "I think I'll go in."

"Aren't you going to wait for your folks to come back?"

"No, I don't think so. I can't imagine what's keeping them so long."

"I suppose they broke down somewhere. I don't think those machines are very practical, do you?"

"I don't know. They seem to have a lot of trouble with them. I remember once Uncle George had to get a pair of horses to pull them home and Aunt Bella said it was awful, because everybody along the way laughed at them. Well, I'm going in. Good night, Jimmy."

He stood on the step below her, gazing up at her. Her face was very white in the moonlight and he saw now that her eyes were—well, they looked sort of hurt and funny. And he felt a lump rise in his own throat. Suddenly she leaned over him.

"We've had some good times together, haven't we, Jimmy? We've been like brother and sister together."

"Yes, you bet!" he said.

"Well, you can kiss me good-by if you want to, Jimmy."

Very shyly their lips met. Then Jimmy stumbled away down the cinder path. He brushed his hand angrily across his own eyes. But before he had even passed through the turnstile his heart was leaping again. He could not long suppress his joy in the thought that to-morrow—to-morrow—he would be his own master and free to live his life as he chose in a city that was set like a stage for his adventuring.

■

CYRIL FOX—he had long since dropped the "Jimmy" part of his name—wondered if his guests, his and Fred's, would never go. Fred was hopeless. He rejoiced in his reputation as a night owl. He boasted that he could stay up as long as he could find someone else to stay up with him. It was now past two in the morning and he acted as if it were a matter of indifference to him whether he ever got to bed. He lolled there on the divan, his white shirt front crumpled, one glittering pump tossed high over his knee, his lips close to the tiny pink ear of little Mrs. Garrison, who every now and then turned to smile at him, her eyebrows raised, her upper lip lifted from her sharp white teeth. She was pretty and fluffy. Her silk skirts foamed about her. She seemed like a tired Dresden-china shepherdess. Mrs. Garrison's husband and the other man,

(Continued on Page 72)

HIGH LIFE

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IV

WE MAY perhaps in imagination accompany for a little way upon their road our two heroines. It is hoped that to the end of their story, or as much of it as is to be related here, each will have her admirers. When, a few minutes after Mrs. Hastings' most prudent decision not to stay at Branchazay for lunch, her motor drew up in the courtyard for the departure, Miss Lydia Smith appeared—somewhat to her new chaperon's astonishment—with Miss Bidgerton.

The princess drew her American friend aside for a moment. And her words—confidentially uttered—are repeated, not for their intrinsic importance, but because they represent not the worst side of her.

"I found Bidgy packing. She assumed she was to go. She's my pest of course, but I suppose she loves me."

His Royal Master Dismissed His Chamberlain to Bicarbonate and Solitude and Himself Paced the Villa's Terrace

"Won't it—well, rather interfere?"

"It will interfere enormously. But"—here she smiled—"if I've had a dull time, you may imagine what poor Bidgy has had. Do you mind awfully if we give her a good time too?"

Mrs. Hastings regarded her young charge almost affectionately.

"I don't mind a bit," she said.

"And," said the girl, "I wish you'd call me Lydia."

It was perhaps a strategic mistake.

"I'll take that under consideration," replied Mrs. Hastings, and though her smile persisted, it had not quite the same gayety in it now. "I may point out to you, dear, in the very beginning that I am not old enough to be your mother; at least"—and she hesitated the fraction of a second—"I don't want to think I am, just yet. Still I think I will call you Lydia, after all. And we'll give Bidgy a good time."

Severe critics might have views as to how our friend commenced with Bidgy. It was as the swift-flowing motor rose to the crest of a hill and disclosed the view of the pretty little capital of the canton lying at the foot of the Lac des Alpes. Miss Bidgerton knew that as refined and cultured women they should here admire the panorama of the Savoyard Alps. And when the princess chose that moment to exclaim ecstatically that she wanted to know everything about New York, Miss Bidgerton again damply gave way to her despair.

"You must try not to mind my being an American. I won't smoke cigars or chew plug tobacco. I won't wear my native costume of feathers and skins while I'm with you. And, really, I never speak through my nose any more than you hear me now. And, after all, it is quite a little nose."

Miss Bidgerton dabbed at her eyes.

"I don't mean to be rude, Mrs. Hastings. I've been out of England so long. Things have changed a great deal since I was presented to her late Majesty Queen Victoria. I understand that even under the late King Edward ——"

"Oh, dear King Edward! He was delightful, wasn't he?"

In spite of herself poor Bidgy sat up at this.

"Did you know him?" she asked.

"Why, yes! Didn't you?" replied Mrs. Hastings. "I thought quite a lot of English people knew him. Of course all nice Americans did."

It is sad to say and quite wrong for Mrs. Hastings to know that this was really the way to give Miss Bidgerton a good time—insult her slightly and then mention the names of your acquaintances among the British aristocracy. Under such treatment she distinctly revived.

"Do you know the present king?" she asked, now trembling with excitement.

"Not well," replied Mrs. Hastings. "He goes in such a dull set in London."

"He's so good! And so is the dear, dear queen."

"Yes, in a way that's what I meant."

But Miss Bidgerton was now in ecstasy and did not even notice the implied criticism.

"And of course you know the Princess Victoria Louise," she went on with quite an air. "I used to see her when I was with the family of the Italian ambassador."

"But, Bidgy," interrupted Lydia, "why do you worry Mrs. Hastings? After all, papa could have told you plenty about kings."

"His Majesty once said to me that he didn't consider the private lives of royalty a suitable subject for him to talk about with me. But," she burst out into an almost feverish vivacity, "I must say I do love a king! Don't you, now, Mrs. Hastings?"

This lady considered.

"I don't think I'm ready to go quite that far with you," she said slowly.

If it is permissible, one would wonder whether she meant any particular king. But Lydia again interrupted:

"Bidgy, just because you're such a snob about us you're forgetting that I want to know everything about New York."

Will this give any idea of our three ladies' talk as they motored on? Pleasant as it might be, it would be difficult to find space to record all the talk of any three ladies in the world as they sped over smooth roads in pleasant pure sunlight toward a place abounding in shops and gay pleasures and perhaps even young men.

They dipped down to the little capital and lunched at the Café du Nord, where there are still the best grilled kidneys in the world. The lake sparkled and the blue river slid swiftly by under the very balcony upon which they sat. The head waiter remembered Mrs. Hastings—indeed he treated them quite as if they had been royalty. The food was delectable and there was for the three of them a pint of white Villeneuve. It was, however, not this, but newfound liberty that intoxicated little Lydia, whose cheek was flushed till she already began to look pretty. Miss Bidgerton, it must be recorded, made an excellent lunch and gave only the slightest shudder when after lunch Mrs. Hastings produced a white-onyx holder set with tiny emeralds and lit a cigarette.

"May I too?" said Lydia, waking Miss Bidgerton at last to horror.

"I think not. I think not till you're married."

"You make me want to be married," exclaimed that frank young woman.

"Your Roy——" began Bidgy.

"Bidgy, if you call me that you'll go straight back to Branchazay—third class."

"I don't want to go back."

"Of course you don't! None of us wants to. We want to go forward. Oh, Mrs. Hastings, you don't know how I love it. Think of an American girl's life being always like this!"

Mrs. Hastings patted Miss Smith's hand.

"Not many American girls, I'm afraid, would get so much fun out of motoring to a little watering place like Delices-les-Bains."

"But don't you love it, too, dear Mrs. Hastings?"

"Yes, my dear, but not so much as you. I wonder if it can be that I'm growing—not old but a little older. I mustn't let that happen. And yet," she went on almost as if to herself, "I dare say you'd have a better time at Delices if I were a good deal older and quite thoroughly unattractive."

We shall do well to remember this speech, for Mrs. Hastings is a lady upon whose lightest word one does well to hang.

Lunch at Branchazay was a much less satisfactory meal. There were—just by chance—grilled kidneys, too, shockingly overdone, and Georges, meditating sadly upon them and remembering the experience of Stefan the Eighteenth of Illyria, wondered if he would not be forced to marry his cook as the only way to induce her to stop cooking for him. Count Churak, who had been invited to join the royal table—the cook was already getting restive about extra services for the less great after only two weeks—was not an alleviator of gloom, and the grilled kidneys producing an almost immediate indigestion within him made him even less gay as coffee and liqueurs arrived. His royal master dismissed his chamberlain to bicarbonate and solitude and himself paced the villa's terrace in quite kingly gloom. Count Churak, in addition to being dull and dyspeptic, had been singularly offensive in certain remarks about the excessive prices charged by the butcher at Larentonville. Georges felt outraged at being asked to consider the price of beef. And Churak had also transmitted something quite intolerable from the cook about the relative economy of purchasing what were termed boiling fowls instead of grilling chickens, it appearing that the former were aged outcasts—"Ex-kings of the chicken run probably," remarked His Majesty bitterly—which might be obtained cheaply.

The whole thing was intolerable and degrading.

If this was what ordinary people were ordinarily subjected to, no wonder there were revolutions, he meditated.

Upon his further meditations we will not too much intrude. Have not even the most unroyal of us lately thought bitterly of opportunities missed? Georges was frankly troubled, too, by the approaching advent of Otto of Hellenos. This prince was to come by the morning train from Zug, and considering the discomforts of European railway travel at present this seemed to betray an almost romantic devotion to the idea of marrying the Princess Lydia, whose attitude could only be like a cold douche to the ardent creature.

To describe princes about to marry princesses as ardent was—so Georges knew well—ordinarily an exaggeration. Yet Otto, as reported by his father, Gregorius the Second of Hellenos, was so eager to do the right, the loyal thing by his royal dynasty, by his heritage of hopes, that it was pitiful to have to hurt his gallant young soul. It was indeed likely to be an awkward scene, and Georges has been described in vain if an impression has not been given that on the whole his life had been passed in avoiding such scenes. There was very little to do about it now, since he had judged it wise to give Lydia her head a bit. But on the strength of the perturbing interview ahead of him he permitted himself an extra glass of liqueur brandy. He then fell asleep—as is so good for one after a bad lunch—over a novel of Monsieur Paul de Kock, an author, in Georges' opinion, most unjustly despised nowadays. At three-thirty Augustin, His Majesty's valet, roused him with the news that His Royal Highness had arrived. In spite of the nap the prospect of the interview still remained unpleasant.

Prince Otto had not slept after lunch on the train, and the meal had been even worse than the one at Branchazay, though there were no grilled kidneys. He had insisted on traveling incognito, and though the station master at little Larentonville had a red carpet which he really delighted to put down, Otto had arrived without fuss and come up to the royal villa in a delightful little American car, called a Flyover, which Georges had lately purchased and was meaning to drive himself. He waited in the drawing-room, impatiently tapping his foot, though he knew quite well that as he was only an heir apparent—though not very apparent—and Georges a reigning—though not very reigning—monarch, it was quite correct that he should cool his heels a little waiting for his host.

The warmth of Georges' greeting, however, more than made up for the delay. His Majesty showed all the cordiality which is usually displayed toward one with whom there is about to take place an awkward scene. And His Royal Highness, too, displayed an eager boyish wish to be on the best terms with his future father-in-law. They shook hands cordially—they even slapped one another on the shoulder, though this statement is made in the full knowledge that many will refuse to believe in any such royal informality. They were both gay, and yet they both seemed nervous.

"I'm glad to see you," said Georges.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," said Otto.

They were very much like other embarrassed men. But they pulled themselves together, just as the rest of us must sometimes.

"You'll have a whisky and soda, won't you?" said Georges.

This gave a delay, while the Prince of Hellenos mixed himself a stiffish drink.

"I have something serious to say to you, my boy ——" began the older man.

"It's all serious, sir. But if you don't mind I'd like first "

"You'd like first to see my daughter of course. Well, that shall be after we've had things out a bit. You see ——"

"Pardon me," Otto replied. He had a boyish way with him, but he was more serious than Georges—he had not lived so long—and he had a firmer hand. "Pardon me if I talk first. Then you can tell better if you still have to say to me what you had to say to me."

"My dear boy, if it's a confession of the usual youthful *amours de prince*—provided the lady is paid off and satisfied and pretty enough to do credit to your taste—we'll not discuss it. I myself ——"

"It's nothing like that," replied Otto a little stiffly and a little flushed.

"You prefer not to confess. Well, that's immaterial."

"I have nothing to confess, sir, except ——" He hesitated a moment. "I've had an awful scene with my father. Old Gregorius"—in this way did he speak of a parent and a king—"is a frightful reactionary. No wonder they got rid of him in Hellenos. I told him last night that if I ever went back it would be to try for the position of president of the Hellenosian Republic."

"That has a certain *chic*," said Georges. "And the suggestion is not altogether lacking in worldly wisdom."

He spoke easily, but he, too, poured himself out a drink. This young man was disturbing.

"I told him that I wished I'd been born not a prince, but a citizen of a republic."

"An American perhaps," suggested Georges, and an odd, half-amused look of reminiscence stole into his eyes.

"Yes, I said that, sir. But that was only for the moment. I love Hellenos, sir."

"Perhaps old Gregorius, as you term him, does too," said Georges softly—"in his way."

"For what she can do for him. I honestly want to see what I can do for her."

"You're right, my boy! You're right! That's how I feel about Constantia-Felix—when it's too late."

"You understand? You are a brick, sir! I didn't believe anyone of your generation ——"

"My daughter's only eighteen and I've only just turned thirty-nine myself," remarked Georges suavely. "And I assure you, you interest me hugely. But now to talk of my daughter ——"

"Let me finish, sir. We've come to your daughter. I said that if I went back to Hellenos, which I love, and was allowed again to stand by her temples or her hills, I wanted to bring with me a bride from the people, some peasant girl whose clean red blood could wash out the blueness from my children's. Yes, my children must start a new and different and better dynasty of the Antoniades."

"I see," murmured Georges.

He smiled, and yet his eyes were still a little sad.

"Do you really see, sir?" asked Otto eagerly. "Do you see that I cannot—that I cannot marry your daughter?"

"You haven't seen her."

"Yes. I wanted to say all this before I saw her. It seems as though it were nicer; as if it made my refusing her less personal."

"I dare say she felt that way," said Georges, "and that's why she's gone away without seeing you."

"Gone away?" cried Otto.

"Yes, so as to make her refusing you less personal. She quite declines, you know, to marry you."

Oddly enough the situation did not seem to give the heir apparent of Hellenos the pleasure it should have done.

"She refuses me?" he stammered.

"Well, you refuse her, you know," protested the young lady's father.

"Yes, but I was given to understand that she ——"

He stopped. After all it wasn't quite the thing one said.

"Yes, we were given to understand that you—that you desired the match passionately."

Otto considered this a moment. Really it only seemed to make matters worse.

"And she thought this and still she refused me!" he blurted out, getting a little red in the face—with annoyance probably. "May I ask what she thought I was?"

Georges continued to smile.

"If," said His Majesty, "I had a bit of that old-fashioned chivalry of fathers I should insist on knowing what you thought my daughter was."

"Oh, now you're trying to make me out a cad! That's what old Gregorius did," exclaimed the boy, now fairly looking as if he could cry with annoyance. "But I couldn't agree to an arranged marriage."

"That's just what Lydia said she couldn't agree to. Odd, isn't it? She wanted to be free. She wanted—and after all can we blame her so much?—to marry a man she loved. If she was ever to go back to Constantia-Felix she felt sure her loyal subjects—compatriots of course, I mean—would welcome her more gladly—what was your phrase, my boy? Her language was singularly like yours. She was rather radical in her talk. She doesn't believe much in kings. She goes on a good deal about America. She ——"

"I say," interrupted Otto, "she sounds rather nice."

(Continued on Page 60)

"I Love You And You Say I am—a Temptation, and Yet You Will Not Marry Me. What is the Next Move?"

THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

X

A PHILOSOPHER of ripened years who was taking late in life my course at the Sorbonne said to me one day: "My friend, in regard to your private affairs never tell anybody anything until you have to"; and he followed this sage advice inconsistently enough by confiding in me a great deal about his own. He realized this discrepancy between precept and practice, but dismissed it with a smile by saying that it did not matter, that his life had been lived and if its mistakes might serve as a warning for one worthy person they might at least have that much to their credit.

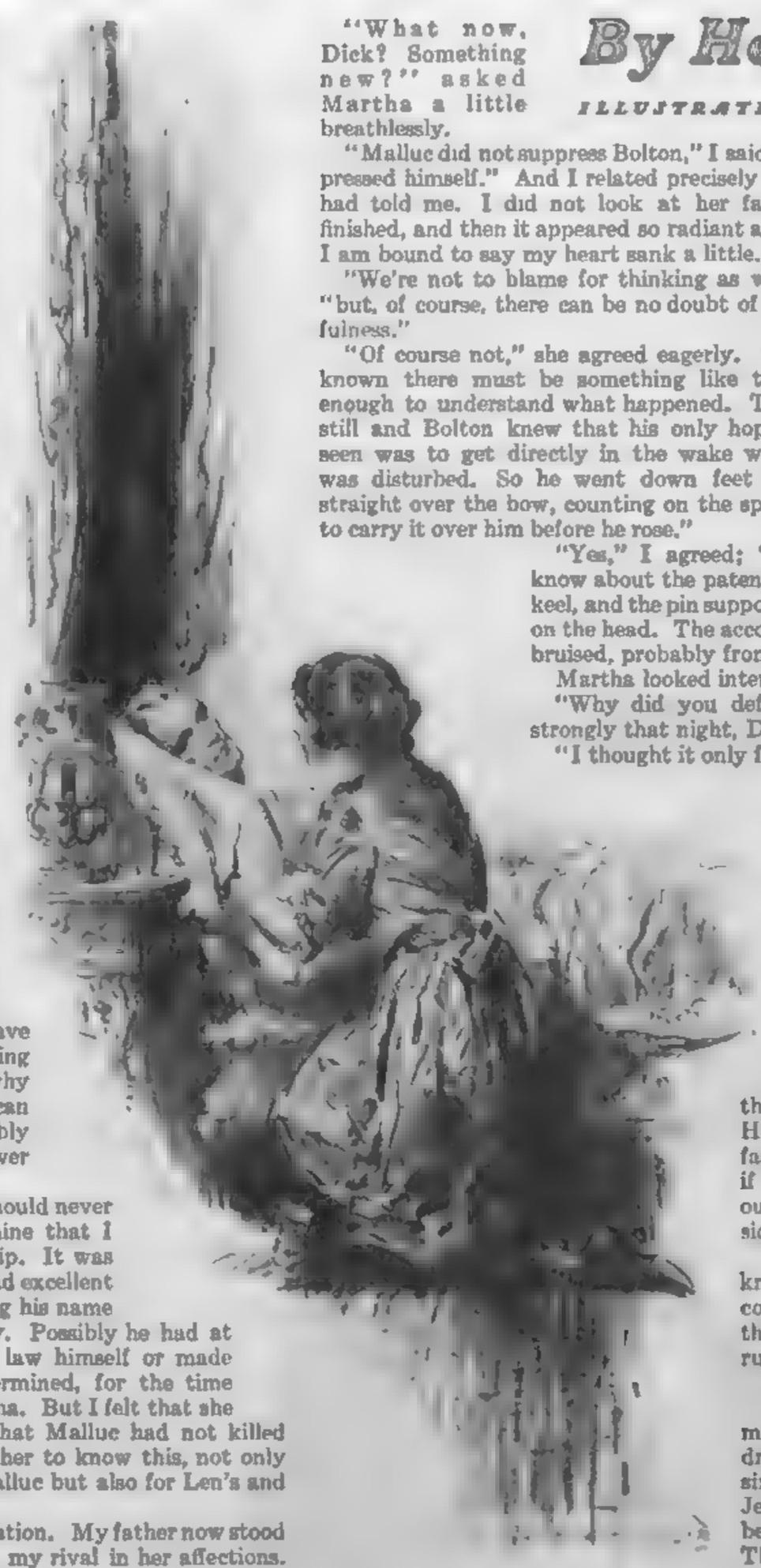
This man had made a profound impression upon me because of his wit and honesty, and I had decided to follow his advice. This was not difficult, because I may have inherited a good deal of woodsman reticence from my New England ancestors. My friend demonstrated convincingly that more misfortunes actually befall one through indiscretions of speech than in the acts that inspire them, and after listening to his parables I was inclined to think that the best thing for the average person would be to have his tongue amputated on coming of age. No doubt the reason why great herds of lower animals can inhabit the same regions amicably is because they have not the power of superfluous speech.

I now decided that Malluc should never know through any hint of mine that I had discovered our relationship. It was probable, I thought, that he had excellent reasons of his own for changing his name and hiding his former identity. Possibly he had at some time fallen foul of the law himself or made potent enemies. I also determined, for the time being at least, not to tell Martha. But I felt that she ought to know immediately that Malluc had not killed Bolton. It was necessary for her to know this, not only because it was only fair to Malluc but also for Len's and Suzy's sakes.

There was also another obligation. My father now stood in the unconscious position of my rival in her affections. I realized suddenly that I was hopelessly in love with Martha and had probably been so for some time without knowing it. Now that Malluc was exonerated from the ruthless act which had so violently changed her sentiment for him I could not honorably keep silent about it. Besides, I wanted first to discover if his exculpation would restore him in her heart. I thought it possible that the knowledge of the injustice which we both had done his high moral nature might produce in her an even stronger revulsion of feeling in his favor than had been caused adversely by her disillusionment. If this were to happen the knowledge of our relationship must modify her personal feeling toward him. As a solitary figure one scarcely thought of Malluc's age, but to know him as the father of a grown man would immediately put him in a different class. I did not really have much hope of winning Martha, because it seemed impossible that she could think of me as a lover or potential husband. She was too serious minded to accept a rather frivolous youngster like myself in such a light. At least I thought she was.

We went down as usual for our morning swim. It was the beginning of one of those very sultry days when the night has failed to cool the air, and the first requisite being to get refreshed we plunged in and swam about, to come out rather warmer from the exertion of swimming than when we had entered the water.

"Let's sit down and cool off," I said. "Every morning seems to bring its new sensational features. You remember last night my telling you that I felt as if we had not yet got out of the orbit of excitement?"



"Look Out, Suzy," I Said; "That's Strong Stimulant for a Badly Wounded Man and Should be Used With Discretion"

"What now, Dick? Something new?" asked Martha a little breathlessly.

"Malluc did not suppress Bolton," I said. "Bolton suppressed himself." And I related precisely all that Malluc had told me. I did not look at her face until I had finished, and then it appeared so radiant and glowing that I am bound to say my heart sank a little.

"We're not to blame for thinking as we did," I said; "but, of course, there can be no doubt of Malluc's truthfulness."

"Of course not," she agreed eagerly. "I should have known there must be something like that. It's easy enough to understand what happened. The sea was oily still and Bolton knew that his only hope of not being seen was to get directly in the wake where the water was disturbed. So he went down feet first, probably straight over the bow, counting on the speed of the boat to carry it over him before he rose."

"Yes," I agreed; "but he didn't know about the patent log under the keel, and the pin supporting it got him on the head. The account said he was bruised, probably from rocks."

Martha looked intently at my face.

"Why did you defend Malluc so strongly that night, Dick?"

"I thought it only fair ——"

"Are you sure that is the only reason?"

"I wanted to make it easier for you."

"That was dear of you. Then there was nothing else? Tell me the truth, Dick." Her gray eyes fastened mine as if trying to drag out some confession.

"If you must know, I wanted to convince myself that he was not a ruthless killer."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll admit I've felt drawn to Malluc since his saving Jeannot and then befriending him. Then what you told me about his compassionate nature made me like him even more."

"How do you feel about him now?" Martha asked.

"I admire him more than ever, of course."

"Oh, Dick!" Martha laid her hand upon my arm. "Is that all? How can you be so blind?"

Of course I saw then that she knew my secret. For a moment I sat staring at the sea in an effort to get my ideas together.

"Tell me, Dick," said Martha. "When did you find it out?"

"Last night," I answered.

"Did he tell you?"

"No," I answered. "How about yourself?"

"He has never told me a word. I got my first intuition the day that he and Suzy came for luncheon. You were placed with the same angle of both your faces to me and I was struck by your subtle resemblance, less of features than expression. Then I noticed how strangely your voices were alike—low pitched and resonant and throaty. Physically you are not much alike. You are big and fair and your eyes dark blue, while his are deep hazel and his mouth is more precise, almost hard, except when he smiles. It was when we were at tea and you bent that fifty-cent piece straight that I became suddenly convinced of the relationship."

"Because of what he said?" I asked.

"No, because of the look in his eyes when you did it. They were infinitely tender and with a sort of proud wistfulness—a look that was almost heartbroken—a yearning. I had seen that look in father's eyes when he said good-by to Len, only Malluc's was different, renunciatory, a sort of suppressed love and pride and even fear. It went through me like a knife. I wanted to spring up and cry out: 'But after all he's yours! Why don't you claim him?'"

"Yes," I muttered; "why doesn't he?"

Martha was silent a minute, then she said: "Perhaps there is something in his past which makes him feel that he ought not."

"Do you mean," I said, "that he might be evading the law himself?"

"I don't know. You can't tell about a man who admits of no other law but that of his own making. How did you find it out, Dick? Does he know that you know?"

I shook my head, and told her all that had happened and why I had decided to keep it to myself. I told her also about Jeannot, and she nodded.

"Yes, I met him on the beach. It was wonderful. But how do you feel about it, Dick? Aren't you glad?"

"I scarcely know. I'm glad that my father is so much of a man, of course, but I haven't any filial feeling at all. And there's something I forgot to tell you: Suzy is not his own daughter. He adopted her when she was five years old."

A shadow passed over Martha's face.

"Then she's not your half sister?"

"No relation at all."

"Does she know that Malluc is your father?"

"I don't think so. In fact I'm sure she doesn't. She would scarcely have flirted with her half brother."

"Is she still keeping that up?"

"No. She told me last night that she had missed Len pretty badly while we were away."

Martha dug her stockinged feet into the sand.

"Does Suzy attract you?" she asked.

"Yes, rather," I answered; "or at least I think she might if I were to see much of her. I must say I rather like that impulsive sort of girl."

"You rather hate conventionality yourself," Martha said.

"Well," I admitted, "I'm afraid I'm a bit like my liberty-loving father."

"I can't say that I blame you," said Martha slowly. She rose to her feet with a little shiver and slipped on her peignoir. "Well, let's go to the house."

As we walked slowly back between the dunes, it seemed to me that some sort of shadow had fallen between us, and I wondered if, now that Malluc had been acquitted of Bolton's execution, Martha's former emotion toward him might not have returned, as I had anticipated. I noticed that she held a little apart from me, as if avoiding physical contact. This disturbed me and I began to think perhaps I'd better curtail my visit there.

As we approached the house she said: "I don't think I'll bathe any more in the mornings, Dick. What with golf and tennis, it is a bit too strenuous to swim twice a day." For we often went in with Len in the afternoon.

"Perhaps you're right," I answered. "In that case I'll cut it too."

I went about that day very heavy-hearted. Len, taking it for granted that Martha and I would amuse each other as usual, departed for the golf links, and about ten o'clock, feeling that it would be rather rude to show no further interest in Malluc's invention, I strolled over to the laboratory. I was not in the least excited at seeing him again, and he explained his device to me in his characteristic clear, brief way. It was really very ingenious, and I did not see why it should not prove a step in advance and I told him so, at which he seemed mildly pleased.

"I'm always pottering about at some such thing as this," said he; "sort of a stop-gap to occupy *le temps perdu*, as the French say, of more important research work. The modifications you suggest show that you must have a pretty good technical knowledge yourself."

I asked what the more important research work might be, and he told me it was along the line of so-called metaphysics, the control of natural forces, of which he claimed the key was certainly within our reach if only we could get a clew—a point of departure for investigation. He changed the subject with his extraordinary abruptness:

"Do you think young Hobart wants to marry Suzy? Do you think he's in love with her?" he asked.

"He would be if she gave him a chance," I answered.

"Do you believe his family would object to his marrying her, provided they were to know all about her origin and antecedents, which are actually of the best?"

"I don't know," I answered. "You can see for yourself the sort of exclusive people they are, and they look upon you as a mystery man."

"Well, I can scarcely blame them for that. I'm very anxious that Suzy should marry Hobart or some other fine young chap as soon as she turns nineteen. I feel as if something might happen to me at almost any moment and I want to know that her future is assured as much as one can make it. I don't mean about money, as I have placed nearly a million dollars in trust for her. Do you happen to know anything about Hobart's prospects?"

"He told me that his parents had a comfortable income, all of which they spend," I answered. "Their life expectations are long and there is Miss Hobart's marriage settlement to be considered. I think they rather count on Len's marrying a rich girl or doing something for himself."

Malluc nodded.

"I am going to talk frankly to you," said he, "because you are European and look at these things from a French viewpoint. When a girl socially obscure marries a man of established position it is only fair that she should bring him a dot. Hobart is a fine chap and I should like to have Suzy marry him."

"But would Suzy do so?" I asked.

"Suzy will obey my wishes," he said. "I have brought her up with the Continental idea that a loving parent knows best. I don't insist on Hobart, but he is the sort of husband I want her to have. Now I shall be even more direct. Would you care to marry her yourself?"

This question did not surprise me very much. It explained why Malluc had told me that Suzy was not his own daughter, because he had doubtless felt that there was always the chance of my discovering our relationship.

"That's not to be thought of with my friend in love with her," I answered. "Her dot would make no difference, as I inherited nearly the same amount from my mother."

Malluc nodded.

"Well then," he answered, "I shall concentrate for the moment on Hobart. I think that I shall formally propose the alliance to his mother. She seems to be a sensible woman, if a bit conservative."

"It could not do any harm," I answered. "I'll back you up if you like."

"That is good of you," he said, and promptly changed the subject again.

I left him a little later, as it was nearly time for lunch.

Len had returned, feeling no doubt that he ought to look after me a little, and as I could see no harm in so doing I told him of my conversation with Malluc. He looked radiant

"Upon my word," said he, "I seem to be a fool for luck. Look here, Dick, if it's not asking too much, why not pave the way with mother? I must say I rather like this French way of being married by imperial edict. It saves a chap such a lot of responsibility."

So I decided to do this, and after luncheon joined Mrs. Hobart and Martha, who were under the terrace awning busy with some relief work.

"I had an interesting talk with Malluc this morning," I said. "He wants to see Suzy happily married."

Martha shot me a frigid look and Mrs. Hobart compressed her lips a little.

"But I understand that she is only eighteen," said she.

"She is quite grown up," I answered, "in mind as well as body. I imagine Malluc knows himself for such an unstable quantity that he wants to see her settled in life."

"Unstable in what way?" Mrs. Hobart asked.

"Well, he might take the whim at any moment to dash off for the Andes or Tibet, and thinks that Suzy has been lugged round enough and ought to get established."

"I quite agree with him," Mrs. Hobart answered.

"He has brought Suzy up," I continued, "to understand that she must be guided by his judgment in the matter. She is a sensible girl and looks upon her father as a sort of god whose mandate is to be observed. He says that she will obey his wishes."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Hobart, "that is more than I can say of my daughter. Has he suggested that she marry you?"

"I was his second choice," I answered. "He does not insist upon any particular husband, but says that he must be some good chap of established position."

"And wealth?" asked Mrs. Hobart.

"He does not insist on that either. He has already settled on her nearly a million dollars."

The good lady looked a little less hostile.

"Can you be sure of that?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Malluc is entirely business-like about it. He would arrange the marriage contract just as they do in Europe—between the family solicitors."

Martha was leaning over her work, her face very flushed, but her mother's severe countenance had relaxed considerably.

"I must say I approve of his straightforward methods," said she. "You say you were the second choice. Why were you not the first?"

I admired her adroit way of asking who the first might be, and parried it with equal address.

"I imagine he thought my affections were otherwise engaged."

Mrs. Hobart raised her eyebrows.

"Are they?" she asked.

"Not hopefully," I answered. "I like Malluc and admire Suzy, so I am going to occupy myself by finding her a *parti*. I thought, of course, of Len, but rather felt that you would prefer to have him marry some girl of his own set."

"So we should," she answered. "Suzy seems a very nice modest girl, but we know scarcely anything about her or the source of her marriage settlement."

"Malluc is such a reasonable person," I said, "that I am sure he would clear up all those points. But he would rather see her not married at all than into a family by whom she was not warmly welcomed."

"Why not marry her yourself?" said Martha. "You will probably want to marry before long and you seem much interested in her."

"Well," I answered, a little nettled, "I place more value on my friendship for Len than I do on a bride with a

(Continued on Page 130)

The Murmur of Voices Roused Me After What Seemed a Very Long Time, Also an Intolerable Thirst—a Thirst Which It Needs a Special Experience and Faculty to Express

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1920

No Third Party Needed

AS OUR politics is constituted in this country third-party governments have been based usually on factional differences, half-baked theories or on personal ambitions. This generation has not seen a successful one. The Liberal Republicans failed with Greeley in 1872. The Mugwumps defeated Blaine in 1884, but that did not get them much; and the Gold Democrats helped make the defeat of Bryan more certain in 1896. However, these were, in the strict sense, factional splits. The Greenbackers, the Populists and all the rest got nowhere. Roosevelt's Progressive Party did little for Roosevelt and Progressivism, but it did a great deal for Wilson and Democracy.

Granting that the political situation at this time is a more complex political situation than has existed in this country since the close of the Civil War, there still remains the fundamental fact that any political reforms that are needed—and many are needed—can best be obtained by concerted action on and with the existing Democratic and Republican parties rather than by the labor that would give birth to a new and third party. This is no time for political obstetrics. It is time for political surgery, time for a major operation on both parties by the people. The patients are old and diseased, but they can be saved for useful and patriotic service by the scalpel in the firm and unhesitating hands of the people. The time for a third-party movement is past. The people have dawdled too long. A presidential campaign is approaching the end of its first and most important stage. To introduce a babe into it now would be folly because, sick as they are with political ills, the old parties retain virility enough to murder the babe between now and November.

A new party is not needed. What is needed is new principles for the old parties. They are the organized mediums for the political expression of the country. They are going concerns; wabbly, antiquated and creaking, but they have the framework and they can be remade. There can be no argument over the proposition that a new machine is better than an old one, but if a new machine cannot be made in time for effective use and the old one can be repaired, improved and reorganized for such use, the common horse sense of the situation is to fix up the old one and wait for the new one until it can be made exactly what it should be for the purposes required. Time presses. There is an important journey of immediate necessity to be taken.

Granting also that there has been no time in this generation when the situation politically was so favorable, so ripe for a third party, the fact remains that the requirements of that situation, its necessities and its adaptabilities can better be served by working on and through the present parties than by trying to form a new party. In the large sense the people of this country, the voters, are organized politically under one or the other of our two dominant party designations. They are either Republicans or Democrats. It is true that these party terms or designations mean little or nothing actually but obsolete terminology signifying certain basic principles that obtained once and are now swallowed up in a mass and mess of expediency. It is true that most people, most average voters, have no adequate reason for being either Republicans or Democrats, and cannot logically distinguish between the obsolete policies and practices of the one party and the senescent symbols of the other; but the fetish of the designations and the affiliations remain, subconsciously at least. It is a serious thing, in the minds of most voters, to bolt party.

That fact does not bolster up our claimed and boasted independence of political thought and action, but it exists just the same; and taking that into consideration, and the further fact that even in the present state of political unrest no third party, in the time that remains, could do more than defeat one of the candidates of the two great parties to be nominated in June, without electing its own candidate, the patent solution of the present difficulty is not to try to cure by homicide, but to cure really, by surgery.

If the people of the United States are actually in the frame of mind politically wherein they demand candidates for President who shall be American, and represent and stand for and typify what is really American rather than what is Republicanly and partisanly American or what is Democratically and partisanly American, they can secure such candidates by the simple but necessarily concerted expedient of making their demands articulate. They will get nowhere by clamoring for a third party or hysterically seeking to organize one.

The men who control the Republican Party and the men who control the Democratic Party control those parties merely because the people allow them to continue in control. They make policies and select issues and pick candidates merely because nobody tries to stop them—nobody but other politicians who have their own ends to serve. And when one set of controllers or another has succeeded in winning for the interest of that set, the others join in, on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread. No political boss in this country, nor any clique of political bosses, holds power save by the sufferance of the people. The bosses are servants, subject to instant discharge, but in reality masters because their masters, who are the people, supinely allow them to be.

There has been much talk, from coast to coast, in the past six months over what the people want, over the necessity for a President who is an American first, a politician not at all, in the sense of being either a partisan Republican or a partisan Democrat—but no action. The result has been that various politicians have set forth various candidates who are, mostly, as political as their proponents. The result will be that unless the American people take a hand some one of these will be nominated at San Francisco and another one of them at Chicago; and the people will be left to take their poor choice, both of candidates and of principles, which will be as partisan as the candidates are.

All that is necessary is a voiced and insistent demand. All that is needed is for the American people to tell the politicians determinedly what must be done. All that is required is for men in any and every community who are Americans first, who feel that the greatest business in the world should be headed by a man who is competent to conduct that business as a business—rather than as an adjunct to the political power, perquisites and patronage of a party and a few self-selected leaders of that party—to get together and say what they think, say it clearly, forcefully and with fight behind it. All that is needed is leadership, because the great masses of the people are waiting for the word, unable or fearful to say it themselves, lacking the initiative to lead but ready to follow.

Ten men in each state—less than five hundred out of our hundred and ten millions—by banding together and demanding that the first qualifications of our next President shall be real American business ability and real American Americanism, not the brummagem, flag-waving, fustian, vote-getting stuff, can get results; because those ten men, simply making articulate and concrete what is unformed but earnest in the hearts and minds of most of the people, will furnish a rallying point, set up a standard to come under; and the people will come.

This country does not need a third party. What this country needs is new principles and new practices, new policies and new leaders for the old parties. This country does not need a band of sharpshooters on the flanks of the present parties, but does need a frontal attack by a massed people who know what they want, and who will capture the old parties, instill new life into them, set new standards and frame new policies for them, take them out of the control of hack politicians and put them in control of men who comprehend our present situation and our present necessities. This country needs some courts-martial at the drumhead of public opinion for the generals who have directed our political campaigns, and a lot of promotions from the ranks to replace these indurated, obsolete commanders. The rank and file are all right. They will follow if they can find new leaders.

If there are ten men in each state with the courage and conviction to step out and voice the first demand, there will be tens of thousands to follow them.

Five forward-looking Republicans and five forward-looking Democrats in each state, working within the bounds of their own parties, could bring about a revolution within those parties, depose the old leaders, scrap the old policies, put those parties in line for usefulness and service to the people. That is the practical thing to do—force the old parties to clean themselves and clean their candidates. That will enable the average voter to continue as he began politically, but enable him to continue in an organization that is reconstructed to meet the needs of the United States. Republicans can remain Republicans if they like, Democrats remain Democrats, but in party organizations that represent them and the people.

That is the practical, the workable plan. That is the horse-sense thing to do. No elaborate program is required. What this country needs is less bunk and more business, less oratory and more action, less politics and more production, less class and more cohesion, less hypocrisy and more honesty, less publicity seeking for its public men and more work, less statesmanship and more stability, less theory and more results, less guff and more honest-to-God Americanism; and the only way to get these things is to make our Government a business Government in all that the term implies.

If the people will state the terms of their demands the men will be found to represent them and carry them out with the present political organizations instead of with a harum-scarum third party, hurriedly organized and hysterically conducted. The bosses are practical. Why should the people not be practical? It is up to them.

Freight Rates and the Cost of Living

THE public has been subjected to such a continuous fire of hot air from professional corporation apologists on one side and professional corporation baiters on the other that it is pretty well confused regarding the connection between freight rates and the cost of living. It is almost impossible to think clearly in the face of this bombardment. Figures are shot about profusely, but the public, which in the last analysis has to pay the freight, hardly knows what the wordy battle is all about.

In presenting their case the railroad executives concentrate upon single articles. In the last ten years a pound of beef has risen, let us say, from twenty-two cents to forty cents retail, but the freight charge on one pound from Chicago to New York has gone up only one-quarter of a cent. A pair of shoes costs several dollars more in Chicago than it did a few years ago, but the freight charge from Boston has risen only half a cent. A suit of clothes is carried more than two thousand miles from Chicago to the

Pacific Coast for only five and a half cents more than before the war, or a total carrying charge of twenty-two cents, though the suit costs the consumer fifty or sixty dollars instead of thirty dollars. Potatoes travel long distances for a few cents a bushel, though they cost several dollars at retail. Milk, the most expensive and difficult food product to handle, contributes only a fraction of a cent a quart to railroad revenues. Similar cases can be multiplied without end, until we are almost persuaded that the railroads are charging nothing for their services.

But there is another way of looking at freight costs, much emphasized by those who are definitely "agin" the railroads, but are most indefinite as to how the transportation needs of the country shall be provided for. It is said that every increase in railroad rates is multiplied fourfold by the time it reaches the consumer. Quite possibly this is true. Consider for a moment not a pound of beef or a pair of shoes but the total freight rates paid during a year. The railroads would very much like an increase of perhaps twenty-five per cent, which might mean a billion dollars. But this would no doubt result in a four-billion tax upon the people, "an intolerable burden added to the already excessive level of prices." The plain implication of such arguments is that freight rates should not be raised at all. The railroad brotherhoods indeed have expressed a strong desire for higher wages without having them reflected through freight rates in the cost of living.

No one knows exactly what relation freight charges bear to prices. There is no statistician living capable of figuring out such a complex subject. It may cost only a few cents to ship a suit of clothes halfway across the continent, but the manufacturer of the clothing pays freight charges on machinery, leather and, directly or indirectly, on everything else he buys.

Moreover, the cost of transportation enters into everything which his workers buy, and so helps to determine the wages he must pay them.

No one can trace an element of cost like transportation through the entire productive fabric. Nor is there any doubt that even the smallest transportation charge, and especially any increase in charges, is used by the distributors of goods as an excuse for jumping prices far more than the amount of the freight itself. If a billion-dollar increase in freight rates comes while prices are still whirling upward it will probably be the pretext for another prodigious boost in living costs

When prices are going up any and every possible stimulus has a far greater effect than during a period of stationary prices.

But it is foolish to argue against freight rates alone on the ground that they help to boost prices. Why not apply the same argument to other factors in the spiral staircase; wages, for example? Does anyone doubt that wage increases are passed on to the consumer many times over? It is a curious mental astigmatism which regards transportation as the only service that should be sold at less than cost.

Of course it is possible to hold a brief for low and indeed for steadily declining freight rates, the inevitable deficit to be made up by a government guaranty. But this is political buncombe, for deficits are to be made up only out of taxes, and if the generally expressed remarks which are heard these days concerning our system of taxation are any criterion of public opinion, the country does not want to have its taxes increased. Transportation must be paid for, and to pay for it by taxes is several degrees worse than paying for it by freight rates.

Though no one can figure out the exact ratio between prices and freight charges, we do know the total amount paid for freight, and it is a relatively small percentage of the total national production or income, though absolutely a large enough amount at that.

We know also that transportation has risen less than nearly everything else; it is still about the cheapest thing we buy. It is pretty hard to get away from the argument of the railroad man:

"We cannot increase our production unless we increase our railroad facilities; we cannot increase our railroad facilities unless we attract the capital for this work; we cannot attract the new capital unless railroads are allowed to charge a fair price for the service they render the public."

Railroad men in pleading for higher rates used to ask for enough to pay interest on bonds and dividends on stocks, but this was a weak position because there were too many cases of watered stock. For several years this plea has been pretty well abandoned, and it has been the practice to base rates on the actual value of the property employed. Thus the question of watered stock plays practically no part any longer. If self-restraint has been exercised and stock issues kept actually below the value of the property, then large dividends are still possible. If rates are made by establishing a fair and reasonable return upon the value of the property, then dividends upon under or over capitalization become the business of no one except the managers and stockholders.

In recent years court decisions and the practices of legislative and administrative bodies, both Federal and state, right up to and including the last railroad bill passed by Congress, have narrowed the question down to one of making rates only high enough to pay a fair and reasonable return on the property employed in the public service. To decide what is fair and reasonable is a problem which bristles with difficulties, but it is not impossible. The whole question at least has been brought into the realm of common sense, and the attempt to provide all the transportation which the country is sure to need in the coming years by the methods of sleight of hand is sure, fortunately, to be stubbornly resisted. The railroads will need six billion dollars within the next three years. Just as long as those who debate on the railroad question do not actually have to provide the capital they can declaim much in the style of the prestidigitator who pulls an omelet out of his hat before a delighted crowd. But raising six billion dollars without allowing the railroads to charge adequate rates would prove about as satisfactory as trying to provide an omelet for the family dinner out of father's old top hat.

THE CURE

By THOMAS JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

COLONEL ANKER prided himself on his freedom from insular prejudice. "When in Rome," he was accustomed to say for, like a wise man, he was not ashamed of platitudes—"do as the Romans do." Thus, in Rome he had eaten macaroni at its full length; in America he had smoked damp cigars; and in France he never entered or left a room, or a restaurant, or a railway carriage, or spoke to a stranger, or inquired the way of a policeman, or passed anyone on the stairs, or got up, or sat down, without asking pardon.

He asked it now, in the Luxembourg Gardens, as he raised his gray hat an inch or two, bowed slightly toward the old gentleman, who was the only occupant of the long garden seat, and sat down beside him. The old gentleman had also the manners appropriate to the climate, for he gave a little nod and a short smile, and then immediately appeared to forget the colonel's presence.

He was rather a small old man, but very straight, with a mottled complexion, a white mustache and a long, sharp nose—not dissimilar to the complexion, nose and mustache of Colonel Anker, except that the colonel's nose was a trifle more blue in color and appeared to have been broken in two places, whereas the old gentleman's showed but one obliquity, with a sharp twist to the right, as if, so to speak, it was always on the lookout round the corner.

Colonel Anker, though willing to conform with foreign practice in questions of meals and manners, could not bring himself to dress, as he expressed it, like Guy Fawkes. His suit, his hat, his tie, his boots, even his underlinen, came all from the neighborhood of Savile Row, and the same could be perceived of the old gentleman. No Frenchman, looking at their boots alone, could have mistaken either for a compatriot. Yet when the colonel remarked, after a few minutes' thought, to his companion that it was a fine day he spoke in French.

The colonel liked to practice his French in this way, upon old ladies in railway carriages and young ladies in cafés, and he always ended a conversation with an apology for his accent and the confession that he was not really a Frenchman, which never failed to produce a transport of surprise and a magnificent compliment. The French are not, in fact, politer than other nations, but they distribute their courtesy to greater national advantage. They choose to lavish on the stranger a kindness which in England is reserved for the—possibly for the home, or the family circle, but certainly not for the foreigner.

The old gentleman replied in French that it was a fine day—quite warm; and drawing a pink newspaper from the enormous pocket of his coat he proceeded to erect it between himself and the colonel like a screen.

Colonel Anker with a start of pleasure recognized his favorite newspaper. He had left his own copy on the night table in his room. It was not surprising that the colonel was moved. It was long since he had set eyes on a civilized human being. For it must be admitted that in spite of his lack of prejudice he could scarcely regard the inhabitants of Continental Europe as quite of that category, while his daughter, the only companion of his travels, though a promising girl, was yet only a girl, without that full comprehension of a good story or the niceties of innuendo which are to be found in real human beings, full grown—or a little more than full grown. In short, though she was British she was not quite old enough to be civilized. Thus the colonel had not enjoyed what is worthy to be called conversation for many weeks, and he was carried out of all discretion by the hope of one.

He drew back his head so as to enfilade the old gentleman round the edge of the newspaper with a beaming smile and remarked: "I see, sir, that you are English."

"I am, sir," replied the other, gazing over his pince-nez with apparent astonishment.

"I beg your pardon, but so am I," replied Colonel Anker.

"Indeed."

The old gentleman's voice and expression combined to show complete indifference to Colonel Anker's nationality. He raised his eyebrows slightly, gave a short "hem," adjusted his pince-nez and resumed his paper.

But the colonel was too old a soldier to be frightened by this sort of treatment; in fact, now that he saw by the infallible test of behavior that his acquaintance was not only an Englishman but an English gentleman, he was the more determined to talk to him.

"At least I was English," he said, caressing his splendid mustache with a cheerful wave of the arm; "but I've been in so many places during the last two years that I'm beginning to feel like a mongrel."

The old gentleman took a lingering sidelong glance at his companion as if to inquire: "What is he? What's he want?" and replied shortly that two years was a long time.

"Two hunting seasons wasted," sighed Anker; "and after all I cannot hope for many more. And the Duke begins cubbing to-morrow"—he waved his cane at the Luxembourg before them—"and here I am."

"You hunt with the Duke's?" The old gentleman laid down his paper.

"For fifteen years."

"Mine's the Pytchley."

The colonel congratulated himself on his perspicacity. He crossed his legs and tilted his hat a little farther over his eyes.

"Ah, it's a great game, in a great country!"

"It is!" The old gentleman jerked his pince-nez off his nose and dangled them on their broad black ribbon. "I wish," he said gruffly, "that I was at home myself."

"So do I, so do I. Traveling is a poor amusement at my time of life. As I always say, it takes sixty years to learn to appreciate England, and then every month is better than the last."

"Traveling for health?" inquired the old gentleman, rather less gruff.

"Well, no, sir—not exactly." The colonel cocked his hat over one ear, crossed his hands over the golden knob of his Malacca and looked steadily at the inquirer for about half a minute. "The truth is—I'm traveling for the health of someone else; in fact, my daughter."

"Dear me!" The old gentleman was sympathetic. "Nothing amiss, I hope. What is the—er—where is the trouble?"

The colonel's eyes narrowed and twinkled. "The heart, I'm afraid."

"Dear me, dear me! That's bad. Valvular?"

"No. To be candid"—here the two old gentlemen's eyes met, and the twinkle suddenly communicated itself—"it's quite as alarming, but not so serious as that—happily more curable."

"I see!"

The old gentleman, after nodding very wisely, smiled and straightened his back. The colonel smiled. Again their eyes met, and they wagged their heads at each other, and twinkled, and bridled in a very knowing way.

"And is the young lady cured of this unfortunate disease—I might say affection—of the heart?"

The colonel appreciated the fun. Both chuckled, and in that chuckle sealed their good opinion of each other.

"Perfectly," the colonel assured him. "I'm glad to say there's not a sign of the malady."

(Concluded on Page 99)

The Old Gentleman's Voice and Expression Combined to Show Complete Indifference to Colonel Anker's Nationality

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Dude Wranglers — By Hal G. Evarts

In the Sierras

A MAN of fifty, of supersuccessful business, Mr. T. Warrington Smith was accustomed to the respect and deference of men of wide affairs. Of late years he had taken some time off for relaxation and had traveled rather widely, never returning to a spot once visited, his theory being that variety of scene is as broadening in its way as variety in anything else. Some few of these recreation periods had been spent in different American resorts, most of them abroad; and as he stood on the station platform of the sun-baked Wyoming town he felt that he had made a mistake in yielding to a sudden and rather romantic impulse to investigate the Great West and spend a month at Carter's ranch. His physician had been more or less responsible.

A short young man with a widely rolling gait appeared round the corner of the station and affably accosted Mr. Smith.

"You the dude for Carter's?" he inquired.

Mr. Smith stiffened perceptibly.

"I wish to be taken to the Carter tourist ranch," he stated.

"Good! I'm Larry. Slip us your trunk check and we'll be going from here," Larry rattled. "Thought I couldn't be wrong. You was the only dude that lit."

Before Mr. Smith could formulate a fitting rebuke Larry was gone in search of the baggage, and he stood looking down over the new outing costume that his dealer had assured him was the one best bet for really roughing it. Now just why had this upstart called him a dude? A man may be foppish in his dress and proud of the fact, though Mr. Smith was neither, and yet violently resent the title that the bow-legged Larry had so casually bestowed on him. He was more fully convinced of his mistake; he was not going to like it at Carter's.

The Man Who Rode Smoke Blue

WITH this thought in his mind he moved toward the car which Larry had indicated by a jerk of his thumb. The stage was a light truck with two seats in front, and Mr. Smith reached it as Larry and the station agent rounded the corner with a large trunk and heaved it to the body of the car.

"If we only had some wheels on that strong box we'd take her up as a trailer," Larry remarked. "All right. Mount her and we're off with a jar."

Mr. Smith climbed to the rear seat as the breezy driver hopped to the front, and the car slid over the lip of a hill, angled sharply down the side of it and turned up the bottoms along the river. Three miles out of town they shot across a long flat bench, and the passenger observed two horsemen coming toward them. One wore lavender angora chaps, the other bright orange, and each sported a tremendous beaver sombrero and wore a gaudy scarf knotted jauntily about his throat. As the car approached these two wild riders swung their hats aloft, loosed savage whoops and spurred their mounts off across the flats. Mr. Smith momentarily forgot his rancor toward Larry in the thrill of this touch which he had rather been expecting. He leaned slightly forward in his seat.

"Ah!" he said. "Cowboys!"

Larry flung a grin over his shoulder.

"Them's dudes," he said.

There it was again! "Dude" seemed to be a pet term of Larry's, and perhaps he had not meant to be offensive after all. Those swooping horsemen had not at all fitted Mr. Smith's previous conception of what the term implied.

"You can tell one as far as you can see him on the sky line," Larry amplified, twisting in his seat. "They're generally quirting their horses or hanging a pair of goose-neck spurs up into 'em and lifting 'em along at a run."

Mr. Smith digested this information, but forbore to question Larry further, as the car had entered a frowning cañon and followed a road hacked out of the lofty walls. After five miles of this they came out into a long valley that stretched away into the hills. A lone horseman jogged toward them at a trail trot.

"Is he a dude?" Mr. Smith inquired as he passed.

"Him!" Larry exclaimed in amazement. "Not hardly, he ain't! That's Dick Hopper; used to be one of the three best riders in the world. Was a time when he could sit up in the middle of anything that stepped, and scratch him every jump. He was the first man that ever rode Smoke Blue to a finish."

Mr. Smith craned his neck for one last glimpse of the dusty horseman.

"Is that Smoke Blue he's riding now?" he inquired.

"Why, where have you been living at?" Larry asked reproachfully. "Smoke Blue has been dead thirteen years—and you never heard that! Hopper was top hand for some of the biggest outfits in the country. He's a dude wrangler now."

It occurred to Mr. Smith that this Larry was worth cultivating—well posted on local color and all that sort of thing. Of course he was forward and no respecter of persons, but his very difference might prove entertaining.

Larry slowed the car before the mouth of a lane that led to a cluster of log cabins set well back among the trees. He tossed a large package overboard and speeded up.

"Ellis' dude ranch," he remarked. "Fresh fruit for the dudes in that bundle, likely. Hope she didn't smash when I unloaded her."

Other similar ranches were passed, and after more than an hour of traveling over roads that were fair Larry nodded toward a splotch of color sweeping across the valley.

"There's the rest of Carter's dudes," he said—"racing their horses. Awful nice bunch this year; but they're hell on horses though," he added.

Mr. Smith decided that Larry was nuts on the subject of dudes. And through it all he had not realized that he was hearing the coining of a new word for the American language, or at least the birth of a new meaning for an old word. He turned rather perplexedly to me, for I had caught a ride out of town with Larry while my own car was undergoing some needed repairs.

Mr. Smith's irritation at Larry's opening remark had been evident, and though we had conversed on sundry topics during the trip, I had avoided enlightening him on the one point which seemed to mystify him.

"He's rather fond of the name," Mr. Smith remarked to me in an aside. "I wonder why?"

So I explained.

A tourist is not a tourist in the Wyoming hills; neither is he a transient, a visitor, a summer boarder, nor yet a sport; he is a dude—the term in hill parlance synonymous with them all and signifying nothing more. It is a sexless word, and ageless, applying equally to children and adults. It has nothing to do with bearing or attire; it simply implies that one lives somewhere else. A man may hail from Pontiac and be long on wardrobe; a lady from Boston, flush with jewels and Paris gowns, may invade the Wyoming hill country in her limousine, bringing with her a child born with its mouth full of the traditional silver spoon; perhaps a man with a broad black hat and a six-inch mustache strays up from Oklahoma in his one last rusty suit—it is all the same; they will later be individualized according to personality, but the main classification will not distinguish between any two. They are but dudes.

This application of the term originated a number of years ago in the country adjacent to the Yellowstone Park, and gradually spread to Montana and Idaho, back-fired into the western counties of Colorado and to Northeastern Utah, and is spreading even more rapidly now, coming into general use throughout the whole Northwest, a new word with its attendant host of offshoots—dude ranches, dude wranglers, dude horses, dude everything; also the verb in all its tenses, for one now dudes it on his vacation in the hills.

Life Among the Wranglers

THOSE who specialize in catering to transient trade are dude wranglers, and upon inquiry as to their business will answer to that effect as naturally as a bootblack or a banker would state his own.

This new business has had the effect of keeping much American money at home, and for good reason. Whenever a blasé vacationist strays off the beaten trails of tourist travel and skeptically tries out the delights of a dude ranch he suddenly wakes to the fact that he has discovered something new under the sun. It is not alone the fact that he views natural wonders surpassing those of the far countries he has roamed in search of new scenic marvels which he had always before imagined nonexistent in his native land—though that item also penetrates with a helpful shock—but a difference between the tourist and the dude that is even deeper than that.

The tourist indulges in a round of personally conducted tours and harks to the listless chant of the guide as he points out a spot and parrots some untruth concerning a notable event that once occurred there in the hazy past. The dude wanders at will over a new country where notable things have happened recently and listens to the comments of the dude wrangler who was there when they transpired.

The wranglers are a varied lot. The man who adjusts the dude's stirrup straps in the morning may have toured the countries of the world with a Wild West show and topped off bad ones in the presence of kings and queens. The man who unsaddles for him in the evening may be an ex-champion roper of the world, or perhaps he is the famous ex-marshal of a frontier camp.

Ex-champion bulldoggers, ex-broncofighters, ex-trappers, prospectors and college graduates, ex-everything under the

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WHITE OWL

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sun—all are enrolled in the growing ranks of the dude wranglers. Their speech savors of the jargon of their various former callings and has blossomed into a vivid slang that is particularly their own, and fanciful nomenclature still exists among them. Alkali Ike is not dead, nor is Alcohol Al; Hurricane Bill is my valued friend, and when I last viewed him he seemed good for the next thirty years.

The dudes like it; they just eat it up, and once they've broken out of the humdrum ranks of the tourists they never go back. There is no cure for duditis, and that is the reason why there are perhaps a million souls in the United States to-day that prefer to part with American money for vacations spent in America to any other way yet devised. The automobile is helping to fix the habit and to spread the new meaning of a formerly frowned-upon term, for every year finds added thousands touring the interior Northwest hill country in their cars, and at least half of them become accustomed to hearing themselves styled as dudes. All of this I explained to Mr. Smith and he had become partially reconciled, though not enthusiastic, by the time we reached the ranch.

Mr. Smith, being troubled with insomnia, elected to take an individual dude cabin by himself in preference to a room in the big house. He was also troubled with indigestion, and he retired to his log hut at once, munching a few wafers instead of indulging in the evening meal, for he was somewhat doubtful of the quality of food he would find at Carter's. Larry had heard him remark about his physical frailties on the upward trip, and he unceremoniously interrupted Mr. Smith's somber reflections by thrusting his head in the open window of the cabin.

"Better ditch them crackers and set in for a regular feed," he advised. "Ed is the best cook that ever throwed dishwater off the back steps. He'll set out a bait that'll chase away your cares."

A Long Time Broke

BEFORE Mr. Smith could deliver the many irascible and cutting phrases that leaped to his mind—pointed remarks about the advisability of people attending strictly to their own affairs—the head was withdrawn. He did not accept the cheery advice, and failed to make his appearance at the main house until after the evening meal. He met his fellow dudes grouped before the fireplace in the big living room, for even summer nights are cool at Carter's. There was a banker from Detroit; the two Misses Carrington, aged eighteen and sixteen respectively; their mother; and two youths from Albany.

Mr. Smith glanced wistfully at the big cigar that furnished boundless content for the banker, but when offered the mate to it he declined.

"Doctor's orders," he said regretfully, and he thought again of the stern counsel of a famous specialist.

"No cocktails," this personage had ordered; "no heavy foods; two cigars a day."

The others soon wandered out, leaving him alone with Mrs. Carrington. Shortly after the disappearance of the banker he sought his own cabin, reflecting that people retired extremely early in these parts, having no incentive to remain awake. He had not yet learned how far the established order of things was shattered at Carter's, and did not suspect that the others had not retired but had gathered at the one last spot on the place where it would have occurred to him to go.

His insomnia did not trouble him during the first part of the night and he slept soundly until near daylight. The pounding of many hoofs roused his curiosity and he rose to dress, peering from the window to locate the cause of the commotion. Larry, mounted on a swift-turning little buckskin, was hazing a bunch of horses into the corral. As Mr. Smith left his cabin he noted that Larry led one after another from the corral to be saddled.

"Morning!" Larry greeted. "Catch um plenty sleep?"

Mr. Smith was becoming somewhat calloused to Larry's fresh ways, though approving them as little as ever. He answered that he had rested well, quite well indeed. A tall, gaunt old man emerged from the cow barn with two foaming pails of milk. Larry negatived his assumption that the old man was Carter's father.

"That's the chore boy," he said. "Old Riley Batten. Carter rode for old Rile when he first come to the country, and he's got a place to live as long as Carter has a dime. Used to run eight thousand head of cows, Rile did. Sloughed it all off one way and another. Then he got into that mess and killed those three Martin brothers, and it took all he had left to clear him. He's been broke for the last fifteen years. I'd hate to be broke that long, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Smith admitted that he would.

It occurred to him that he had missed the evening meal and that he was hungry, a state distinctly unusual for him at that hour of the day. He repaired to the dining room with many misgivings of the ranch fare dispensed by Wind River Ed, the chef. For a number of years breakfast had been a delicate affair with Mr. Smith; fruit and a light cereal or perhaps a coddled egg and toast, and he could not comprehend the stomach of a man that could eat meat for breakfast, or fried potatoes and hot cakes. But he discovered that heavy breakfasting was not a necessity at Carter's; that they put up their own ice at the ranch and so could keep a wide variety of delicacies in season.

Coming Down a Precipitous Trail

Handkerchief Pool, Yellowstone National Park

Getting to Like It

"LARRY says you're off your feed," Carter greeted. "Ed will stir up anything you want. Oh, Ed!" Ed's white-capped head appeared at the door.

"Now what?" he demanded.

"Tell it to Ed," Carter advised. "He'll fix you up."

Mr. Smith told it to Ed, and was forced to admit that the cook fixed him up. Nevertheless, he retired to his cabin at the end of the meal and dissolved a tablet in a tumbler of water and quaffed the bitter solution with a fortitude that spoke of never having neglected this digestive precaution of years' standing.

After the newness had worn off Mr. Smith decided that he would not regret having come to Carter's—rather enjoyed it in fact. He had discovered where the others gathered in the evenings. The regular business of the ranch was going on as usual, and the hands that attended to it were quartered in the bunk house. Larry, Riley Batten, the two irrigators and others gossiped there of nights and argued subjects that were old tales to them but of absorbing interest to the dudes. It occurred to Mr. Smith that this was the only resort he had ever seen where the guests deliberately sought the servants' quarters for recreation. And there was a reason for this: The dude wrangler does not consider himself an underling in any sense whatsoever. He has his full quota of self-respect, feels that he meets his dudes on a footing of equality and does his best to show them a good time. The man who approaches his transients with the servility of the help round regular tourist resorts has missed his calling as a dude wrangler, for one of that brotherhood feels that

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Electrical Railroading

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE Government has returned the railroad lines to private owners. These latter interests are now confronted with the problem of earning a fair return on invested capital at a time when all industry is faced by the economic dilemma of high-record costs and low-record production. If the difficulty can be solved the accomplishment of such a result will hardly be attained without the aid of science and the application of shrewd engineering.

One of the most immediate and most serious questions the nation's carriers will be compelled to decide is the matter of where and to what extent electricity shall supplant steam. Facts are now at hand to show the comparative reliability of the two rival methods of locomotive propulsion. The steam lines fell down badly under abnormal traffic and severe weather during the last winter of the war, while at the same time the electric locomotives on a 440-mile section of a Western road, as well as on other electrified lines, not only brought the trains through on schedule time but often made up hours lost on the steam divisions.

Electric haulage is no longer an unknown quantity. Several years of such operation afford us exact figures on which to base all assumptions. Transportation on our American railway lines is almost altogether steam-engine haulage, and this fact is responsible for the large hope many people entertain concerning traffic costs in the coming years when electrification will be generally introduced throughout the land. In less than twenty years the steam turbine and electric generator have driven the reciprocating engine from the stationary-power field. How long will it be before there will come a similar replacement on our railroads?

Few men have made such a careful analysis of this transportation problem as A. H. Armstrong, chairman of an important committee created to study electrification. His conclusions in the matter are both interesting and timely. They indicate that though some roads have too little traffic at the present time to justify the large expenditure required for electrification there are other lines where such a change would be both practical and profitable. That the necessary equipment to electrify all our transportation systems would be easily supplied is borne out by the fact that during the past thirty years the total capacity of the electric-power stations installed in the United States is double the capacity that would be required to operate every mile of American railroad.

Taking the reports for the year 1918 it is found that our railroads moved 1,215,400,000,000 ton-miles of freight and passenger traffic. If electric locomotives had been used to do this work instead of steam engines, the saving, chiefly in coal and tenders moved, would have amounted to 146,000,000,000 ton-miles, or twelve per cent of the total. The volume of traffic represented by this saving is equal to over twenty per cent of the revenue-producing freight handled. In other words, total electrification of the carriers would enable them to haul one-fifth more revenue freight with no change whatever in present operating expenses or track congestion. The enormous saving here indicated would be even further increased if water were used in many places as a source of energy at the central power houses instead of coal.

In recent articles I pointed out that our steam railroads annually consume about twenty-seven per cent of all the bituminous coal produced in the United States, and approximately six per cent of all the oil that is here marketed. Careful tests on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad showed that under all conditions of service fully one-third of the fuel burned on our steam engines at the present time is absolutely wasted in stand-by losses. It was further determined that steam railroads consume nearly thirteen pounds of coal per kilowatt hour of useful work done, as measured at the engine's driver rims, or seven pounds per kilowatt hour as measured at a power station.

If we assume, therefore, that with our most modern electric locomotives equipped for regenerative braking, forty watt hours are required for each ton-mile of freight moved, it is evident that with all our railroads electrified, the total freight and passenger traffic of the country could be hauled with an expenditure of about 42,776,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric power. Estimating that only two and a half pounds of coal are necessary to produce each kilowatt hour in a modern power station, we find that if all our transportation systems were electrified the consumption of coal by the railroads would be about 53,500,000 tons instead of the 140,000,000 tons now used. Such a saving would be further increased from year to year by the greater use of water power, and is so large that comment is unnecessary.

There are approximately 64,000 steam engines now operating on American railroads, and the average twenty-four-hour output of each locomotive is estimated to be no more than ten per cent of its rating.

In the case of electrified roads, though the average load of each individual electric engine is but fifteen per cent of its continuous rating, this load factor is raised to about sixty per cent when forty or fifty of these locomotives are supplied with power from one transmission system.

One of our railroads that has been a pioneer in electrification replaced 112 steam engines with forty-two electric

These Views of the Grand Central Railroad Terminal in New York City Show How Smoke Was Eliminated and Surrounding Property Improved as a Result of Electrification

locomotives, and is hauling a far greater tonnage with the lesser number of engines. It is a further fact that the impact from electric locomotives on structures of twenty-five feet or more span length is only one-third of the impact produced by steam engines. Other results on this road have been greater reliability and a lower operating cost.

The saving in expenses is reported sufficient to show a handsome return upon the $12,500,000 that the change to electrification cost, without taking into account the value derived from the 112 steam locomotives released for service on other divisions of the system. In this connection it is worth noting that the cost of repairs of electric locomotives is about three cents per hundred tons of engine weight. This means that electric motive power can be maintained for approximately one-third the cost of that of steam engines for the same train tonnage handled.

The first cost of railroad electrification is admittedly high, but in many instances where relief for congestion must be provided it is cheaper to electrify than to add another parallel line of track. On one road the records indicate that for the same freight tonnage handled electric operation has effected a reduction of 22.5 per cent in the number of trains, 24.5 per cent in the average time per train, and has improved the operating conditions so that nearly thirty per cent more tonnage can be handled by electric engines in about eighty per cent of the time formerly required to handle the lesser tonnage with steam engines. Here we have little less than a fifty per cent increase in capacity of a single-track line running through a difficult mountainous region where the cost of double-tracking would be extremely high.

We have reached a time when a serious effort must be made to solve the railroad problem. Are we going on in the same old prodigal ways, and continue to waste annually enough fuel in the operation of steam engines to pay interest charges on the total cost of electrifying all our American railroads?

The New Day in Salesmanship

PERHAPS the most widely discussed subject in business to-day is the art of selling. Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that practically every human being is a seller of something. Efforts are now being made to develop definite methods for use in the selection of salesmen. Other investigators are endeavoring to lay down rules of a scientific nature to govern the problem in action. Yet strange as it may appear, this oldest of all occupations continues to be practiced in conformity with the personal ideas of each individual salesman rather than as an exact science with proved formulas.

However, this deficiency in the matter of a prescribed course of procedure in selling goods is due more to a lack of organization of present available information than to any dearth of knowledge on the subject. The time has passed, if it ever was here, when a salesman to be a success must depend chiefly on good fellowship and an ability to entertain. These qualities, though valuable, now rank below creative ability and the power to present in forceful manner the proper appeal to each particular prospect approached. In other words, salesmanship has acquired the dignified distinction of being a profession demanding a grade of intelligence and education that was not the case some years ago, when the average salesman was little more than a hired man who traveled a fixed route and recorded orders.

In an effort to get a line on a variety of new ideas in selling and sales management I got in touch with a number of our best-known leading lights in this interesting game of getting commodities from the producers to the fellows who need them. I found these men in possession of accumulated facts indicating close observation and patient research. The modern sales manager is a combination psychologist, statistician, merchant and analyst. He is no more born to follow his pursuit than is the average doctor or engineer. The secret of success in selling is chiefly a willingness to devote the necessary time and study to learning the business.

My informants were agreed that one of the greatest difficulties is the selection of men to act as salesmen. The new applicant may have talent to sell goods, and yet possess very little ability to sell himself. This truth, coupled with the prevalent tendency of most employers to follow their intuitions and prejudices rather than cold facts in hiring men, makes it advisable never to employ a salesman during the first interview, and if possible to procure an opinion of the man from two or more of the company's officers. One concern requires that four of its executives shall interview each applicant for a salesman's job and that the average of the four ratings shall determine the new man's qualifications.

The physical characteristics of an applicant provide no accurate measure of the man's mental capacity. It is, of course, understood that there should be some difference in the style and mannerisms of a man who is wanted to sell jewelry to Fifth Avenue stores and a salesman for paints and oils in Texas or Oklahoma. It is fatal to provide a situation where the prospect is made to feel that the seller is of another class. The merchant or farmer in a soft hat and shirt sleeves won't mix well with the salesman who carries a cane and wears spats. Physical appearance therefore must be taken into account to see that the man who is employed will not appear out of harmony with the trade and surroundings he must meet. However, the difficulty in picking the right man for a selling position lies in getting a true slant on the newcomer's mental and moral traits, which qualities are not always worn so they are in plain view.

The use of application forms is only helpful in that time may thus be saved through the elimination of interviews with men who might be put out of the probable or possible class by certain unfavorable facts that their written answers to specific questions might reveal. The native ability and general intelligence of a prospective salesman are the important questions to be determined, and these distinctive attributes can only be discovered after careful search and the application of simple but proved scientific tests.

Some managers have prepared charts with two columns of qualities, the virtues being known as plus qualities and the deficiencies being called minus qualities. In this system, after the applicant has been interviewed one or more times, the employer fills the chart by giving the man a certain grade for each quality. The total of the minus qualities or deficiencies subtracted from the total of the plus qualities gives a figure that represents in a general way the merit or probable value of the applicant. Among the plus qualities are energy, persistence, loyalty, appearance, personality and imagination. The minus column includes laziness, ill temper, bad habits, jealousy and conceit.

Some men are born with certain qualities that are essential to success in salesmanship, and yet these same men are frequently excelled in the matter of results obtained by other individuals who have been obliged to acquire the necessary qualities by education and cultivation. In the business of selling goods a man must possess staying power and be slow to recognize defeat. He must be capable of quickly adapting himself to different temperaments and surroundings. He must be versatile, fairly entertaining, able to talk intelligently about other lines of business than his own and possess sufficient magnetism and persuasive force to bring conviction without bluntly discrediting the ideas and opinions of the opposition.

Many concerns now prefer a well-balanced staff of average salesmen to a mixed force containing a couple of stars and a lot of tailenders. So-called born salesmen generally work in spurts and do not easily absorb either instruction or information that comes from the directing force higher up. Star sellers often demoralize a whole department through having all of the general rules shaped to fit men of their own personality and ability. Many companies have lost good material through the petting and favoritism shown to an egotistical, undisciplined star salesman. Without teamwork success in any organization is impossible.

The modern salesman in most lines is expected to devote more time to selling intangible things like service and prestige than merchandise. Our great manufacturing concerns spend millions of dollars in national advertising, and the salesman must know how to sell the idea of the greater salability of an article due to the wide educational work of the manufacturer. The present-day seller of goods must be able to convince his prospect of the value that rests in the reputation of the maker, of his policies and the service that is rendered. It is this new turn that has been given to salesmanship that makes a failure of many men whose instincts are all for material things. Such salesmen have too little imagination and find it difficult to succeed in the selling of such things as goodwill and other intangible merchandise.

The present time is a day of specialties, and through the character of the container, the finish and the trade mark, even goods that once were staples have been converted into specialties, the distribution of which requires a wider and more diversified selling ability than was needed in former times.

The salesman who would be a success must fix in his mind that he is selling his prospect not merchandise primarily but the expectation of a later profit. The seller of goods must be an optimist or he will be too easily discouraged, and he must be an analyst so that he can base his campaigns on sound principles rather than expedience. Selling experience has taught that each move must be founded upon specific information, and not hope and enthusiasm. When the facts are clear and a decision has been made, prompt action must follow before the opinions arrived at become obsolete and valueless. Patience in preparation and vigor in performance are essential to success in salesmanship. Some selling organizations are ninety per cent motion and only ten per cent accomplishment, because the manager attempts to conduct a campaign without first basing his different moves upon a careful and thorough analysis of the field and all relative conditions.

One experienced manager of sales said: "I preach to my men that nothing is impossible until all of the facts are in and it is plain that the thing can't be done. Every man on my staff must be unswerving in his loyalty to the company rather than to me personally. It is also necessary that each one shall understand that in the matter of all breaks the company must be given the long and favorable end, and not the customer. I have also found that as a general rule the article should be manufactured wherever possible to suit the market and the selling plans, rather than that the sales planning should be shaped to fit the merchandise.

"Selling is the most important division of business, and it is not a matter of what can be made but what can be sold. Even the question of mechanical excellence and price must be based on the possible market and the probable demand. An article that can be put forth as embodying the ideas of an acknowledged authority in that particular field will often have a better chance and an easier road to travel. Goods that are not made to attract in appearance will frequently fail to get an opportunity to prove their merit. Any number of successful companies sell merchandise that costs less than the container in which it is put up. People pay for individuality in an article, and for this reason each product must have at least one important quality in which it excels all of its competitors."

Concerning the proper methods of approach and action in selling goods, I found a diversity of ideas almost as numerous as there are selling organizations. There are some principles, however, that appear to have become accepted practice in many of the larger sales organizations, and a few of these may prove interesting. It is fundamental in a salesman's education that a possible buyer may be able to control his speech, but not his eyes and facial expression. The seller of goods must quickly determine the character of the man he is trying to sell to. Some men are most easily reached by the ear, some by touch and others by the eye. The first class will listen to talk, the second will want to feel the article, while the eye-minded folks usually prefer to read pamphlets, catalogues and advertisements in order to get their information, or observe the merchandise.

The successful salesman must quickly discover these individual traits of his customers and cater to them. It is foolish for a salesman to waste time in trying to demonstrate an article to the man who can be sold by touch. This prospect's mind has been fully reached with a strong argument the moment he has come into personal contact with the object.

The most successful sellers of goods concentrate their sales appeal by calling particular attention to two or three vital points in an article rather than by offering a wide number of arguments. Before the salesman can sell his merchandise he must sell his own personality. After having made good in this one particular he must stick to plain, sincere talk and not slip off into oratory. If observation tells the seller that his prospect is highly educated he must present his complete line of facts. If the buyer, however, is of the heart type the seller's aim must be to reach the imagination or emotion of his prospect.

No more powerful argument has ever been invented to persuade a prospect to buy than a bunch of signed orders showing that other merchants are favorable to this particular line of goods. If the prospect finds the name of a friend or competitor on one of these orders this style of argument is doubly strengthened. Testimonials do not compare in value at all with actual orders.

Many salesmen pride themselves on their knowledge or ability to analyze character through a study of a man's physical appearance. The most common conclusions are that gray or blue eyes indicate a cold temperament and precise methods. Thin lips with such eyes indicate a still lower temperature. Straight eyebrows indicate self-reliance, while eyebrows that are arched express temperament. Small eyes denote an analytical mind, while large eyes indicate imagination and feeling. A projecting forehead is supposed to show some weakness of will; a broad, high forehead analysis and perseverance; while a retreating forehead indicates perception and imagination. A large mouth with full lips manifests good sense, energy and good nature. A small mouth suggests pettiness. The large chin represents a practical disposition and a persistent nature; the small chin indicates petulance and vacillation.

Though professing to believe in the possible value of such physical signs of character, most salesmen have discovered that they can get a good line on the real qualities of their prospect by carefully noting the condition of the buyer's office, desk and surroundings. It is further true that in many cases a man's speed of speech is a fair indication of the celerity of his mental processes. Some prospects are filled with questions, and such individuals must be supplied with a quantity of facts and detail. Other buyers are annoyed by detail and must be approached and won through arguments of a general nature, holding forth the large advantages of the merchandise.

The psychological moment in the art of selling is when the buyer is supposed to sign the order. Many a salesman has succeeded in winning over his man, and then has talked himself out of what would have been a sure sale if he had only known when to stop. Ability to determine

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"That's my kind of letter"

SOME letters *impress* you—and in a way you find hard to explain. It's chiefly a matter of paper. It was Franklin, that astute appraiser of human nature, who said that he saw in men the qualities of the paper they used. Do the letters to which you daily affix your signature have a crisp, *business-like* appearance?

Systems Bond carries the atmosphere of brisk, self-confident business. It is strong and staunch, in both appearance and "feel." It is a business man's bond. Its quality and strength *help the written message.*

Systems Bond is as sound and tough as it can be made with good rags and proper seasoning by loft-drying. Behind its manufacture, assuring the permanence of its superior quality, is an industry which controls and owns the sources of their raw product. Systems Bond is available everywhere, *and at a business man's price.*

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

THE LAND OF THE WHOPPER

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

WE HAD turned our backs on the savage splendor of the Tetons. That range of indomitable giants, gaunt, scarred, their big naked flanks gashed by glaciers, their needlelike peaks and pinnacles stabbing the stars, was now on the trail behind us—finished, seen, a souvenir to be taken from our portfolio of mental pictures and exhibited whenever people spoke of the Rockies. We had savored to the full their lonely magnificence, and now that magnificence, with every revolution of the wheels of our automobile, was melting back into hazy nothingness off on the distant rainbow-tinted horizon rim.

We were returning to Montana, to Yellowstone Park, after a trip down into the Jackson Hole Country, of which I have written elsewhere. There is in all this high, wild, scraggy region something indescribably fine, romantic and inspiring. You fall at once under the spell of its bigness, its beauty, its uncompromising solidity. You can no more escape succumbing to its enchantment than you can escape drifting off to bye-low land on the operating table when an ether cone is held firmly and accurately over your nose. I have used that comparison advisedly, for, looking back over the trip, I cannot explain the exhilaration which took possession of our party upon any other ground than that we were anæsthetized, one and all, and did not know it. Or else we were intoxicated.

Wanton Art

WHENCE came this enchantment of the senses? Was it the peace that fell down at dusk out of the deep star-painted cup of the sky, rimmed round by those big glimmering hills? Was it the sudden change from the barren sunburned waste of rocky upland mesas, home of the sagebrush, the owl, the skulking coyote, into the great dim forests of sweet-scented pine with their cool, refreshing shadows and their bands of big-eyed spotted deer? Was it beholding all manner of wild animals and water fowl, free, fooling round on their own private affairs, such as one never sees nowadays save, drooping and sullen, cooped up in the dirty, ill-smelling cages of a zoo? Or was it the air which, keen, sparkling, ice cold, we gulped down in great potent draughts and felt as if we had swallowed a yard or two of forked lightning or some of that brand of illicit alcohol known as third-rail stuff on account of the stiff jolt it contains?

I do not know which of these things it was that produced the exhilaration. But I do know the result—or results. They were whoppers. Whoppers so absurd, so shameless, of such crazy, vertiginous altitude that the phenomenon should be reported to the Anti-Saloon League or the Society for the Suppression of Vice. For there is something subtly loose and immoral in the idea of becoming intoxicated on mere scenery, altitude, air. And when that intoxication, furthermore, breeds such free, wanton, you-be-damned art forms as the whoppers it seems as if somebody really ought to do something about it. In the first place, it is manifestly out of order these days, from a statutory point of view, to be in an intoxicated state at all. And in the second place, it is doubly deplorable to perpetrate, while in that state, a grotesque and yet withal crafty and cunning art form like the whopper, which causes all the other inebriated sinners in the region to double up like jackknives with unseemly mirth, and then sit up o' nights trying to put over still taller ones.

It is said that in the golden age of Theocritus the poetic shepherds in Sicily used to gather together on a gentle slope under the gray-green shadows of olive groves and tootle their flutes and have great juicy tournaments of poetry in order to prove which one loved Lili, the barmaid, best. Now these modern whoppers are possibly a latter-day form of those ancient poetry jags. For I understand that the Sicilians also were disciples of the jug-of-wine-loaf-of-bread-and-thou school of thought. And especially the jug. But whereas they produced poetry for the low, materialistic object of defeating their rivals with Lili, these Westerners tell whoppers just for love of the sport. It is art for pure art's sake. Which does not, of course, make the whole business the less scandalous or against the spirit of our times.

I am therefore jotting down some of these whoppers, together with a sketchy stage setting, in the hope that these few unscientific notes may form the basis of a thorough, systematic examination of the phenomenon by a properly appointed senatorial committee, whose function it shall be to abolish this illicit brand of intoxication, together with its deplorable results, which still flourishes in our otherwise safe and sane midst.

The Grand Teton From Jennys Lake, Greater Yellowstone

Hearty and Gay

FOR we are trying to do something about everything in the world now, we Americans. We're going to free the world—whether or not it wants to be free; purify the world—whether or not it wants to be pure; police the world, and make it safe—and uninteresting—for Democrats and everybody else. We've got the Jehovah complex. And here, right in our geographic middle, is this land of the whopper—a menace, a source of danger, infection, that we're doing nothing about. Conceive it for a moment politically. Right in the heart of the continent, a lofty plateau. And upon this lofty plateau a race of habitually intoxicated humorists. I used that noun for lack of a better term, as one says anarchist or Bolshevist. But in truth the members of this race are much more terrible than anarchists — whom they resemble in certain odd respects — because they are so husky and hearty and gay. At first blush they strike the stranger as an extremely rational, hard-headed lot. But the inside fact is, they are as incurably addicted to whoppers as a communist to communism. They will stop each other on the road to exchange whoppers, just as in the old extinct days they used to stop and exchange flasks. They will ride ten, twenty miles through a wild, stormy night, with the thunder rolling and cracking among the hills, and lightning-riven trees crashing at right and left, drenched through to the marrow, daring treacherous precipices and slippery knife-edge summits in the dark—and for what? To swap whoppers round a gusty fire!

They have no true sense of proportion, nor of danger, nor of sin. For certainly such wanton unrestraint is sinful. And like the Leninists, these humorists are the most terrible propagandists that ever walked the earth. It is true they do not have publicity bureaus; but they do not need them. For each man is a propaganda bureau in himself and passes the good news along by word of mouth. And they number their converts by tens of thousands.

To give an example of their power: There was a whopper circulating throughout the region when I arrived—a

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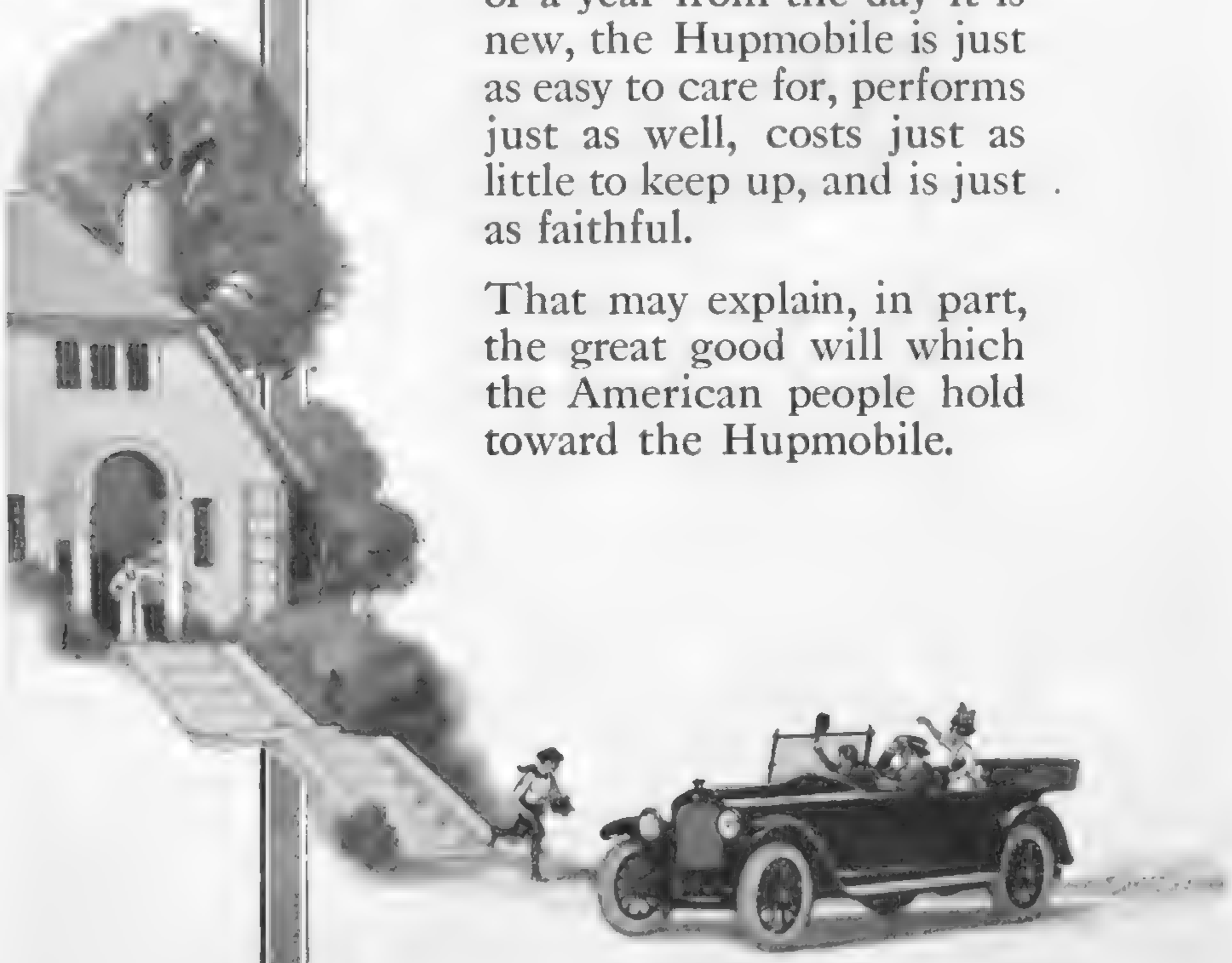
THE average family naturally gives its confidence to that which *is* right, and which *stays* right.

A month—or six months—or a year from the day it is new, the Hupmobile is just as easy to care for, performs just as well, costs just as little to keep up, and is just as faithful.

That may explain, in part, the great good will which the American people hold toward the Hupmobile.



Hupmobile

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tale the chief ingredients of which were, namely: The guide of a certain dude outfit of Eastern tourists a mixed company of both genders who were packing back into the mountains; sleeping-bags for the same; one dark night; and an inquisitive lady skunk who was somehow mistaken for a bear. Just what were the exact particulars of that tale I never heard, the theme or leitmotif thereof being deemed outside the feminine range. But it was a sky-scraper. And such was its peculiar power that one could not even casually mention the word "sleeping-bag" that these strong men did not begin straightway to look pensive; to catch each other's eyes; to shuffle and cough; then someone would rise solemnly and kick the fire—and suddenly, as if it were a given signal, the whole room would rock with mirth. It was a strange phenomenon. And from the Jehovah-complex point of view, bad—very bad.

I have said that these humorists who live on this lofty plateau are dangerous because they are strong and gay. But also, on occasion, they are ruthless. They are stern. Along certain lines they admit no trifling. Like the Bolsheviki, they have their code. Certain crimes merit the death penalty. And then they slay. They slay without compunction, with the same sang-froid with which a poilu transfixed a boche upon his "Rosalie." For example, some time ago there came into these parts out of the East a youth. He was not merely a tenderfoot, a greenhorn, a boob. He was more. He was what is known as a damn fool. Which means that he was incurable. But he meant no harm. One night, however, as he sat beside the fire he listened to the whoppers, and he was fired with the fatal ambition to tell a whopper too. He gave way to the temptation. He fell. He told a tale—a whopper as he thought. He narrated it with simple glee. The company listened in austere silence. The austere silence continued after its close.

Fatal Consequences Ensue

AND finally a cold, calm voice gave judgment by the fire: "Men have been strung up for less than that."

And so they strung him up. He had committed a crime, the punishment for which was death by the rope.

Now the fatal error which the unhappy youth had committed was this: He had supposed, erroneously, that a whopper was a mere exaggeration—a normal ordinary fact or circumstance exaggerated to the nth degree. As if one should say: "I saw a pumpkin as big as a house." But that is no whopper. It is simply a hanging offense in these parts.

The Tetons From Snake River, Greater Yellowstone

To be sure, exaggeration is one of the elements out of which the art form, a whopper, is fashioned, just as the art form, man, is fashioned out of mud. But nobody but a fool would think of picking up a handful of mud and saying: "This is that miracle—man."

And yet that is precisely what that youth attempted with those plateau humorists—and what they hanged him for. He held out a handful of raw, unfused, unvitalized exaggeration and said: "Behold my whopper. It outwhoppers yours."

And of course they killed him for it. It showed them in a twinkling that all their fine whoppers had been wasted on him. They might as well have been talking of Lloyd George or the League of Nations. I do not condone their act. I explain it. Personally I think they went a little too far. It is said that at the final moment one of the softer-hearted members of the party—himself a humorist of no mean repute—undertook to explain to the youth the exact nature and magnitude of his crime, his idea being that no man should die unrepentant. And so he labored to bring the party of the first part to a conviction of sin. But just then a thundershower came up; one member of the lynching bee, just recovering from tonsillitis, was deathly afraid of catching cold; he kicked the cracker box out from under the feet of the victim; whereupon they all adjourned *sine die* to the fire; and the orator, by unanimous consent, finished his discourse on the seven different kinds of sin.

I am not going to maintain that a whopper is invariably funny. That is not its prime function in life. Were it merely witty, epigrammatic, satiric, it would not differ essentially from the classic, conventional joke, and I would not have bothered to take notes on it as I observed it in its native habitat on that lofty plateau. But it is, as I have said, a definite though peculiar art form, indigenous to America; possessing, moreover, a certain raciness and profane flavor that rises, I believe—though this part of my testimony should be sifted very thoroughly by the senatorial investigating committee—from its having its origin in the brains of strong, gay men, plateau dwellers, who are in a state of mild but permanent inebriation, an inebriation rising from altitude, climate, air—I know not what. Just one thing more—I am not going to define a whopper, save to say this: The average native-born American—not the foreign-born can recognize one with the naked eye when he meets it on the road or by the evening fire. If he cannot he would do well to remember the untimely end of the youth, and not be caught out in those hills after dark. With this brief foreword on the nature and origin of the whopper I am going to recount some of these peculiar and grotesque blossoms of art, much as they were recounted to me upon my trip, holding myself in nowise responsible for their particular age, authorship, race, color or previous condition of servitude. I give them to you, as the auctioneer says, "as is."

Before the Dragon's Mouth

WE HAD come within the confines of the park, and were making the tour of the freaks, marvels and genuine beauties of the place. We had visited the hot geyser lake, on the shores of which a man may stand, and without moving from his tracks catch his live fish and cook it before he brings it to land. This is not, I will say, a whopper; it is simply an incredible fact. We had stood before the Dragon's Mouth, jade-green inside, smelling of brimstone, and with tawny smoke curling through its black trachea straight from the infernal pit. We had looked at the pink paint pots, great seething hotbeds of mire, bubbling with a lazy plop-plop. We had watched the spouting geysers, and the devilish still ones with a clear burning eye at their heart. We had visited the Emerald and the Morning Glory—pools of fabulous prismatic beauty. We had tasted all manners of mineral water: Apollinaris, Vichy, Evian—everything but Félix Poubelle, Carte d'Or.

And presently in this land of marvels we came to Alum Creek. Now everybody knows that alum is an astringent. It causes things to shrink. I have heard that it is one of the chief ingredients in a famous Parisian beauty restorative which removes wrinkles from the face. I do not know the exact formula, but the principle is this: The masseuse dexterously pulls all the inimical wrinkles up under the pair of ears, and then, when they are thus concentrated,

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Mount Moran From Leighe Lake, Greater Yellowstone

"Oh come on-you can stay home any night!"

THERE'S a place *better* than home when it's Paramount night at the theatre.

Home is a great place to come back to. But not to stay in all the time, as any woman can tell any man.

Make up a party over the wire and take the Good-time trail that's blazed with Paramount.

You can't go wrong, because the thousands of theatres that really have Paramount Pictures *say so* in their advertising.

SOME OF THE
LATEST PARAMOUNT
ARTCRAFT FEATURES
Listed Alphabetically

John Barrymore *in*
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"The Copperhead"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Male and Female"

Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Why Change Your Wife?"

"Everywoman"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

George Fitzmaurice's
Production
"On With the Dance!"

Wm. S. Hart *in*
"The Toll Gate"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

Geo. H. Melford's
Production
"The Sea Wolf"

William D. Taylor's
Production
"Huckleberry Finn"

Maurice Tourneur's
Production
"Treasure Island"

George Loane Tucker's
Production
"The Miracle Man"

And remember that any Paramount Artcraft Picture you have seen before is as new as a book you have never read

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

"Paramount? Tell 'em yes!"

Paramount Pictures

The Buster Bike

Such healthy fun! Keeps them out of doors and out of mischief. Delight your youngster with the bike that's "Oo, such fun, daddy."

The Buster Bike is sturdily constructed to withstand the heavy strain of children's play. Saddle-carved seat assures comfort and leg freedom. Extra long wheel-base prevents back-tipping. Two front wheels (instead of one). Gayly painted in red and green with natural oak trimmings.

BUSTER TOYS

Try to picture yourself a child again. Wouldn't this drawing outfit make an irresistible appeal? It's just like the more elaborate outfits used by draftsmen. Includes drawing board, T-square, triangle, compass, irregular curve and thumb tacks. Very complete.

Dealers: Young America has manifested its approval of the Federal-Buster Line of quality toys. Write us for name of nearest distributor.

Distributors: There is a constantly increasing demand for Buster Toys. All are profit breeders. Write for territory and proposition.

FEDERAL-BUSTER CORPORATION
PITTSBURGH

Buster
Drawing Outfit
Price, $3 00

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like an army in a narrow sector and unable to move, she craftily douses them with alum water—which is to wrinkles what liquid fire is to troops—and wipes them out to a man. On account of this shriveling property of alum I was straitly counseled not to partake too freely of the contents of Alum Creek, no matter how thirsty I might be.

"How did you learn of this shrinking property of Alum Creek?" I inquired. "Did somebody once drink of the water and shrink up like Alice in Wonderland?"

"Not exactly," soberly replied a humorist, a native of this plateau country, who was with us on the trip. "That is to say, I cannot now recall any human critter who ever drunk from this crick. We usually aim to warn strangers if we get a chance. But, if you will notice, we are now on the road between the hotel and the lake—Yellowstone Lake. It is one of the loveliest roads in the park. But in summer it's apt to be dusty. In the old stagecoach days, with the hosses, it was even more so. And so one day the colonel gave orders to water the road each morning with water from Alum Crick. That was when the park was under military control. It was done. Well, pretty soon the savages began to notice ——"

"Tell her who the savages were," interrupted another humorist.

"Oh, well, the savages were the stagecoach drivers. They used to go hell-for-leather round those narrow mountain curves in order to hear the doods and tourist ladies screech. So we got to calling them savages because they were such a raw bunch. They didn't have no refined feelings. Well, these savages begun to notice that they were making awful good time between the lake and the hotel. And they kept on making better and better time. They'd get the doods up to the hotel long before the cooks were ready with the grub. And the cooks got mad—said they were going to strike. They were China boys—and you can't monkey with them Celestials like you can with common Swedes. Well, the upshot of it was, the savages agreed to slow down. And they did. They slowed down their hosses to a trot. And still they got the doods, hungry as timber wolves in that cold mountain air, up to the hotel before noon. The China boys got so mad they'd start after the savages with a meat hatchet on sight."

Explanations

"SO THE savages promised they'd slow down still more. They slowed down to a walk. But it wasn't any good. They still got their loads to the hotel before noon. It was pitiful to see those proud hosses creeping along, their heads hanging down between their knees, when before they'd come in on the dead gallop, smoking, and in a lather of sweat. And the savages, too, they'd set up there, scowling, not even daring to raise their whip. But it done no good. For creep as they might, scowl as they might, they always beat the dinner bell. And one day when the new China boy, Sam Lee, was raising hell, one of the savages, an old-timer who'd been there since the Year One, lost his temper and busted out:

"'Well, blast my soul if I can make any wusser speed on that thar piece of road unless I turn tail and back out the other way. It's got me plumb beat. Seems like it ain't all thar like what it used to be. For ain't we got the same hosses? Ain't we the same savages we always been? Don't we haul the same load of durn doods? Well, then? What makes us git in in half the time it used to take? That don't stand to reason. 'Tain't sense. And if we're the same—and we are—why, it's gotter be that doggone road that's changed.'

"'What you say happen to 'em load, makee allee samee damn short?' asked the slit-eyed heathen, Sam Lee. 'One piecee washout?'

"'No. No washout, Sam, or the road would be plain busted to hell. But it's still O. K. as far's you can make out with the naked eye. But I figger it out thisaway. You're cook—savvy? One China boy damn fine cook. You catchee, Sam?'

"Sam Lee grinned. 'Me savvy plenty Me catchee glub. Work damn hard evley day.'

"'All right. You cook. Now, listen, Sam, to this here. You put 'em greens—you savvy greens, Sam? Plenty fine mustard greens? Go catchee in field, put in pot to boil. Put 'em in boiling water.'

"Sam Lee nodded. 'Me put 'em gleens in pot to boil. Me put 'em one, two, tlee dispan full—big bellyful.'

"'No—hold on, Sam. I got a better idee. You no put 'em greens in pot to boil. You put flannel shirt to boil. You savvy shirt?'

"'No, no. Me no put flannel shirtee in pot to boil. Me cook. Me put gleens in pot. Fong Wo, him washee boy. Him put flannel shirtee in pot to boil.'

"'Oh, well, have it your own durn way, you gol-durn Chink. Now we got to start in all over again. You cook. You go catchee greens in field. Catchee one, two, three dishpans full. Put greens in pot. Boil long time with hunk of pork. Bime-by, lift 'em lid. Look in pot. Them greens all boiled to nothing. You put in one, two, three big full dishpans for the boys. Boys' share all gone—shriveled to hell. Just enough left for one nice bellyful for Sam. Boys catchee nothing but smell. You savvy, Sam? Well, that road allee same greens. No washout. Shriveled like greens to hell.'

"Sam Lee grinned but shook his head. 'You no put 'em load in pot of damn hot water, allee same gleens. You splinkle water on load from cart, allee same washee boy.' And Sam took a big mouthful of water from the dipper and blew it out over the boys to show how Fong sprinkled the clothes. 'Water no hot,' said Sam. 'Him plenty damn cold. No makee load shlivel to hell.'

"'Sam's got you dead to rights, Wash,' spoke up another savage.

"'Well, I don't give a hoot in hell if he has,' said Wash stubbornly. 'He's nothing but a Chink anyhow. And I know that road's gone somewhere. You can't tell me it hain't. Say,' he asks, 'where does that water come from that they sprinkle it with?'

"'Alum Crick.'"

The Mystery Solved

"'Great jumping grasshoppers!' yelled Wash, leaping to his feet. 'You don't mean to say they're sprinkling the road with water out of Alum Crick? No wonder we couldn't make no wusser time—with that alum water taking up the slack in the road faster'n the wheels of the stages can roll it out. Why, inside of a month that alum would have et the road right up, and the waters of the lake would be lickin' plumb up to the steps of the hotel.'

"'What makes you think, Wash, that it's the alum?'

"'Why, sartainly it's the alum! That alum water hadn't ever ought to be used without you want to shrink something out of sight. I've often thought I'd fetch home a small vial of it and wait until my wife was asleep and apply a leetle of it with a toothbrush to her tongue. But I ain't never got round to it. But all us old-timers knowa its vartues. It's like these here yarbs you use for the sick, only pizen strong. Look what it done to Dad Bigelow's stallion.'

"'What was that, Wash?'

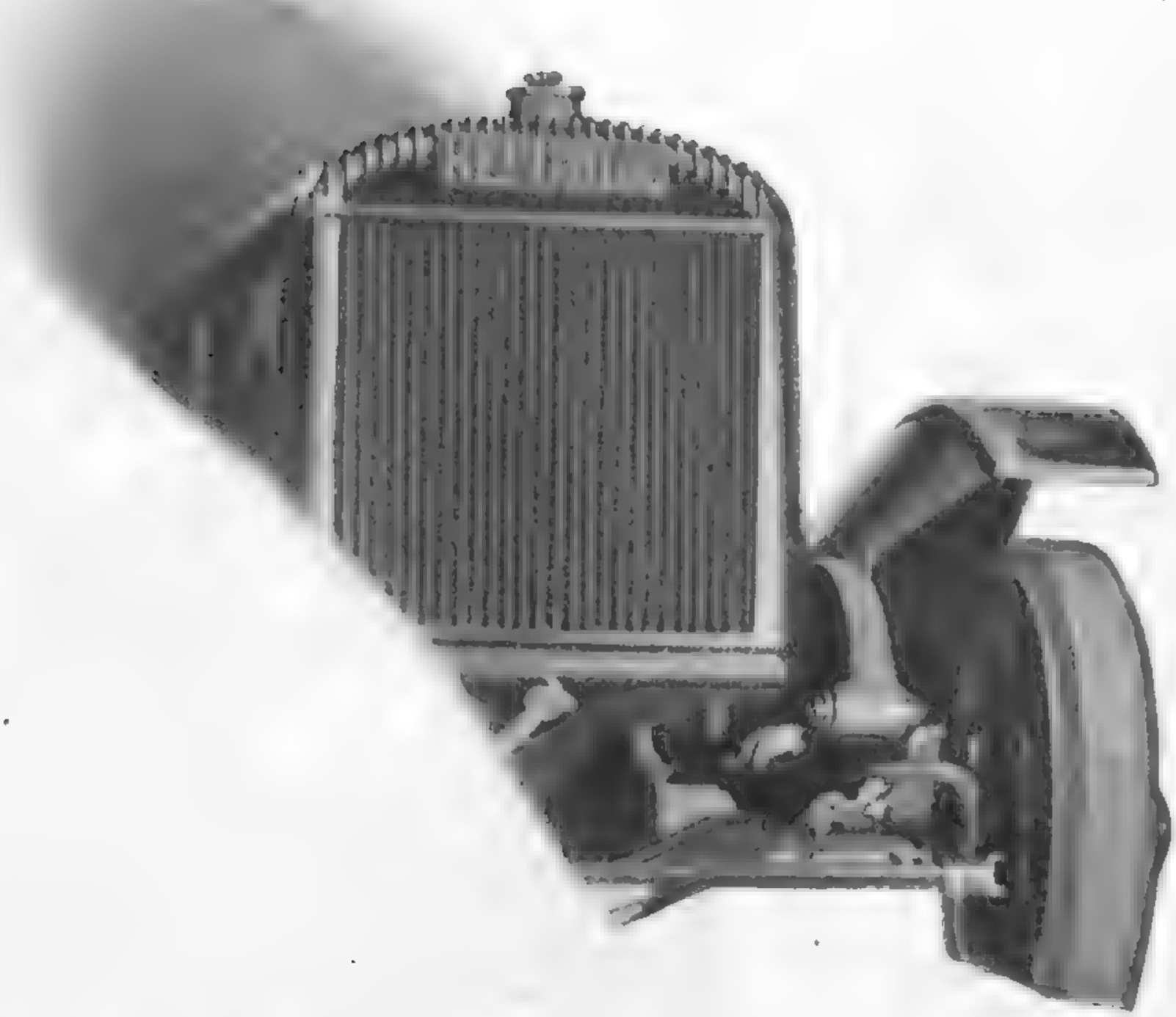
"'Well, I reckon that was before your day. But it sartainly was a sad case. Dad owned a stallion and he was a beauty—a powerful big mottled chestnut, with dark spots under his hide that come out in the sunlight like flakes of pure gold. Dad always kept him curried up fine because he used to race him every spring. His name was Dan. Dad himself was a lean, wizened up, little old scoundrel that once was a jockey but lost his job for pulling a race. He had long, greasy hair, turned half gray, a mean little red eye like a weasel's, a terrible big crooked beak of a nose, the long, smooth upper lip of a defaultin' deacon, and a little gray goatee. He used to ride Dan at the races, all knotted up with rheumatiz though he was, because he wouldn't trust no other man. He'd pulled so many races hisself he didn't think it was in jockey nature to run straight.

"'And yet Dad was so clumsy in his crookedness that he always lost every race. If he'd left Dan alone that hoss'd won in a walkaway, for he was the fastest thing in the state. But, no—Dad was too plaguy cussed mean for that; he'd ruther cheat his own self, so to speak. Many a dollar us boys lost on them races bettin' that Dan's honest speed'd outweigh Dad's dirty yaller streak. And then come the accident and we didn't none of us ever bet on pore old Dan again.'

"'What was the accident, Wash?'

(Continued on Page 46)

Kern River Valley



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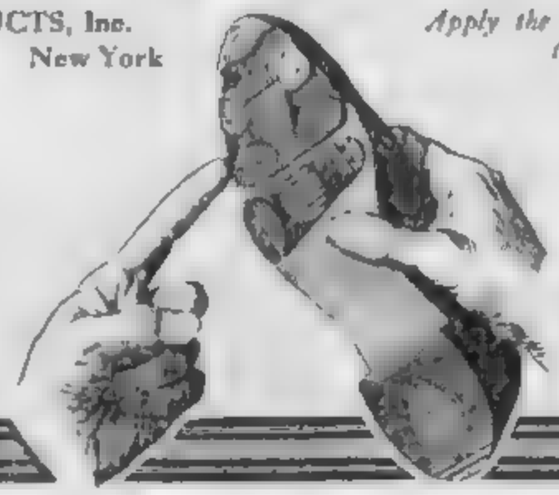

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(Continued from Page 44)

"'Why, it was thisaway. Dad was trainin' Dan for the county races, which was just a week off. We'd see the two come flyin' along a strip of level road, Dan fightin' for the lead, his withers flecked with foam—and old Dad settin' up between his shoulders like a little old bearded monkey, yelling at the top of his lungs: "Giddap thar, my proud beauty! Giddap thar, my pet!" And all the time his mean little red eyes was a-gleamin' and a-burnin' like live coals. He got as much kick out of racin' that hoss as if he'd took a slug of brandy.

"'And after the morning's exercise was done he'd pace Dan gently up and down, talking to him and fondling him, and when they was all cooled off he'd trot him softly home. Well, one late afternoon along about dusk as he was trottin' him home thataway after his exercise they come to Alum Crick, and Dan feelin' thirsty after all that runnin' stopped dead still and turned round his head to Dad and whickered soft as if to say: "Well, old pard, what say to havin' a drink?" And Dad, who made it a rule to give in to the hoss in small things, says: "All right, my pet, I don't care if you do. Wait a minute and we'll ride straight up to the bar." So he rode Dan into the water up to his belly and that hoss took aboard as much water as he could hold.

"'And that was the beginning of the end. For presently the old man begun to notice that his hoss wasn't making good time. He was still going, you understand. His legs was hitting out, regular as pistons, so many beats to the minute, but somehow he didn't seem to cover much ground. Dad begun to be consarned. He took out his watch and peered into its face in the waning light to time Dan's speed. The hoss' legs was going swift and regular as pistons: Klippety-klop, klippety-klop! Klip-klop! Klip-klop!

"'"All right!" muttered Dad, putting back his watch. "I'm gittin' as fussy as an old settin' hen." And he shook out his reins and called out hearty: "Go it, my purty! This time we won't git the gate."

"'And after that Dan let loose. But still they didn't seem to make no headway. Dad got mad and his mean little red eyes begun to blaze.

"'"Blast ye for a —— anyhow!" he bawled. "Never won me a race yet! Now giddap before I flay ye alive!" And he commenced to plaster the big stallion over the withers with his loaded quirt.

The Grand Cañon

"'Now Dan loved that old scoundrel, like hosses and women will, and so, understanding Dad was vexed with him, he stretched hisself out low over the ground like a hound dawg—and my good gosh, how that hoss did go! Klip-klop! Klip-klop! Klippety-klop! Klippety-klop! His big chest heaved, his lips slobbered foam, his nostrils was pits of blood.

"'His legs drove straight and strong as pistons. Klip-klop! Klip-klop! Klippety-klop! Klippety-klop!

"'"Gawd above!" whispered old Dad to hisself in awe. "There's speed if you like!" Never in any race had Dan made a record like that. And automatic-like Dad took out his watch and peered into it to take his speed. But it was too dark now to see, so he give it up. But just the same for all that, he could tell they wasn't getting over the ground, and it worried him. And now he commenced to hear a funny little trailing sound, like some part of the saddle gear had come loose and was bumping along the ground. (Continued on Page 49)

Common Sense and Children's Clothes

It's plain, every-day horse-sense to say that children, during play hours, should be dressed for play; and it's no more than ordinary economy to save nice clothes for nice occasions. The normal, healthy child is thoroughly miserable when his mother, through mistaken pride, sends him out to play "all dressed up."

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Like all really worthy products, its virtues are clearly apparent. A glance establishes the rare beauty of design and a single demonstration tells the story of a great engineering achievement.

There, beyond doubt, is the secret of this car's instantaneous, nation wide success. It has made friends quickly because its elements of superiority are self-evident and incontestable.

Your first impression of the "Glenbrook" will be favorable—we are quite sure of that. And each succeeding impression will only intensify a desire to own this car and acknowledge it as your free and independent choice.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

(Continued from Page 46)

"'"Well," says Dad to hisself, "I might as well light down right now and see what the matter is." So he did, and struck a match to get a good view of the hoss.

"'And will you believe me, sirs, when I tell you what he found? He found that great big fine chestnut stallion of hian all shriveled up, what with the alum water he'd drunk, until he warn't no bigger than a Shetland pony. Yes, sir, that was the heart-rendin' fact. And the queer bumpin' sound that had plagued him was the ends of his stirrups scrapin' along the ground.

"'Dad told me at this point that Dan turned his head and give out a low quiverin' little whicker, sort of appealin' like, as if he was all broke up over the accident. But Dad was so pizen mad when he saw how that thar hoss had went and foiled him and lost the race again that he turned to and give that pore little Shetland pony a fearful hootin' in the stummick, after which he marched straight home afoot, and, dead beat as he was, packed his chest that night, took the stage with me the next morning and cleared out of these parts. 'He jest naterally couldn't stand that hoss goin' back on him thataway.

"'Well, that was nigh thirty year ago. And I reckon Alum Crick ain't got any less alum now than then. It's my idee it's got more. And jest to prove that I'm right, boys,' says Wash, risin', 'I'm goin' to take a surveyor and his chain over that piece of road to-morrow, and when we've got its length we'll compare it with the original figgers of the engineer who built the road.'

"Well, that's what Wash did, and sure enough, the figgers proved that that piece of road had already shrunk up one-quarter its original length. After that, in due course, orders come to stop sprinkling the road with water from Alum Crick. And that's why," finished the narrator mildly, "I warned you against drinking that water."

Some time after we had passed the ill-omened Alum Creek we came to the wall of obsidian. Now obsidian, I may say for the benefit of those who are as ignorant as I was at the beginning of the trip, is nothing but volcanic glass. The cliff or ridge of this volcanic glass reared itself jaggedly to an altitude of perhaps fifty feet. I have no means of knowing how thick it was at the base, but at the top it was rather thin. It was crenelated and broken in contour, like an old ruined fortress, and on account of its glassiness very difficult to scale. On the farther side of the obsidian cliff stretched a big, low plain.

The Obsidian Lens

Concerning this obsidian wall one of the members of the company, a plateau dweller, related the following tale:

"Some years ago," said he, "there was a famous hunter out in these parts. One morning he went to hunt in the region of the obsidian wall. Suddenly he saw a young antelope feeding a few hundred yards away. He crept up close until he could see very clear, drew a sight on the animal and fired.

"The antelope kept on feeding.

"Well, that annoyed the hunter considerable, for he was one of these kind that don't hate themselves. So he crept up closer still and fired again.

"The antelope kept right on feeding.

"This time that hunter was riled clean through. He crept up closer yet. And then, to make sure, he knelt, took a sight by the sky line, and fired again.

"The antelope kept on feeding. It did not even raise its head at the sound of the report.

"Now that seemed to the hunter queer. He was an intellectual cuss, and so he laid down his gun and started to explore what might the reason be. And he discovered that he was looking through a wall of glass, which acted as a powerful lens. And that antelope, which looked to him so close up that it seemed right spang on the muzzle of his gun, was in reality ten good miles away."

Such was the tale of the obsidian wall When we arrived at its base we descended from the car to have a look at it near at hand. Secretly I had a desire to scale those slippery heights and gain a view of the low country on the other side through that powerful magnifying lens. But I wanted to perform the experiment privately, with none of those plateau humorists looking on. That not being practicable I picked up a good-sized fragment of obsidian, turned aside and, glancing about to assure myself that my actions were not observed, I applied that fragment to my eye, like a lens, to see what I could see. I put it up to the public whether any sane individual with a particle of curiosity would not have done the same thing. Not openly, mind, but secretly, as I did. The result was a yelp of raucous laughter which startled even me. Hastily I cast away the rock and glanced round. Those plateau men were leaning up against the wall slapping their sides, doubling up like jackknives, while tears of laughter coursed down their cheeks.

Petrified Lungs

"And this," gurgled one weakly, wiping his eyes, "is that notorious animal, a war correspondent!"

At which they all went off again. Hee, hee! Haw, haw!

I walked back to the automobile, somewhat hurt—not at their laughter, but at what I had discovered by looking through the fragment of obsidian. For it was black, that volcanic glass—and opaque as rubber. You could not have seen an antelope through it at all! And when I discovered that for a verity, the iron entered my soul. I am not vindictive by nature, but I can be pushed just so far. And that joke was a dud so far as I am concerned.

Presently, on the front seat, in the midst of considerable quiet merriment, someone began to discourse on the petrified forest in that region and asked if I had seen it. I had not.

"But I have seen the petrified forest near the Grand Cañon in Arizona. I suppose they are all about alike?"

But at this he loudly protested, declaring that the petrified forest in the south was to their petrified forest in the north as water is to aloe gin.

"But what have you got in your petrified forest up here that they haven't got down there? What's so remarkable about yours?"

"Oh," replied Mr. X with modest pride, "I supposed all the world knew about our petrified forest and how much finer it is than anything else of its kind in the world. Of its kind, you understand. You've got to compare it with its own kind. For in our forest we have not only petrified trees, we have little petrified birds that sit on the petrified branches. And these little birds

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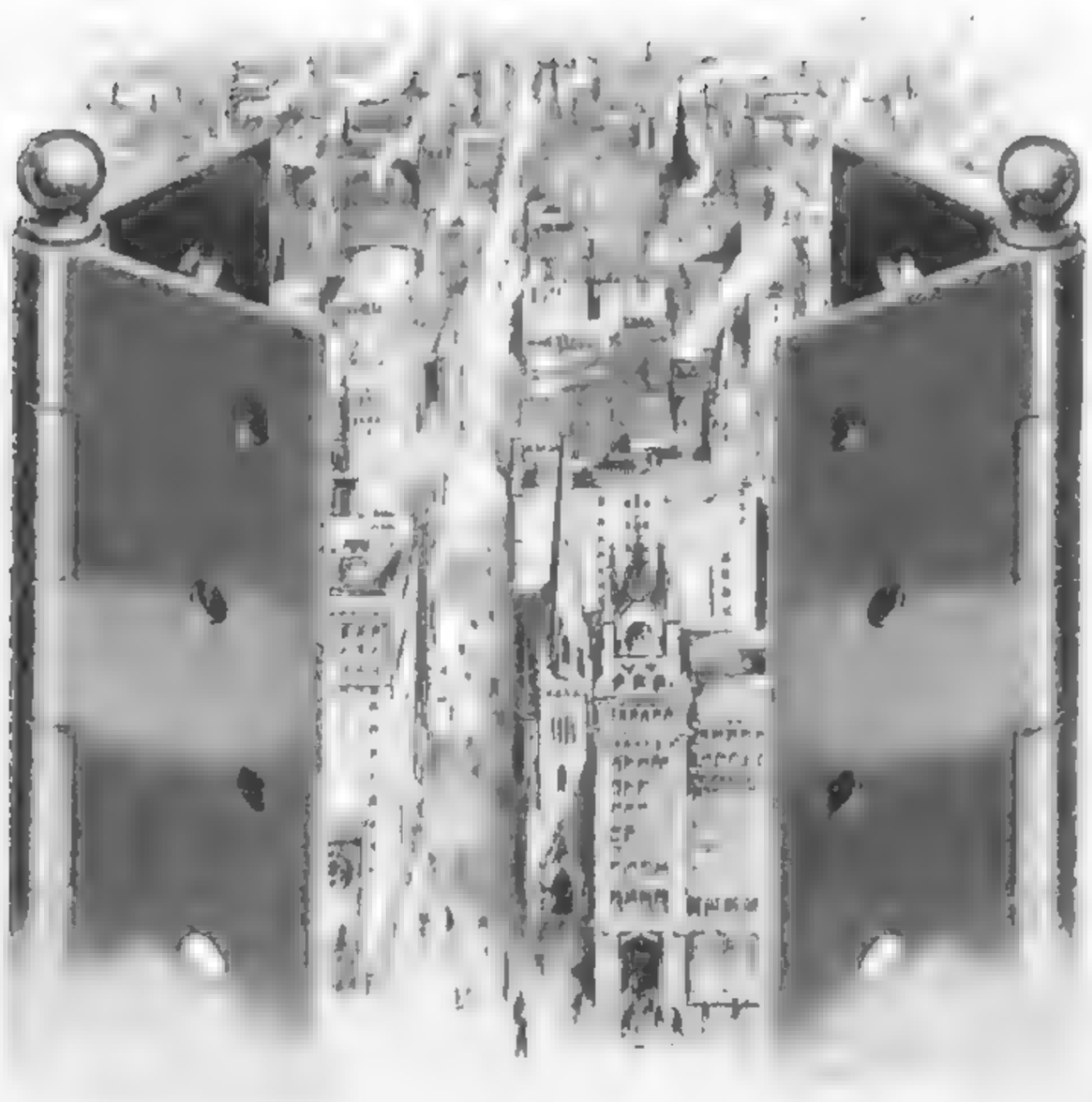

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on a clear dawn sing most charming little petrified songs."

At these words it seemed to me that an atmosphere of utter content settled down like a warm cloud upon the car and the men sitting therein.

Each had a gleam in his eye and the faintest shadow of a smile on his lips, as if already in fancy he were listening to the petrified birds sitting on petrified branches and warbling petrified songs.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "I should very much like to see that marvel. Please take me out to that forest so that I may hear those petrified birds at dawn. I shall take my notebook along and copy down their songs in my book."

At that a chill seemed to darken their warm contentment as when a passing cloud shuts out the sun, and they cast uneasy sidelong glances at each other and especially somber ones at the gentleman who had first mentioned the birds. And that gentleman spoke up hastily:

"Oh, I don't think there'll be time for that. The petrified forest is far away and there are so many things for you to see." At these words all the gentlemen sat back in their seats and murmured solemnly, like the chorus in a Maeterlinck play: "Yes, yes, it's far too far away." And almost feverishly they began to talk of other grotesque wonders of the place.

The Patriotic Geyser

Among other things they showed me the big mud geyser that spouts only upon the occasion of some supreme national event. It is the conviction of James MacBride, the chief ranger, that never was there such another patriotic park as Yellowstone. It's more patriotic, he declares, than many citizens. And this old mud geyser, on whose activities he keeps a log book, lies dormant for months, years. Then occurs some fine national victory—and the old girl rouses up and shoots.

"For example—when?" asked I.

"When Dewey captured the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay. Why, that old mud geyser opened up and flung bucketfuls of thick mire hundreds of feet away. It was a wonderful sight, for she'd been dormant then for years. Of course at the time I didn't know exactly what she was celebrating for—out here one is so cut off from big news—but as soon as I had time I rode straight into town and bought a newspaper, and sure enough, there it was in big black headlines: 'Dewey Licks the Dagos at Manila Bay.'"

"And did it celebrate our victory at Château-Thierry?"

"When was that?"

"The last of May, and June, 1918."

He consulted his book.

"No."

"Well, then, I don't think much of the patriotism of your old mud geyser. Château-Thierry was certainly a bigger national event than Manila Bay."

"Perhaps. But wasn't Château-Thierry a land victory?"

"Of course. But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything. For the geyser, being made out of water and steam, couldn't in the very nature of things be expected to keep track of land events. But whenever we pull off a naval victory you just ought to see the old girl soar! She's in subterranean touch, you see."

"But tell me," I begged, "if your park is so patriotic, did it give no evidence at all that it knew a big war was on? That millions of our troops were engaged?"

He shook his head.

"I call that perfectly extraordinary!" I cried. "You'd think that old geyser might at least have thrown red, white and blue mud—with all those colored paint pots round."

"Well," he said slowly, "there is something—but I hardly like to speak of it."

"Speak! Speak! Certainly the public ought to know if this park which it sustains by taxes is a pacifist or pro-German. That would be a fine note!"

"Well," said MacBride, sober as a joss, "there was some evidence that the park knew we were at war. In fact, the best of evidence."

"What?" I cried. "This is most important. For it may prove that the park has a soul. It should be reported to Maeterlinck for his thesis on the odic effluvia—you know that theory of his that each one of us has an indestructible aura, a kind of invisible cloud which envelops us and which nobody except dogs can see. That's what makes them sniff at strange men's trousers and women's ankles. They're smelling out the odic effluvia. And if what you say is true it is possible that the park has odic effluvia too. It seems as if we ought to have some dogs here. Well, proceed. But let us be extremely careful about our facts."

"In the spring of 1918," said the ranger, "the park began to exhibit signs of an intenser activity than it had since the close of the Spanish War. Dormant geysers began to play; new ones burst forth in the forest; the streams ran boiling water; the paint pots bubbled like immense kettles of porridge—and a thick white blanket of hot steam lay over the ground. You had to mind your steps or you'd plump in over your head into a boiling spring."

"And that was the spring of 1918—when the Americans began their big drive? I see the coincidence. But—but what do you deduce from that?"

"Why, it's simple as A B C. You've been down in the engine room of a big ship? You've seen the stokers with their shirts off, stoking the fire? Those are the boys that make the ship walk along! Well, it stands to reason that a place as big as the park takes a lot of stoking in order to keep all its boiling springs and geysers working at top pitch."

"Yes—but still—what has all that to do with our offensive?"

"Why, our boys over there sent so many Huns to hell to stoke the fires below that we up here in the park felt the difference right away. Things hadn't been so lively round here since the Spanish War, when we sent a lot of Dagos below. But you know those Dagos aren't much good when it comes to stoking fires or anything else. They're a *mañana* bunch. But those Huns—say!"

I turned away. For a moment I was deeply chagrined. For I had thought I was going to discover some original data on the odic effluvia for Maeterlinck.

A Land of Terrible Marvels

Later they showed me many more marvels, hot springs and geysers and paint pots and hell growlers, and they convinced me that these were real and not fakes. And they kept asking me if I had seen anything in my travels comparable to this.

"No," I replied truthfully. "This is a land of great and terrible marvels. No wonder the Indians shunned it with dread. No wonder Uncle Sam, Inc., has taken it under his wing. No wonder visitors gather here from all quarters of the globe—kings, princes, maharajas, governors, secretaries of state, Wall Street magnates, dudes, sagebrushers, society ladies and flappers—to view the marvels of this place. For it is a high-school education in itself. Truly your park is up to its advance press notices—and that is saying much! And now, after I have seen the petrified forest where petrified birds sit in petrified branches and sing their petrified songs, I shall be utterly and completely content."

Each time I mentioned that subject, meseemed there fell a chill out of the sky on the party; the men looked at each other, somber, uneasy—and hastened to find me other marvels still. And they found them. Some of them were beautiful; some grotesque and horrible, as if Nature herself had gone on a stupendous jag. But though I was glad to behold all these things for the first time, some of them bored me, and always I brought the conversation round firmly to the petrified birds in the petrified trees. For the more I thought of it the more it appeared to me unsportsmanlike and not cricket to laugh at me when I was performing that purely personal and private experiment with the volcanic glass. Finally, when I had reverted once more to the subject, one of the men in the party turned suddenly to MacBride and whispered in his ear.

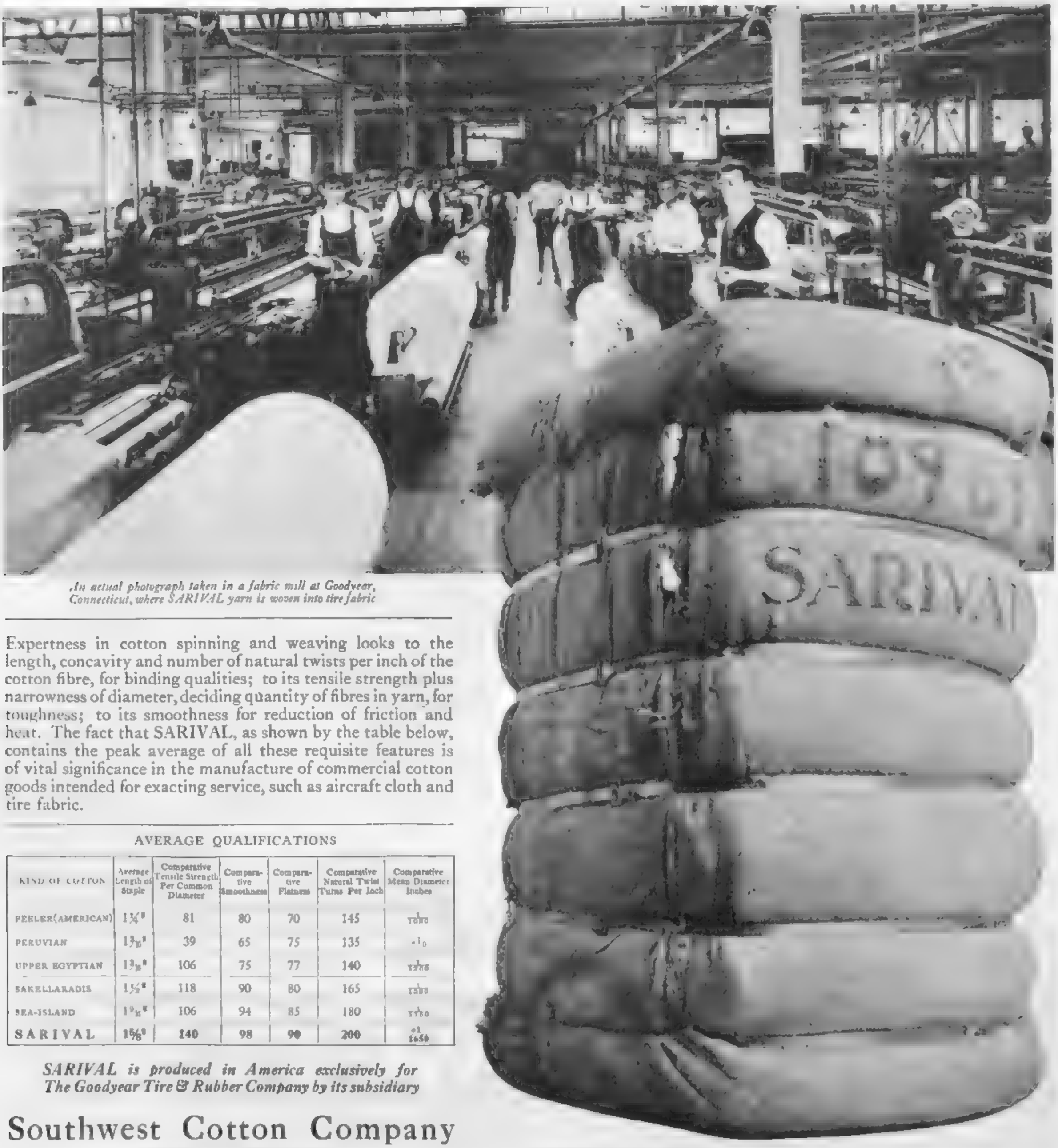
"All right," replied the ranger, "we'll show it to her." But they would not tell me what it was.

But I said to myself: "Aha! It's the petrified forest. Now I shall find out about the birds—and the laugh will be on them. But I shall have to watch sharp, for these plateau humorists would be capable of driving me straight through the heart of the petrified forest and so distract my attention with whoppers that I would see nothing at all—and after dinner at the hotel they would tell all the world how they had driven

(Continued on Page 53)

SARIVAL

SELECTED FROM COMMERCIAL LONG-STAPLE COTTON PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD



An actual photograph taken in a fabric mill at Goodyear, Connecticut, where SARIVAL yarn is woven into tire fabric

Expertness in cotton spinning and weaving looks to the length, concavity and number of natural twists per inch of the cotton fibre, for binding qualities; to its tensile strength plus narrowness of diameter, deciding quantity of fibres in yarn, for toughness; to its smoothness for reduction of friction and heat. The fact that SARIVAL, as shown by the table below, contains the peak average of all these requisite features is of vital significance in the manufacture of commercial cotton goods intended for exacting service, such as aircraft cloth and tire fabric.

AVERAGE QUALIFICATIONS

KIND OF COTTON	Average Length of Staple	Comparative Tensile Strength Per Common Diameter	Comparative Smoothness	Comparative Flatness	Comparative Natural Twist Turns Per Inch	Comparative Mean Diameter Inches
PEELER(AMERICAN)	1¼"	81	80	70	145	1/7810
PERUVIAN	1 3/16"	39	65	75	135	1/10
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1 3/16"	106	75	77	140	1/12178
SAKELLARADIS	1 1/16"	118	90	80	165	1/12810
SEA-ISLAND	1 9/16"	106	94	85	180	1/17810
SARIVAL	1 5/8"	**140**	**98**	**90**	**200**	1/1650

SARIVAL is produced in America exclusively for The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company by its subsidiary

Southwest Cotton Company

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Copyright 1920, by the Southwest Cotton Co.

Tom and Huck with lick in school

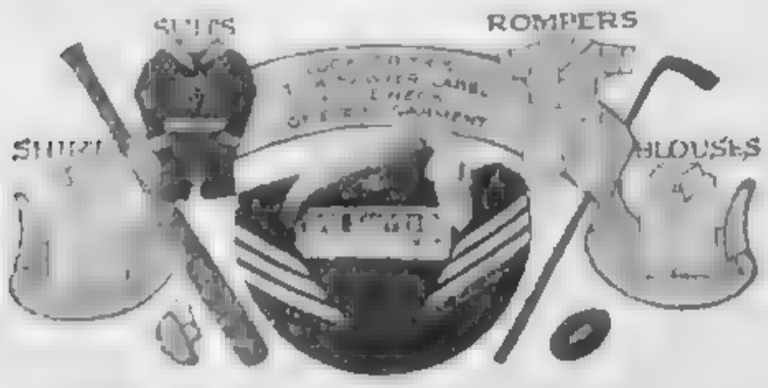
TOM SAWYER NORFOLKS SOMEtimes give the impression that they are made mainly to satisfy mothers who like to see their boys distinctively well dressed.

But a feel of fabric and a look at the workmanship, never fail to show that they are made for real boy-play, too.

The firmly woven fabric is dyed in the thread, so that its rich colors can withstand dozens of washings.

The workmanship of every seam, buttonhole and pocket—the buttons stoutly sewed on to stay, the well-fitting but roomy cut—all show plainly that here is washwear better than you thought possible.

And yet it costs no more than you usually pay, for your dealer buys his Tom Sawyers direct from the maker.



SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck. RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years. JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9.
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10. ROMPERS—3 to 8.
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

Elder Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

New York Chicago Kansas City Dallas Los Angeles

Tom Sawyer

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

CUT OUT FOR A LONG CAREER

(Continued from Page 50)

me straight through the petrified forest and I had not recognized it at all!"

So I sat up and began to look about very sharply. Seeing which, the conductor of the party said: "I guess we'll have to blindfold her, Mac."

But at that I cried out, and the chief ranger said soothingly: "No, no. It's not necessary. Just look toward my side of the car. Look always toward this side."

So I fixed my eyes steadfastly on his side of the road, where came close down to meet us a magnificent forest of pines with bright yellow moss clinging to their boles. But these trees were very much alive. Alive also were the birds darting through their branches, and the singing hidden streams.

Both he and the ranger were somewhat excited. Their eyes had little sparks like fireflies down in their depths as they glanced at me. The automobile came to a halt.

"Now we've got to blindfold her, Mac."

"No," said the ranger quietly. "It's not necessary. Just look down at your feet," he admonished, turning to me. "Don't look farther than the toes of your boots."

Obediently I kept my eyes fastened on the tips of my muddy tan boots, though listening with all my ears, while they lifted me, like a wax dummy in a show window, out of the car, and guided me step by step, one holding each arm, up what appeared to be a moist little path, up a few wooden steps, and finally out upon what appeared to be a rude wooden platform, swung between

The Sierras

"Will the water be petrified too?" I asked in a low voice, catching the flashing white tumble of a waterfall.

"You forget that petrified stuff for a second," counseled the ranger. And then he began to explain to me all kinds of forest lore: What to do when lost in the mountains above timber line; how to make a fire in the open, in a rain; how to make a bed on the ground—things which would be ever so useful to me in my New York flat in the jungles of Fifth Avenue.

And ever the road mounted. And ever I kept my eyes glued on the ranger's side of the car. The petrified forest, I deduced craftily, must be on the opposite side from MacBride. And still we mounted. That petrified forest must be on the top of the world! Presently there came a tremble of the earth, and a kind of distant thunder.

"Too big a sound for the petrified birds!" decided I.

The conductor of the party muttered, "Here!"

heaven and earth. The hollow boards beneath my feet trembled. I had a sense of giddy height. And in my ears that noise of distant thunder sounded closer at hand, familiar, yet strange. I began to lose my balance. I felt I must open my eyes or fall.

"Don't look yet!" admonished my guides, and they led me a few paces farther across the reëchoing boards, planted my groping hands upon a wooden rail—and then they stood apart.

"Now!" they exclaimed. "Now—look up!"

I removed my gaze from my boot tops. I looked up. For perhaps five minutes—or five eons—I stood thus, staring with all my eyes, not saying a word. Then I turned to the conductor of the party, who was laughing at my astonishment and rubbing his hands.

"Well!" he cried out gleefully. "What do you think of it? Did you see anything in Europe finer than that?" They always say that! As if Europe were the touchstone!

Each Highway Trailer Saves $18.96 Per Load For the Towars Creamery Co. of Detroit

Instead of a Truck

Buy a Highway Trailer

Save $10 to $20 Daily

$2600 is the price of the average 1½-ton truck.

$725 is the price of the 1½-ton Highway Trailer. It adds just as much to your hauling capacity.

The truck load costs 18c per ton mile. You add 1c per ton mile extra for each load carried by the Highway Trailer.

And You Save $1875

In larger sizes the saving in cost is much greater. The 6-ton Highway Trailer costs $4,000 less than the average truck of the same capacity. Note price comparisons below.

When considering additional hauling capacity, think how you will meet the situation if you install Highway Trailers. A Highway Trailer increases truck capacity by adding to the truck load as additional cars add to the capacity of a railway locomotive.

There are also savings in operation. No extra drivers are required. Added fuel costs less than 10% for double loads. These truck users save from $10.00 to $20.00 daily in the operation of a single Highway Trailer. Such savings net $3,000 to $6,000 a year. (Note the experience of Towars Creamery.)

The U. S. Government operating more than $1,000,000 worth of Highway Trailers proved they cut haulage costs in excess of rated truck capacity, by 80% to 90%. The Government accepted Highway Trailer design exclusively without change.

There is a type for any need—four-wheel reversible, semi-trailers and pole trailers from 1 to 10 tons.

Write for table of comparative costs.

Saving $18.96 Per Load Using a five-ton truck the Towars Creamery Co. of Detroit formerly hauled 100 cans of milk per load at a cost of 15c per can. With a truck and Highway Trailer they haul 237 cans of milk per load at a cost of 7c per can, saving $18.96 on a single load. Their other Highway Trailers earn similar profits.

Average Truck Costs	1½ Ton $2600	2½ Ton $3500	4 Ton $4000	6 Ton $5500
Highway Trailer Costs	$725	$935	$1225	$1545
Highway Trailer Saves	$1875	$2565	$2775	$3955

HIGHWAY TRAILER
EDGERTON WISCONSIN

How the T. M. E. R. & L. Co. Interurban Express of Milwaukee Uses Highway Trailers

1261

Notaseme Hose are made for everybody —men, women and children. They come in silk, lisle and mercerized.

NOTASEME HOSIERY

MEN: How long does a pair of socks last you? We've found out how to make hosiery longer-lasting. It's the Notaseme perfect process of manufacturing. The wear-resisting heel and toe are knit 4-ply. And this durability-building process also gives Notaseme the "looks" and comfort that men want—smooth, lustrous appearance, snug-fitting ankle and instep. Get this *built-in durability*—let your next socks be Notaseme.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Wasn't it worth shutting your eyes in order to have this marvel of marvels burst upon you suddenly in all its magnificence?"

I assented and turned to feast my eyes once more upon the splendid panorama of colors spread out before my gaze. For this was no petrified forest—no grotesque freak. It was the superb Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River—and the distant roar I had heard was the flying thunder of the Upper and the Lower Falls.

It is not my purpose to add to the literature already extant descanting on the beauties of this particular cañon. For that I refer you to any good public-library file. There are certain things in heaven and earth that give the heart a catch, a thrill, which no words, however winged, can recapture—such as a noble storm at sea; mountains at twilight; a flushed babe falling into drowsy slumber; the deep steady look of a lover. Therefore, I am not going to attempt to describe this climax, so artfully arranged by my friends, but rather follow the fashion of certain famous novelists who when they arrive at their high scenes, their purple patches, when the distracted author-ridden hero and heroine are about to cast themselves into each other's arms—always finish off what they dare not say with a row of discreet asterisks. As thus:

Slowly she lifted up to him her sweet flower face, gave him all her eyes, all the proud glory of a loving soul. He reeled like a drunken man before the shining revelation. He held forth his arms.

"Come! Come!" he muttered hoarsely.

A tremulous sigh passed over her delicate frame. He clasped her in a passionate embrace."

Then: * * * * * * *

Well, I should think so! A whole constellation!

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  *       *       *       *
      *       *       *
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That night after dinner, out in the lounge of the Canyon Hotel, that place of magnificent distances, we were felicitating ourselves, as tourists will, on the end of a perfect day. I had said that the park was wonderful; they had agreed that the park was wonderful. I added that nobody could tell how wonderful it was until one had seen it; they agreed that in order to realize how wonderful it was it must be seen. As the upshot of all this after-you-my-dear-Gaston business, the men were exchanging looks of gratification—secret gratification which said as plainly as if they had blazoned it up in electric lights on Broadway: "Well, thank goodness, we've stopped her mouth at last, and she's forgot about those blamed petrified birds!"

Every Marvel But One

And so, when all of us were in the proper glow of comradeship, I added, as a casual afterthought: "Yes, it's all very wonderful! And now, when I have seen the petrified ——"

Somebody shoved back his chair with a loud scrape. I heard—or was it fancy?—a muttered curse. A few seconds later all the male constituents of the party had drifted together over by the cashier's cage. Their heads were as close together as the tufted crests of a covey of mountain quail. They were discussing something earnestly in guarded undertones. It did not take a rare intuition to divine what the conspiracy was about. But I did not care. They had been most kind and shown me many marvels—but not the liveliest marvel of all. It was as if a friend should invite you to an especially fine trout dinner and praise the trout to the skies. Then, when you had arrived at table, he should serve you with quail, grouse, pigeon, pheasant, every wild delicacy under the sun save the one he had expressly promised. And you should remark, after praising all the dishes: "Look here, my dear fellow! Of course this is a remarkably fine repast and all that—but confound it, what about that trout?"

Nevertheless, I decided that I had made my point sufficiently clear; I would speak no further on the subject of petrifaction. But that chapter was not to be so easily closed. The next morning we were bound back into the hills to witness a stampede of the buffalo herd. This is a herd of about four hundred animals which feeds back in the mountains.

Several days before I had mentioned idly that I should like to see a buffalo herd stampede, and the chief ranger had replied easily: "That so? Well, I'll see if I can't arrange one for you"—as if he were accustomed to pull off a little thing like that every morning before breakfast. "It'll take about two days to drive the herd down from the hills. We'll go to the buffalo farm by automobile and then take a buckboard for the rest of the way."

Accordingly the appointed day found us on the road to witness the stampede. I had intended to say nothing whatever about the petrified forest, but it seemed to me only kind that I should mention the fact that I had buried the hatchet, and so set their minds at ease.

I began mildly: "You said yesterday that we should not have time on this trip to see the p——"

"The petrified forest?" the gentleman who had first launched the subject caught me up nonchalantly. "Oh, yes. You will have an opportunity on our way back. That is—if you still want to. Do you?"

The men glanced at each other, this time not uneasily, but with a kind of grim glee. By which I understood that they had definitely thrown their hat into the ring.

"Rather!" I replied firmly.

"Very well," said the gentleman gravely, in the semi-hushed tones one uses for funerals. "I must warn you there is a—a certain risk."

The Stampede

But by now we had arrived at the buffalo farm and the subject was dropped. The farm proved to be a collection of log cabins with a corral set in a great amphitheater of tawny hills. Here we met the man who was to conduct the stampede, all booted and spurred, ready to mount his cow pony and with two or three other cowpunchers to set in motion the herd, which they had driven into a valley behind one of those low hills. And now we changed into a high, creaking buckboard, drawn by four lean mustangs, and went rattling off across hill, dale and stream, until we entered a wide, low sweeping plain. Here we took up our stand, one lonely buckboard load of humans, to witness a pageant which, now passed into the yesterday of the nation, was once a commonplace on these great, tawny, rolling Western plains.

The buffalo keeper dashed up in order to direct us just where to drive to obtain the best view, desiring that we be as close as possible when the herd swept by in its enveloping cloud of dust. He and the chief ranger conferred. They were anxious on one score alone: to obtain a good close-up view. I was anxious on three: To see; to be safe; and to keep the babe in our party safe. As it was not my baby this was pure altruism on my part. I explained my point of view to the father of the child.

"It's not, you understand, that I'm afraid of being trampled by these big coarse wild brutes. It's to protect the child. For I've lived already more than a quarter of a century. And I've had a good time. So it wouldn't matter much if I should die. But your child's career has not even begun; he's not lived or loved. And it seems to me rough to take a chance on his future like that. So, for his sake, let us be—prudent!"

But the cruel parent simply laughed, and directed the driver to go still closer in order to procure a snapshot. After which, of course, I protested no more. But as a matter of philosophic interest I asked MacBride what was the controlling element in a stampede.

"The leaders," replied he. "The herd follows the leaders blindly. That is, almost always."

"What is the exception?"

"Oh, sometimes an outlaw cow will bolt and try to stampede the herd in a different direction. There are usually a few old outlaw cows in every herd that try to ball up the game."

"And do the leaders know where they're going when they run away?"

"No—and don't care. You see, they're usually worked up over something or crazy with fear."

"And they run with their heads down, don't they? Right on the ground? And the air's full of dust anyhow. And they wear bangs down over their eyes—a kind of heavy fringe?"

"Well, they can't see much."

"And if those fool leaders should take a notion to run in our direction?"

"They'd run. But ——"

"But what?"

(Concluded on Page 57)

GRANT SIX

Built for Work and for Play

HERE is a motor car that adapts itself to your every mood. It is built for work and for play—it responds instantly to every demand you choose to put upon it.

You can tell by your first glance that the Grant Six is not an ordinary, matter of fact car. Its lines themselves suggest that it is a fleet, nimble car ready on the instant for a dash of speed when the straight-away road tempts you to experience the thrill of rapid motion.

Yet the Grant Six is not built primarily for play-time. Grant Six designers realize that by far the largest use you will make of your car is the every day, back and forth travel. So the Grant Six is built for work too—for steady, dependable economical service.

Money could not produce a finer chassis from a mechanical standpoint. As it stands the Grant Six chassis is a masterpiece of refined and simplified construction, perfectly balanced, and completely worked out.

The beauty of the car is a logical accompaniment of its mechanical perfection. Both reflect a determination to excel without which neither good engineering nor beautiful body-building is possible.

There is one of the 1200 Grant Six dealers in your neighborhood—ask him to show you and demonstrate the car. If you do not know who is the nearest dealer write the factory for his name and for the new illustrated catalog.

Choice of Four Body Styles:

Five Passenger Touring Car
Three Passenger Roadster
Five Passenger Sedan
Four Passenger Coupe

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO

EXPORT DEPARTMENT: 245 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes

"RIGHT-POSTURE" Clothes

Dip Lightly Into The Family Purse

ECONOMY in a boy's clothes is not what is *on* the price-ticket, but what is *under* it—the fabrics and the tailorwork. Even the best suit will wear out, of course, but it will outwear two cheap suits. "Right-Posture" Clothes are made to stand long, hard usage from healthy, husky boys.

In addition, your boy is coaxed, through the *exclusive* "Right-Posture" feature, to cultivate correct carriage that he and you will be proud of.

Be sure that the "Right-Posture" Trademark (shown above) is sewn under the collar. Thousands are reading our helpful booklet, "The Clothes A Boy Should Wear." Have you written for your copy? There should be a "Right-Posture" Clothier in your town, if not, write us.

The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING HAS STYLE, BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" IS STYLE

(Concluded from Page 54)

"Well, they're pretty apt to swerve round an object as big as a buckboard. Of course the leaders might not see us in time—but those that came after would."

"On account of the piled-up wreck, I suppose?" I spoke somewhat angrily—for there were still quite a few little things I wanted to do in my life, odds and ends that would keep me busy up to round seventy or so. And I did not want to be killed by a lot of stupid buffaloes. I shouldn't have minded so much had they been beautiful clever beasts.

My broodings were interrupted by the ranger, who exclaimed: "Look!"

Sighting along his index finger I perceived in the distance, on the summit of a low hill several miles away, what appeared like a thick dun cloud dragging down close to the ground such as one sees in a mountain thundershower. The dun cloud moved. It flowed slowly down the slope of the hill. Upon the floor of the valley it gathered speed. Nearer, it was like a cloud, and still not like a cloud, for it was too thick, hard edged and compact. And above all, that cloud ran too fast! And now, as it drew still nearer, we began to catch glimpses of violent activity within that moving curtain of yellow dust—fierce, shaggy, butting heads; cows suddenly bolting from the herd out into the sagebrush and driven back by the cowboys, who yelled and discharged their six-shooters; hoarse bellows from the charging bulls; terrified bleats of the calves; and above all, the muffled thud of a thousand pounding hoofs as the huge wave of thundering palpitant flesh rolled by.

And as a matter of fact the leaders did not so much as even glance in our direction. With their noses glued to the ground they tore due west, as if they had to be in San Francisco that night for dinner. But at this juncture the keeper of the herd galloped on ahead, eased the leaders down, turned them on the left flank, and in less time than it takes to record, the entire big rushing mass had been brought down to a measured gallop, to an amble, to a walk—and presently the leaders, grizzled old generals of the line, came to a dead stop, lifted their massive shaggy heads, and bellowed in Buffaloese: "Dismiss—your—battalions!"

Too Far to Go Alone

The colonels bawled the orders to the majors, the majors passed them along to the captains, and the captains—as handsome-bearded young buffaloes as ever I have seen—delivered them to their companies, while the looeys and top sergeants immediately began to worry the green little calves who could not keep in step. In such manner, amid great confusion and bellowing of diverse commands, the big herd came to rest. The review was over. We drove up close and snapshotted them at will.

I had determined, as I have said, to round out my visit to this marvelous topsy-turvy land without further mention of the petrified forest. Accordingly on the way back to the hotel I carefully avoided mention of subjects of an arboreal or ornithological nature, and I steered the conversation onto the reef of the League of Nations and hung it up there high and dry, thinking that by the time they had pried it off those rocks we should have arrived at the hotel. But I had reckoned without my hosts.

In the middle of a sentence—"Stop the car!" suddenly came the quiet command. The driver stopped. The gentleman—he who had sponsored the petrified birds—got down and assisted me to descend. The others followed. "Follow me!" he said.

We climbed a high rocky bank, proceeded up the slope and halted before two stumps. They were powerful-looking stumps that might once have been great sugar pines.

"These," elucidated the gentleman impressively, "are petrified stumps. Examine them well."

I did so. It was true. They were petrified beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"I admit their petrifaction. What of it?" I inquired.

"It is simply to prove to you that there are petrified trees in this region. At times you have appeared to doubt. Over there," he pointed, "about twenty miles away, is the petrified forest of which I spoke."

"All right. Let's go."

"Wait a minute," enjoined he. He looked slowly round the group, which by this time had hemmed us in. "Is there any gentleman present," he asked solemnly, "who is willing to accompany this lady on that trip?"

With one accord they shook their heads. "Not me!" . . . "Nor me!" . . . "Betcher life—not me! I got a wife and kids!"

"You see?" said the gentleman gravely. "If you make that trip you must make it alone. I doubt if you would find in all this whole wide world a man who would accompany you. And I will tell you why. For this entire region, as we have shown you, is a volcanic area. In it are many marvels, many freaks—boiling springs, petrified trees. The Indians used to say that hell was directly underneath and that the park was located on the roof. That would account for many strange things. And among the strangest of all is the fact that this petrified forest of which we have joked is surrounded by a wall. The wall is invisible. It is composed of air. But it is composed—and this constitutes the danger—of petrified air. What petrifies the air we cannot tell any more than we can tell what petrifies the trees. But he who penetrates that wall of petrified air must possess a pair of petrified lungs—or else he cannot survive."

The Sign on the Hill

There fell a long, a very long silence.

At last the gentleman broke it to inquire mildly: "Are your lungs petrified?"

I looked at him without reply.

He persisted, gently yet firmly: "Do you still desire to go—alone?"

I shook my head.

In silence—there was really no particular occasion for speech—the circle dispersed. We clambered down the slope. But as we reached the bank one of the men paused to shield his eyes from the violent sun glare and appeared to scan searchingly a distant hill.

"What is it?" I asked, happy to change the subject, and thinking he had discovered a mountain goat, in which the region abounds.

"Looks to me like some advertisement painted up against that hillside," muttered he, squinting his eyes. "These durn fools from the city come out with a bucket of red paint and they plaster signs on every rock and tree in sight. They'd paint signs on the very hides of the jack rabbits if they got a chance. Sometimes they're religious texts, like 'Thou God seest me.' Looks like this one might be that sort—for I can make out the word 'good.'"

"I don't see it at all," said I.

"You will in a minute," he replied kindly. Cupping his hands like a pair of binoculars he gazed earnestly through them to the distant wall of blue hills. "I got it!" he cried triumphantly. "Here you are." He spelled it out slowly: "'Now—will—you—be good?'"

That night at dinner the plateau dwellers of the party were merrier than I had ever seen them, and I am bound to state in their behalf that not once throughout the evening did they mention anything which even began with a "p."

These few memoranda which I have collected and set down I do not claim exhausts the theme. There are still hundreds, nay thousands of whoppers up there in that plateau region which bloom unseen and waste, so to speak, their fragrance on the desert air. This handful I have collected simply to give an idea of their color and what the French call their *bouquet*. But if a senatorial committee is appointed to investigate the situation—and particularly those illicit sources of intoxication—I have a list of names of gentlemen I should be most happy to turn in—gentlemen to whom I should listen with pure pleasure when they take the witness stand.

To the BRIDE—

WHEN you get settled in your own little home, with your own things around you, and you begin to entertain your friends—

Then you assume your new rôle in life—a *real* Hostess! To be smart and original, yet always *correct*—that is to be truly successful as a Hostess.

On your table a pattern of silver that is correct in design and spirit—and that has not become so common as to lose its distinction. In your entertaining, as easy grace that comes of absolute assurance.

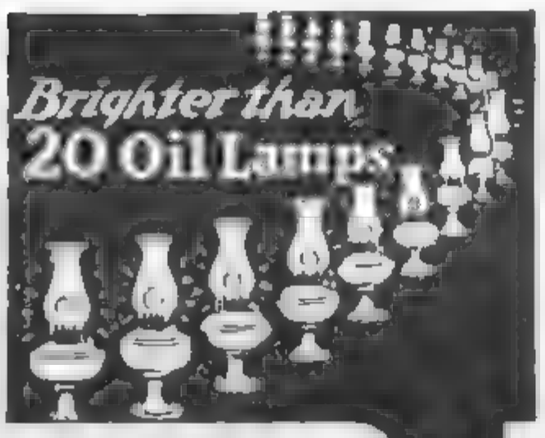
The Wallace Hostess Book, written by Winnifred S. Eales, a recognized authority on social conventions, would undoubtedly prove a great help to you, for it is *up to the minute*.

In text and photographs it tells the fundamentals of perfect table service and the etiquette of social events of every kind. With it at your elbow you can always be at ease, knowing just what traditions must be respected and where you may venture on a new and daring touch without risking a *faux pas*.

It is a beautiful volume of 36 pages bound in boards and profusely illustrated. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address: Dept. of Publications.

The Hudson

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut



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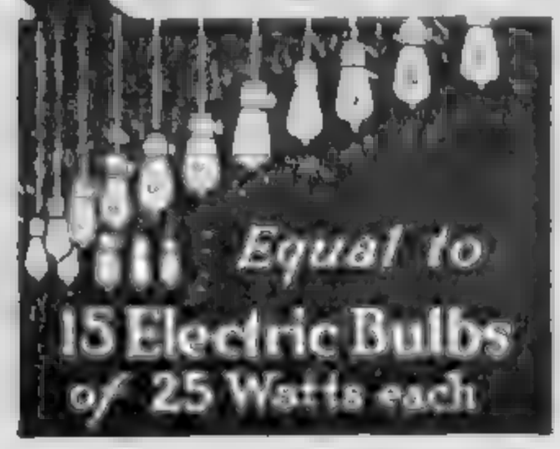

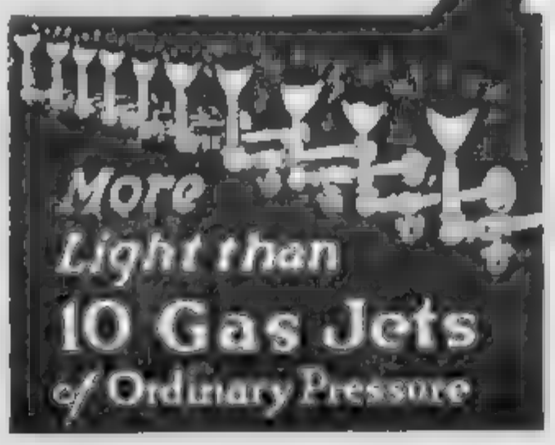

OUT-OF-DOORS

How to Plant Fry

THE interesting report of the Montana Fish and Game Commission has in it one thing which ought to be remembered as Bible information by everyone who gets fry from any state fish commission for planting purposes. Much of this is done on an amateur basis. The cans of fry usually are taken from the railway car, put on a wagon or a flivver, taken out to water where they are to be stocked, and then dumped in bodily. Sometimes the water has been kept cool and sometimes not, sometimes it has been aerated and sometimes not. Quite often the fry are dumped into the main stream or into the edge of a lake, though most sportsmen who have a hand in this work know enough to plant the fry on the natural spawning grounds of the fish—in little spring holes or in various small creeks near their heads; rarely, if ever, in the main waters. Here is what the Montana commission says in the way of practical advice. Perhaps if the advice be followed it will save the lives of millions of fry. I know, for instance, that I have helped plant millions of fry in a purely amateur way, and I never knew all of this before, especially the point of having the temperature of the water in the can the same as that of the water in which the fry are to be placed.

"Water in the cans must be kept constantly aerated so that the fish will not suffocate from lack of oxygen. Unless special apparatus is provided this is done by hand, water being dipped up from the top of the can and allowed to fall back from a height. Such attention is required at least every half hour. The water must also be kept cool, with the use of ice if necessary. Under no circumstances must the fry or fingerlings be kept in the cans overnight without attention. It is necessary to take them directly to their destination and plant them at once. They should be protected as much as possible from jarring while being transported by wagon, to prevent injury to the young fish from being thrown against the sides and bottoms of the cans.

"Just before actually placing the fish in the water attention must be given to the temperatures of the water in the can and in the stream. If this vital point is neglected the entire planting may be for naught, for a difference of only a few degrees between the two waters will kill young fish. A twenty-five cent dairy thermometer will show whatever variation there is. However small the variation may be, the temperatures must be equalized by dipping water from the can into the stream, and from the stream into the can, a little at a time. Another method is to stand the can in the stream, but this takes much longer.

"When the temperature is right the can may be emptied. The fish may be dipped out or carefully poured from the can. In the latter case the mouth of the can should be held no more than a few inches above the stream, so that the fry will not be jarred by the impact of the water. The fish should be spread out as much as possible, some being planted in one place, and others a little farther away. No more than 500 fingerlings or 2000 fry should be planted per mile in a small stream. . . .

"One of the very best means that can be adopted for the protection of the fry of streamfish is the building of artificial stream pools. These are formed by damming up the headwaters of rivulets and little spring creeks."

Monkeying With Nature

IF OUR zealous scientific friends who now and then take into their own hands the stocking or the restocking of certain game covers or certain waters with species of game or fish which suit their own fancy could only by some means confine themselves to mistakes which could be corrected, matters were not so bad and we could forgive them many things. Unhappily, however, it quite often occurs that when man begins to monkey with Nature the results of the monkeying are not always satisfactory and not always remediable. Times without number a new and worthless species has destroyed and supplanted a native species which was the one which ought to have been increased and stabilized. Foreign species of birds, alien species of fishes rarely make a success. Indeed you can about count on one finger of one hand all the successes of that sort which ever have been made in America.

Without continuous stocking from the government hatcheries there would not be a whitefish in the Great Lakes to-day, there would not be a trout in any of hundreds of streams all over the country, there would be almost no black bass in many other steams. Without doubt or question our angling depends on our government fish hatcheries, and so to a very large extent does our supply of food fishes. We may say this much in unreserved praise and confidence, yet it would be folly to jump from this to the sweeping conclusion that all fish planting is judicious or successful or desirable.

The fish commission of Illinois many years ago planted the German carp in the streams of that state. No one can estimate the millions of dollars of damage that fish has done. It has absolutely no sporting value and practically no food value. Though it has not wholly destroyed the game fishes it has made it much harder to support the game fishes in those waters. The carp is numerous, but it is not a benefit. It is a nuisance and it can never be removed.

The English sparrow is another nuisance which can never be abated. I heard a while ago that someone was importing English starlings. It is an experiment which may or may not work out successfully.

Many years ago someone planted a few rabbits in Australia. They have cost millions of dollars, but they can never be removed.

Out in Montana black bass were planted near Flathead Lake some years ago. They have spread as far as Thompson Falls, about one hundred miles. They live on trout in those waters, and they are no good substitute for trout.

In the Madison River of Montana the United States authorities planted the Loch Leven trout. This is a good game fish, but it is out of balance with that stream, which always has been an ideal grayling stream, and suitable also for the native trout. The brown trout grows very rapidly and attains a weight much above that of the native trout. It is voracious and it takes a lot of other fish to support it. Its planting in that water was a mistake.

The rainbow trout was also planted in many Montana waters, very successfully, and has made splendid angling for many sportsmen. Putting it into a grayling water would be a mistake, the same as with the Loch Leven, though these three species have lived together for some years now.

The United States fish commission authorities have planted Eastern brook trout in some of the Rocky Mountain streams, for instance those in the Yellowstone Park. I have seen a very nice basket of brook trout taken in the latter park. Does that mean that the planting is a success? I can hardly think so. In all those waters the mountain trout, known as the cutthroat trout, was an established and proved success. It would be cheaper, easier and more sensible to plant these trout than to introduce any other species. It would be more reasonable to stock grayling in a grayling stream, rainbows in a rainbow stream.

Now if we could get the carp out of the Mississippi River, the sparrows out of the United States, the black bass out of the Flathead waters, the Loch Levens out of the Madison waters—all alien fishes out of waters long ago proved capable of sustaining desirable species—it would not be so bad. But that cannot be done. It seems to be the fatal quality of an amateur deer hunter to be able to hit a man moving in the brush, though he usually misses a deer. Fish commissioners sometimes fail in keeping up the native supply of a species proved capable of surviving in its habitat, but it's just their fool luck to make all their experiments with alien fishes stick.

No one can tell how many elk and quail and deer have been killed in course of attempts at transplanting these animals. A limited success in that work has been made in certain preserves. But offsetting the debits and the credits on any valid basis of bookkeeping, what would be the net results, if really we could get at them accurately? We don't know. But even in these days of disappearing species we go on with our monkeying.

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HIGH LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

"I may be prejudiced ——" began Georges.

"I didn't suppose princesses were like that."

"I dare say she had no idea princes were like you."

"I'd almost like to have seen her," ventured our young gentleman. "Of course photographs give you such a bad idea of a girl."

"Yes, don't they? Lydia is growing prettier every moment."

He felt that so far he might venture to go. Mrs. Hastings had guaranteed that there were some excellent shops at Delices-les-Bains.

"It's a frightful mess, isn't it, Otto? I honestly think she'd like you for yourself alone. But she wouldn't meet you."

"Where did you say she'd gone?"

"I didn't say," answered the young lady's father. "But she has, as a matter of fact, gone to the Hotel de Russie at Delices-les-Bains."

"That isn't far, is it? Yes, I shall go to see her there. I like her—for a friend of course. I agree with her that there should be no sentiment between us."

"Certainly not," said His Majesty.

"She deserves something better than a prince as a husband," went on the boy handsomely.

"You'd get on famously together. It's a pity—no, she'd never be herself with you. In fact, though, she's scarcely herself now. I wonder if I can trust you, young man—yes, I'm sure I can. She's at Delices merely as Miss Lydia Smith!"

As impartial observers we may wonder whether, though he could doubtless trust Prince Otto, the Princess Lydia could trust her father. There are modern women who say that men have no sense of honor, and this is perhaps not the best moment to combat the statement.

"As Miss Smith!" exclaimed Otto, seemingly ravished by the unusual name. "Then couldn't I go—as Mr. Jones?"

"Why not? It's a striking title."

"I will! What a lark!"

Events of course will prove how much of a lark it was. Man proposes and woman disposes—at any rate an American woman such as Mrs. Hastings, of New York. But there is no need to anticipate. It was a pleasant boyish plot which these two male creatures planned. And His ex-Majesty of Constantia-Felix thought how charming a son-in-law the future ex-king of Hellenos would make. The Lac des Alpes looked just a little less blue.

▼

DELICES-LES-BAINS is, as the French so prettily term places in their language, *coquet*, which does not exactly mean coquettish, but merely trim and bright and gay and a little impudent, all in short that a small watering place should be. It sits in a green amphitheater of the Lesser Alps and its healing springs flow in a marble temple which might well have been erected to Venus instead of Hygeia, so fair and fashionable and radiant are the ladies who approach it across a lawn edged with those preposterous yet pleasant French flower beds in which all the colors of the rainbow are mixed.

There are colonnades all round the green lawn and under them the smallest and most elegant shops, idling and buying in which at incredible prices so delightfully soothe the sensibilities of the most exclusive women. There has been a great deal of talk in the newspapers of how during the war feminine nerves had disappeared; how indeed the whole race of women had been raised to some higher plane upon which there was no lure of clothes and trinkets. Fortunately for Delices and perhaps for the rest of the world a great deal of curing is still found necessary, and fortunately for its shopkeepers choosing a really becoming gown or hat and picking up, say, a jeweled wrist watch of a new design, still make wonderfully for health.

This talk of shops is by no means beside the point; it concerns vitally Miss Lydia Smith and explains certain transformations which the dullest observer might have detected in that young woman as the second morning after her arrival she appeared upon the small veranda in front of her friend Mrs. Hastings' *appartement* in the Hotel de Russie. It was very pleasant, this little veranda. There were wicker chairs and a table painted pink and white and there were great pots of blue hydrangeas growing as they will nowhere where the French language is not spoken. There was pink about Miss Smith's costume, and blue too, but it is idle for any man even to try to describe it.

It is indeed perhaps more idle for any man even to touch upon the processes by which ladies grow lovelier. Nothing so crude as artifices like paint and powder is meant here; even a mere man realizes that there are darker mysteries. Perhaps it is no more than the mere will to be beautiful, *un peu de bonne volonté*, as Parisians say, which sends a light shining from within, causes each ringlet to fall into just the right place, makes the eye brighter and the cheek softer. Happiness sometimes does it, and if at this magical moment the right dressmaker and coiffeur are at hand a pretty miracle may happen overnight. It is a grateful task to hint that something like this had happened to our little princess.

She looked at the small valley in the morning sunlight, at the dew still glittering on the branches of the pines, and it seemed excellent to be young and even more gratifying to feel that one was at least moderately nice looking.

"I never dreamed," she said in a soft voice, "that I should have such clothes. I don't believe I ever dreamed there were such clothes. Why, even Bidgy looks—well, quite human."

"Where is Bidgy?" asked Mrs. Hastings from a chaise-longue by the side of a pink-and-white breakfast table where coffee and rolls and butter were sitting temptingly.

It appeared that Bidgy had gone for a walk before breakfast, just as they did in Queen Victoria's day. Was she not wonderful?

Lydia poured herself coffee in a pink-and-white cup, and as she did she shyly looked at Mrs. Hastings—looked at her clothes from head to foot—and an odd, puzzled look came into her eyes.

(Continued on Page 63)

"She is a Snob," Said Little Lydia Solemnly. "I Hate to Hurt Your Feelings—Though of Course I Know it Would Not Hurt Your Feelings—But She Says You're a Mere Bourgeois, the Son of a Tradesman"

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And since this room is not used as frequently as other rooms in the house, it is well to have its furnishings simple and easily cleaned.

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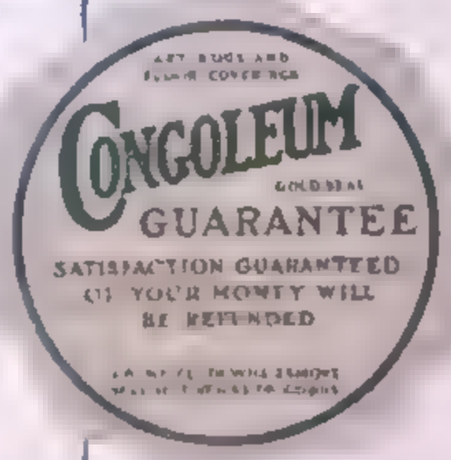

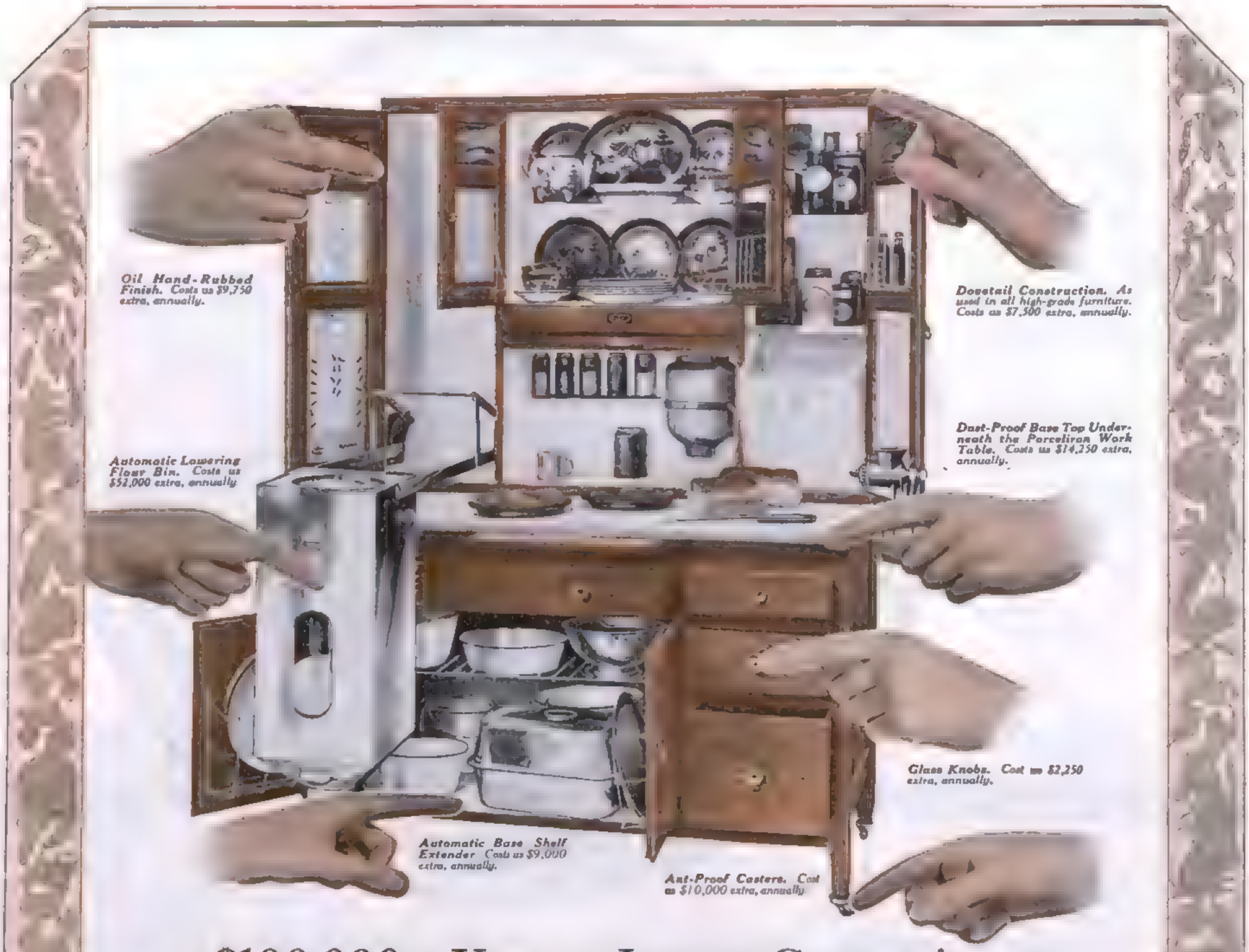
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We want you to see *how* and *where* we have added special improvements which cost us over $100,000 extra each year, and which make the Sellers the ideal of thousands of women.

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SELLERS
Kitchen Cabinets
"The Best Servant in your House"

6A

(Continued from Page 60)

"Dressmakers," she ventured, "succeed, I suppose, better with some people than with others."

"Yes," answered her American friend a little dryly, "though of course it depends a little on what they're asked to do. Perhaps you don't like what I have on?"

"Oh, it's lovely of course"—Mrs. Hastings smiled kindly—"only ——"

"Yes, I know. Only ——" replied the wearer of the costume under discussion.

It would have been a delightful though perhaps perilous adventure for a writer to have tried to describe a negligée frothing with lace and ribbons and chiffon such as was ordinarily our friend's first step in the day's dressing. But to-day she was quite differently attired. Black grosgrain silk—it is a historically well-known fact, we are informed—has not been much worn since the eighties of the last century. Yet in it Mrs. Hastings was now clad in a confection straight from Violette's in the Rue de Paris.

"It looks almost like mourning."

"It is—in a way," replied Mrs. Hastings. "I remembered that I'd never worn any when my fifth cousin, Augusta, died five years ago. I consulted Miss Bidgerton and we decided I'd feel happier if I wore it now."

Lydia considered her for a moment.

"Mrs. Hastings, I must tell you that you are just as bad and frivolous as papa."

"I've been a good deal in his set," murmured the lady, taking butter.

"I don't believe you ever had a fifth cousin Augusta."

"Perhaps she may have been sixth," was the shameless comment.

"Why did you let Violette do it? Your clothes were lovely yesterday!"

"My dear, I'll tell you something. It's an enormous comfort occasionally not to try to look well."

"I'm sure I shan't ever grow tired of trying to look well."

"You will—some day, though perhaps only for a week at a time. I've just lately realized that. Everything I have on is very dowdy and very loose too. I've a black garden hat with a frill of Spanish lace hanging down round the brim. It's a horror—but it hides the face. And I bought a pair of yellow glasses—they rest the eyes—and hide them, too," she added half to herself.

"But you've such lovely eyes."

"Yes, I realize that. Listen, my child, I'm a chaperon—that is to say, a dragon guarding a treasure—and I mean to look like one. Haven't I succeeded?"

"I think you look sweet in spite of everything," said the girl.

"Well, you're not a man," commented the older woman. "By the way, we'll go down to the Casino to tea this afternoon and have a look who's here. There are sure to be some people I know and there may be some men."

But a good deal was to happen before teatime.

At about noon Miss Bidgerton was engaged in penning a letter to her Cousin Mary, who had married the Rev. Arthur Sutro, who had just been presented to the living of Stoke-on-Chelmes by his second cousin, Lord Basinghurst. Mrs. Hastings, in her bedroom, was at work upon the black garden hat to which Monsieur Portin, in spite of orders, seemed to have given a touch of style. Each of the ladies, it is to be presumed, thought Miss Lydia Smith was with the other.

That young woman, as a matter of fact, had at eleven-fifteen stepped quietly off the veranda and started toward the Parc du Casino under a singularly becoming sunshade constructed very much on the lines of a huge pink dahlia. At twelve-fifteen Mrs. Hastings and Miss Bidgerton, who were now upon the veranda almost wringing their hands, saw Miss Smith return. She seemed flushed with triumph, as she might well be, for she had with her a very good-looking young man! He had brown hair, a pleasantly tanned skin and blue eyes, and was quite as good-looking indeed as was ever the heir apparent of Hellenos, though that prince had a smart little mustache, which Miss Smith's present acquisition lacked.

"I've had such a lovely independent morning," cried Lydia. "And I've brought this gentleman home for lunch."

"Lunch!" gasped Miss Bidgerton, and then her voice failed her. Mrs. Hastings fortunately still retained the power of speech. No dragon could have been more dignified.

"May I ask how you met this gentleman?" she asked in icy tones.

"I saw him in the park—and he very evidently saw me. Of course I wasn't quite sure how I ought to behave, whether he ought to speak to me or I ought to speak to him. I was awfully embarrassed and I wanted to do what was right," she finished, "so I spoke to him."

"We have both discovered," said the young gentleman very calmly, "that we despise the conventions."

"Evidently!" assented Mrs. Hastings. "And do you seriously imagine that I shall ask you to lunch?"

"I hope so," said the strange young man, bowing in that strange agreeable foreign way from the waist. "I have," he added—and he smiled—with a certain touch of confidence—"I have been very well educated to lunch."

Mrs. Hastings was grateful for the amber glasses; she felt they concealed a sparkle in her eyes. The creature was preposterously like a gentleman, in spite of course of behaving preposterously unlike one.

"Of course I am old-fashioned"—indeed in the face of the Princess Lydia's behavior she began to think perhaps she was. "I have a feeling about knowing who it is who lunches with me."

She suddenly inwardly reproached herself—with all her dignity she had already almost invited him. She was grateful for the black garden hat; she hoped it concealed her perturbation; she prayed that it added dignity.

"I suppose, my dear," she said severely to Lydia, "it did not occur to you to ask this young man his name."

"I knew you'd do that ——" began the girl, when she was interrupted.

"We have both discovered"—again the young gentleman spoke very calmly—"that we care what people are, not who they are."

"I," commented Mrs. Hastings, "prefer to know both."

"My name," he said, and he spoke quickly and precisely, "is Ottok Morpurgo. My father is a corn merchant in Eastern Petronalia."

"Eastern Petronalia!" wailed Miss Bidgerton—it was almost her only contribution to the discussion.

"That, my dear Miss Bidgerton, is doubtless one of the countries America had never heard of and yet was anxious to give self-determination to."

"It is," said Miss Smith, "a province of Hellenos. And he once saw King Gregorius and his son."

"Are you especially interested in them, may I ask?" It was Mrs. Hastings speaking.

"I just wanted to know if he felt as I do about royalty—if he hated them all."

"And do you?" asked the elder woman.

"I do hate them," he answered almost solemnly—"that is, I hate all their false privileges. I think they are—or at any rate they must be—just human beings—like ourselves."

"I am glad, however"—and Miss Smith struck a lighter note—"that we do not have to be like them. That Prince Otto is not a nice fellow, Mr. Morpurgo says. We should not ask him to lunch."

"We have not asked Mr. Morpurgo to lunch," said the dragon quite fairly dragonishly. "What are you doing at Delices-les-Bains, Mr. Morpurgo?"

"I am," he answered, "staying at the Grand Hôtel. Oh, I see," he went on—"I'm traveling. I am thinking of traveling to America. I want to see that great country."

"Yes, so do I," murmured little Lydia softly, and perhaps Mrs. Hastings did too—with a small sigh.

"I am learning about it," went on the strange young man. "I am studying the American language. I have some books, one very good one by a Mr. Lardner. I can speak some American too."

"Can you? Speak it!" commanded the dragon.

He turned to the girl.

"You," he said politely, lifting his hat, "are some swell eye teaser. Is it good?" he asked eagerly, turning back to the elder woman.

"It is abominable," she answered. "But it is the American language. It is much admired now, they tell me, in England. All the popular plays are written in it. But don't speak it to any nice American."

"Oh, I see!" said the young man very gravely. "The nice Americans are taking up the English language in compliment to their allies in the war. That is delicate."

She looked at him an instant—there was so much to be said that she decided not even to try to say it.

"Americans are always delicate," she agreed. "Our country is possibly the last refuge of the old-fashioned distinguished manners. A well-bred American young woman is incapable of behaving as Miss Smith has ——"

"Oh," interrupted the young man, "your name is Smith! What a pretty name!"

And Lydia, who had looked wounded at what her chaperon said, now seemed pacified.

"A well-bred American young man is incapable of behaving as you have, Mr. ——"

"Morpurgo," supplied Lydia as the dragon hesitated.

She lingered over the name as if she liked the sound. You might almost have suspected that for the moment it sounded prettier to her than Smith.

Well, thought Mrs. Hastings, it was prettier than Smith if you came to that. And the young man looked a gentleman. And hadn't she herself, when she was Flo Denison and eighteen, once spoken to a young man on the lawns of the Newport Casino just because he looked a gentleman—and very nice and handsome to boot? Of course it was a chaperon's business to chaperon, but was it not also to see that her charge enjoyed herself? Her next speech shows Mrs. Hastings trying to be at once severe and kind.

"Mr. Morpurgo," she began, "I must call your attention to the fact that it is time for lunch and that we have not asked you to that meal. But," she went on, "I have just been through the visitors' list in the Gazette des Baigneurs and it looks like a desert. There is no one I know—absolutely no one. So possibly—only possibly of course—we may ask you to lunch to-morrow."

That afternoon a telegram went to Larentonville. It asked if anything could be discovered about the Morpurgos of Eastern Petronalia. It appeared that it must have been quite easy to discover something, for the telegram in reply came almost at once. It was signed simply "Georges," but that of course was not impertinence, as it might have been with anyone else; it was just the way kings do—or did—sign. The telegram said, "Family you inquire about all right. Probably young man too. Respectable, but of course not well born. See no harm in acquaintance, provided of course it does not go too far."

We may imagine that Georges IV of Constantia-Felix, as he penned this communication in the library of his rented château of Branchazay, thought he was being clever. There is of course no special object in writing this story, but if it had an object it would perhaps be to teach men not to try to be clever.

Ottok Morpurgo came to lunch the next day. They had tea with him on Friday on the terrace of the Casino and on Saturday they all motored over to the Chalet des Grisons to dine, on account—so they said—of the wonderful trout that came from the crystal brook that flowed just by. Miss Bidgerton stayed at home, but a fourth was supplied by Vincent Sinclair, of New York, who had just turned up. Miss Lydia Smith wore a third charming confection of blue and mauve this time, but Mr. Sinclair admitted afterward that he had never seen his lovely friend, Mrs. Hastings, look less well. These were the outward events. But when upon their return Lydia, in an amber loose thing with far too many knots and rosettes of orange ribbon on it, timidly came to Mrs. Hastings' bedroom and asked if she might sit a moment by the little crackling wood fire, the older woman looked almost nervously at her young friend. The moment and the clothes portended confidences. And confidences, she foresaw, often place a dragon—even an American dragon—in embarrassing positions. Had she not promised that Miss Lydia Smith should not go far with any young man—respectable, but of course not well born—from Eastern Petronalia?

VI

"NO, SHE does not approve of you," said Miss Smith the following afternoon at teatime. There was a pink-and-white tea table on the little terrace at the Hôtel de Russie, and there were four cups, but our young lady and Mr. Ottok Morpurgo were alone when he was thus told of Mrs. Hastings' lack of appreciation. He flushed a little—he was indeed engagingly boyish—and unconsciously pulled his coat down so that it displayed to greater advantage a charming figure—it is a harmless inevitable instinct in young gentlemen who still have waists.

"Does not approve of me?" he asked as if surprised, almost as if a little piqued.

It is of course pleasant when young—even when old—to have all ladies approve of you. But a dashing Petronalian could not of course long languish under the burden of even the most unfavorable criticism from one so dull, so stern and so dowdy as Miss Smith's odd chaperon. Almost at once Mr. Morpurgo recaptured his aplomb. His next speech was so suave that one might almost have thought he had been brought up in courts.

"I welcome her disapproval if it induces her to let us have tea alone together."

"She's stayed in her room all day. She's very cross, I think. She sent for Violette from the Rue de Paris ——"

"To scold her about her clothes," suggested Mr. Morpurgo almost airily. "Well, I should think she might. They're ugly enough. Anyhow, let's not talk about her, as she's not going to intrude upon us."

"She did not say she would not come for tea," said Miss Smith. "She is very dependent on her tea. It is her age doubtless."

"Probably it's her age, too, that makes her want to spoil pleasant parties."

All this was agreeably dignified and grown up on the part of Master Morpurgo. But now again the Old Adam reappeared.

"Of course," he said almost pettishly, "I am curious to know on what grounds she did not approve of me."

"She is a snob," said little Lydia solemnly. "I hate to hurt your feelings—though of course I know it would not hurt your feelings—but she says you're a mere bourgeois, the son of a tradesman."

"And so I am!" cried Ottok, and then he went off into a rather surprising burst of boisterous laughter, which at first Lydia could not quite understand. Then she saw that it must be bitter and satirical, with the Byronic tang in it.

"Such people understand nothing," she cried, "of this free new world which you and I live in."

"Oh, but you're wonderful," he murmured, "in what you understand!"

"You've made me understand," she answered, "more than I could ever have understood by myself."

This interchange of thought is not quoted to prove any great originality of mind. But originality of mind is not always what makes conversations agreeable, especially when one is young and the other person has nice eyes. In any case there is no more to record just here, and it is perhaps as well.

"Let's have tea," cried Lydia abruptly.

"I'm glad she didn't forbid you to see me," replied Ottok almost irrelevantly.

"I suppose she knew it would be useless to forbid me anything."

"What is she going to do?" asked Ottok.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Smith.

She was putting sugar in his tea, and though there is not yet enough sugar in Europe, she judged—perhaps rightly—that the situation justified her in giving him two lumps.

"She said," she went on, "that she would attend to you."

What indeed such a phrase might have meant seemed scarcely to rouse the curiosity of these two careless young butterflies fluttering in the sunlight. It might indeed have struck a contemplative philosopher, had such been present, that these words, "attend to you," on the lips of Mrs. Alfred Hastings might have an ominous and terrifying significance. But there was no such philosopher there. No clouds darkened the horizon. There was no distant thunder rumbling angrily. Indeed, it seemed to both Miss Lydia Smith and young Mr. Morpurgo that the sun shone more brightly than usual upon Delices and upon the blue hydrangeas and the pink chairs.

There was indeed one very singular incident. There had been from time to time a low murmur of voices from the windows at the side of the little villa, as if the dragon in her bedroom were in consultation with her maid. There came once a burst of laughter; and then by contrast the voices seemed to rise a little shrilly, as if possibly in anger. Almost at once there was a slight gurgle as of suppressed hysteria, so it seemed to the young but inexperienced listeners. And then suddenly there sailed forth from the window like a black and ominous bird the famous garden hat with a frill of Spanish lace—the horror, as Mrs. Hastings had so frankly and so adequately styled it. The unfortunate confection lay malignly upon a little parterre of pink geraniums. Miss Smith and Mr. Morpurgo

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~goes a long way to make friends

Painted for The General Tire and Rubber Co., by K. Ballantyne. Copyright 1920

Service that you can never forget—the life-long friendship of a hard campaign—that explains the kind of friends The General Tire makes.

Its first big success was made right at home in Akron, where public opinion is expert tire opinion. And now there are "General Tire Towns" in every section of the country.

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Built in Akron, Ohio, *by* The General Tire and Rubber Company.

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

(Continued from Page 63)

looked at it in silence, and then in silence at each other.

"A tantrum!" finally ventured Lydia.

"I'd hate to see her when she's angry," commented the young man. "Not that I much care," he continued with the brutality of youth, "about seeing her a great deal anyway."

"She was so nice until last night."

"Tell me about last night," he urged.

"No"—and she flushed. "I don't think I can tell you about last night. But she was annoyed because she seemed to think that I—I mean because she thought that you—oh, no, I can't explain it!"

He laughed boyishly.

"I'd almost say you were trying to flatter me by making me think she's jealous of us and our friendship. But at her age ——" He lifted his hands in smiling mock horror.

"No, of course not," said little Lydia, "not at her age!"

And somehow there was no such convinced note in her voice as there had been in his. She walked a few steps across to the terrace's edge. The sun was sinking lower; it touched the plane trees of the Allée de Savoie with gold. It was indeed a pretty, gay, carefree world. The band in the Parc du Casino could be faintly heard playing a dance from Sisi. And yet somehow it didn't seem altogether a carefree world. Suddenly she felt a little troubled, a little homesick for the Lac des Alpes, even if it were a little blue. And yet the twilight mood vanished instantly at the sound of her companion's voice, though that voice was touched with the magic of the hour.

"It's a pretty world, isn't it?" he said as if in answer to her thought. "Even after the war and all it's taken from us there's a good deal left. Oh, there's so much that I want to say to you, Miss Lydia Smith."

"Yes," she murmured.

There was somehow something in the air—something fluttering in those level golden rays. But the sun, too, streamed upon the door that led into the little villa that was so *coquet*. There were striped canvas curtains hanging there—of a russet brown with broad white bands, a pretty fashion in the mode of Venice. These now slowly opened, as a brown chrysalis cracks in the woods as the spring sun warms it. Behind the brown curtain there was color—color that might well have made prettier a butterfly's wing. Yes, there was a great deal in the air.

"There's so much I want to say to you, Mr. Morpurgo. Am I too late to be given tea, Lydia dear?"

The voice was somehow softened in harmony with the tenderer aspects of the hour, and with the mellow evening light, easier for ladies than a noonday glare.

She was in a faint green—or perhaps it was a blue. But there was also pink somewhere, possibly underneath. And there was an odd knot of ribbons at her waist of the colors at the eye of the peacock's plumes. Her hat was distinctly not a horror. And there was a parasol which she slowly opened into the shape of the very cowslip bell where Ariel was used to lie. The sun caught on the copper glints in her hair; poor Lydia's seemed suddenly turned to tow. And poor Lydia's frock that had seemed so smart only a moment before, now—it was quite clear—was plain and awkwardly worn. The two younger people, who had thought only an instant earlier that they had so much to say to one another, were now silent. There was a queer little catch in the girl's throat, but all she did was—oddly enough perhaps—to go forward and pick up the horror with the Spanish-lace frill from its resting place on the pink geraniums. Mr. Morpurgo kept his eyes upon the advancing vision and unconsciously took a step forward. His cheek was a little flushed, as if in spite of all his protestations it mattered to him that she so strongly disapproved of him.

But our lovely friend—she is now again that—merely smiled rather bewilderingly at him, really not at all as if she disapproved of him or of any other handsome young man. She turned an instant to Miss Smith, who stood there as if offering the discarded headgear.

"No," she said firmly. "No, Lydia dear, I feel and look so much better in this hat. I've given up the glasses too. I see Mr. Morpurgo better now."

Mr. Morpurgo flushed an even more agreeable and boyish pink under her scrutiny. He pushed a wicker armchair abundantly supplied with cushions invitingly toward her, and going toward the table seemed awkwardly to be preparing to pour her tea.

Miss Smith flung the black hat back upon the ground with great decision of manner. She rushed almost hurriedly to the cups and saucers.

"I am quite competent," she said, "to give dear Mrs. Hastings her tea."

"I'm quite competent myself," said that lady, still smiling. "Now I am going to be very American indeed. I'm going to do a thing I haven't done before. I'm going to permit you two nice young people to go down to the Parc du Casino quite unchaperoned to hear the end of the band concert."

She seized the teapot, but Miss Smith and Mr. Ottok Morpurgo did not immediately move.

"But that," began the young man stammeringly, "would leave you all alone. And I'm sure that neither of us ——"

Miss Smith's voice—a little hard it sounded—interrupted:

"I am going with Bidgy to see the Reverend Skively. There is to be a bazaar at the English church."

"But ——" began the wretched young man.

"If you'll excuse me ——" said Lydia with a sudden brilliant cheerfulness. And she left.

For an instant Mrs. Hastings almost pouted, though it is not ordinarily wise to pout much when one has passed eighteen.

"Well!" she said. "Poor Mr. Morpurgo! That leaves me to attend to you."

Here again was the ominous phrase—the threat of that boudoir conference of the night before. Yet somehow it seemed now shorn of terrors.

"Will you?" he asked. "I—well, I could drink another cup of tea."

"I borrow an earlier phrase of yours," she commented. "I think you have been very well educated to drink tea."

He stood an instant silent, while she busied herself with the boiling water. He appeared to contemplate afresh her clothes.

"I don't understand," he said slowly.

"My dear Mr. Morpurgo," she replied, "you are not expected to understand. You are very, very young and I am very—though not very, very—old."

"Are you?" he asked in a suddenly hoarse voice.

"Oh, yes," she answered. And then quite irrelevantly: "You know my maid hates you?"

"Does she?" he asked, surprised. "Why?"

"Oh, she hates unpacking," said Mrs. Hastings.

This was, it is to be presumed, her idea of how to attend to him.

Three days later the scene upon the terrace looked much the same. Miss Smith and Miss Bidgerton remained immersed in the approaching bazaar at the English church and for now the third successive day Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Ottok Morpurgo had been forced to consume *le five o'clock* alone. Visually, as has been hinted, the scene was perhaps unchanged, but conversationally there had been progress.

Mr. Morpurgo bent forward in his pink wicker chair. His eyes were aglow.

"I had no idea," he murmured, "that being in love with you would be like this."

"It always has been," answered the lady with a little sigh.

He jumped up angrily from his seat.

"Why will you say such things as that to me?"

"To make you feel young, dear boy. Isn't it a pleasant thing to feel young? I find it so. You've made me feel young, you know."

"I hate all this kind of talk," he went on. "What's age? Perhaps I'm old and you're young—who knows? I only know that you're wonderful, bewildering. Of course life used to look pleasant enough to me—it does to every young fellow. But you've put five colors where there was only one before. Life shimmers like a rainbow. The world's bigger, wider, gayer, happier now."

"Well," she answered gravely, "one oughtn't to be sorry to have done that for any human being. I'm not sorry, Ottok."

"And when we're married ——" he began, sitting down again, and pulling the pink wicker chair a little nearer her.

"Oh, no, not that!" She leaned back and she suddenly looked a little pale. "I hate you to say that. Not," she went on, though the gayety seemed a little hard and brilliant—"not that I object to proposals.

Cleanly Containers

The beverage you buy at the fountain—is it served from an unsanitary container in which dirty or germ-laden ice comes in contact with the beverage and contaminates or dilutes it? Or is it drawn from an absolutely sanitary "C & H" Dispenser?

"C & H" Dispensers

In "C & H" Dispensers the ice, held in a separate container, cannot come in contact with the beverage—which is always served at just the right degree of coolness—never unpleasantly or harmfully cold. It pays to patronize those who serve beverages from these health protecting "C & H" Dispensers, illustrated above, or "C & H" syrup dispensers shown at the right.

No. 5 Syrup Dispenser. A very popular style

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They're excellent for a woman. I like to keep up a fair annual average, and I always have. But I like you too much to enjoy this. Oh, my dear boy, if I had a daughter I'd give her to you. Oh, of course you're quite right! I'm not old enough to have such a daughter."

"It only means that you don't like me well enough," he said slowly. "That's all, I know."

It was her turn to rise. She went across the terrace and stood for an instant with her back to him, while she gazed down the Allée de Savoie. Again the declining sun gilded the plane trees. But again, too, the world seemed filled with problems.

"I'm afraid," she said without turning to him, "that it's because I'm in danger of liking you too much."

"I'm afraid I don't perceive that danger." He gave a little laugh which was a little hard and mocking. "Is there anybody else?" he asked.

She turned and leaned back against the terrace's balustrade. White chiffon, and yellow and gold and the sun streaming about her! She looked absurdly young—quite preposterously pretty.

"There was perhaps someone else," she answered slowly, "though there's a danger that you may be making me forget him."

"Wouldn't you marry him?"

"I'll confess to you, Ottok—it will be good for me. He didn't ask me."

"I ask you. Don't you see how much nicer I am?" All his boyishness came back.

"I see at least how nice you are." She stood smiling at him. "Indeed you're—a great temptation."

"You wanted me to like you—fairly deliberately." He was sterner now.

"Yes, I tried to make you like me; yes, quite deliberately."

"*Et après*," he asked, "what then?"

"Try to think I'm a snob," she suggested. "Think that I'm spoiled by the old silly fashion that we used to believe in before the war. Think that I've been accustomed even to royalties. Think that I'd perhaps consider it beneath me to marry the son of a corn merchant in Eastern Petronalia."

He took the blow without flinching; indeed, for an instant it passed through the lady's mind that he was almost offensively unperturbed. But this thought passed as he began again gravely.

"But you don't believe in royalties now."

"No, I don't," she answered. "I very often seem a fool," she went on, "but I am not. I think as well as other people. Better than some even. I believe in the future. As to believing in the past, I believe in the past of Lanesville, Ohio, as my grandfather told me about it before I'd even heard of New York. I believe in America. Indeed, I'm even considering living there, and that would have been going far in the old days. I even believe—oh, it's an agony to say anything so banal—but yes, I believe in democracy."

"That's why I love you."

"I hope," she protested, "that is not altogether why."

"It is," he agreed, "not altogether why. But where are we?" he went on. "I love you and you say I am—a temptation, and yet you will not marry me. What is the next move?"

He took a step toward her. The next move, it might have appeared to an impartial observer, was to be to kiss her. But he stopped. She began to speak, and her eyes were soft and dewy.

"Ottok," she said, "I am glad you've asked me to marry you and I am glad that you asked nothing else. I am quite aware that in certain circles in Europe there are emergencies when the formalities of marriage are dispensed with, but somehow I've never been quite willing to face that. Americans are often very odd—and very good. You've been also very good. I thank you. Let's not talk about this kind of thing any more or ever again."

"Then you'll marry me?" he rejoined.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "You don't really suppose I'll marry you, do you? I don't mean to. And yet I'm quite determined you shan't marry anyone else. I'm a mere dog in the manger."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

FARMERS' SAND

(Continued from Page 9)

such an investor has the same chance of making a fortune as a man would have of finding a pearl necklace by falling into a sewer.

Oil stocks offered to the public by ballyhooing and extravagant promises of huge returns nearly always stand for condemned or worthless or improbable acreage. They will be good "if." They will yield colossal returns "if." Usually the "if" stands for a well on the company's holdings or next door to them. That "if" is very cleverly hidden, so that the average lamb loses sight of it—but it's the biggest word in their advertising.

Even supposing a wildcat oil company does bring in a well, will the stockholders who have been touted into buying by windy promises of colossal profits ever realize them? Not a chance! The promoters of the average wildcat company have carefully provided against such a contingency. The stockholders speedily wake up to the discovery that the company in which they hold shares owns little else than the one well, and has been so heavily overcapitalized that practically nothing can accrue to the shareholders. They learn to their bitter chagrin that another interlocking company, composed of the original promoters, owns all the surrounding acreage, which leaps to a valuation of millions when oil is struck. These promoters have simply let the public in to pay the expenses of developing their own holdings.

There are exceptions to this, of course, but what I have said applies to ninety per cent of the wildcat companies' stocks sold to distant investors through newspaper and circular campaigns. I can name offhand a score of companies which own producing wells that have never paid a cent to their stockholders beyond a first small monthly dividend as a sop or a "come-on"—and never will.

During the opening rush to two new oil fields I had a chance to get in on the ground floor. Perhaps I am unduly conservative, but, *merci beaucoup*, I would prefer to roll the bones with anybody. For trailing the wildcat is more of a gamble than any game known to man. Playing the ponies is a reactionary pursuit compared to it, and roulette an exact science.

The Lure of Petroleum

If you would know the truth about your chances of realizing on an oil-well prospect—if you would know what makes the wildcat wild—list to the tale of one. I am employing fictitious names for obvious reasons, but the story is accurate.

Let the man who went through the experience tell it. Here goes:

Until 1916 I never dreamed of trying my luck in oil. You remember how we used to laugh at the fellows we knew who fell for wildcat propositions, when we used to play golf together at the country club before you went overseas.

I was head of a big concern and we did a large business. Some years it was prosperous; in others it was lucky if it didn't lose money. I was never satisfied in the business, mainly because it was seasonal, but we had considerable money invested in it.

In November of 1916 a doctor I knew came to me with an oil proposition. At that time the present oil boom was in its infancy—newly born in Oklahoma. Why is it, I wonder, that the medical profession furnishes more speculators in stocks than any other class of men? It's so. Any broker or promoter will tell you that physicians are readier to take a flyer on a long chance than any other sort of professional men.

Doc's scheme sounded pretty good. He and nine others had formed a company, which we will call the Chico Oil and Gas Company, with a capital of $50,000 and holdings of about 500 acres. The acreage was in wildcat territory, away out where nobody had ever drilled, but oil had been struck in so many seemingly unlikely spots in Oklahoma that this fact did not necessarily condemn the prospect. Oil is where you find it—geologists or no geologists.

Besides, an oil smeller had spotted a pool under this acreage and had outlined it for them. Some of the men in the company claimed this old fellow had located several successful wells, and they had absolute confidence in him. I forget how many times he had struck it right; but I reckon they forgot to mention how many times he had guessed wrong. That's the way with these oil finders. One hit will make their reputation, though they may have been wrong ninety-nine times.

The Antics of Old Blurb

Old Blurb would go over the ground and tell you exactly where oil was. He said he could feel it. Whenever he was "hot" his face and neck would grow red and sort of swell up, and he'd clasp his head with his hands. It made a great impression.

Well, they had taken Blurb all over the acreage they leased, and he had outlined precisely where the pool lay—declared there just couldn't be any mistake about it. To make doubly sure, they blindfolded him and led him to various other points. He was cold on these; but the minute they led him back to their holdings he grew excited and began to moan and take on.

It was uncanny. He never once miscued. They even drove the old man out there at night, blindfolded, and by roundabout roads so he could not guess where he was. They stood him a few hundred yards from the limits of the pool he had outlined, but he cried there was no oil there. Then they led him on to their tract, and he yelled he could feel it. No matter how often they tested him he located the same spot and would not fall for any other. So they were convinced. Wouldn't you have been? How he did it I don't pretend to know.

Moreover, Blurb set up to be a geologist and backed his intuition with some mighty plausible talk. He wasn't a regular quartz hound or pebble puppy, but some time previous to this he had located a few trifling wells in another part of that country for several of the same men he was now dealing with, and he explained that the oil in these wells represented the seepage from a mother pool, and that mother pool lay under the new acreage. The geological formation proved that conclusively, he said.

I guess all this may sound like bunk to you, but if you had seen Blurb work and the tests to which he was put, he would have got you going too. Anyhow, after a while I began to believe in him myself. I had heard of water witches and treasure finders, so why shouldn't a man be able to sense oil?

Oh, all right; laugh your head off. But there are a lot of people who believe that certain individuals possess the power to locate oil or water or minerals. What's more, you'd be surprised to know how many business men of your acquaintance are superstitious and given to consulting fortune tellers. Fact! One of the hardest-headed and closest traders I know never goes into a deal without first consulting a woman who lives out on X Street and tells fortunes.

It so happened that my business was not going to suit me then, and the more I thought of this oil proposition and how so many were growing rich by striking it right the better it looked. I would sit in my office and stare through the window over the roofs, and I could see derricks and gushers. When a man gets that fever in his blood, only one thing will cure him. I would sit there and picture us striking oil, and imagine myself a millionaire. I tell you it was great.

So at last I told Doc I'd take a chance and go in on it. Doc was president of the company.

After I had put up some money several friends with whom I talked it over grew interested. They went up there with me and saw what I had seen and decided to buy some stock. One was vice president of a bank; isn't it amazing how people will bite at an oil prospect? Every one of us had cut his wisdom teeth in business, but we fell for the proposition.

I guess the original group of promoters needed me just for that purpose, figuring my connections would bring in some money. Anyhow, they elected me treasurer of the Chico company. And then I found out something.

Inside Information

There was another company which sort of interlocked with the Chico. This was the Irish Oil and Gas Company—that will do as well as any other for a name—and it owned leases on 20,000 acres all round the Chico holdings. Of course if a well were struck on the Chico location these leases would be worth millions and millions. It had a capital of only $5000. You can bet the promoters weren't letting in any outsiders on that. They needed outside money to find oil round there, so they wouldn't have to spend their own; but if oil was found the lion's share of the profits would go to them through ownership of this other company.

I found out something else. None of the organizers had paid for his stock in the Chico. The leases hadn't cost them a cent, the farmers round there being perfectly willing to give them leases for nothing, with the usual one-eighth royalty, in the hope of getting a well dug. But the leases were for only one year. However, the company did own a really good rig and driller's outfit. The derrick we later put up was of Oregon pine and stood tremendous strain.

Doc had picked these up somewhere at a bargain and sold them to the company at a good figure, taking a mortgage on all its assets as security. I discovered the existence of this mortgage only after I became an officer of the Chico.

The original promoters did not actually pay anything for their stock, as I said before, but turned over the leases to the company. They held that these leases amply paid for the shares they divided among themselves. It is quite true the leases represented a lot of work and some expense, but nothing like the par value of the stock they took. However, that is customary in a lot of stock promotions and they had to come across with assessments later, as you will learn.

Well, we were all set to go. We had enough money in the treasury to start drilling; I was treasurer of the Chico company and they elected me president of the Irish Oil and Gas, letting me have $1000 of the stock after I had insisted a while. As Doc was president of the operating company, however, he really controlled everything. At any rate, he had the final say.

The Refractory Driller

Some of us went up there on January 1, 1917. The location was twenty miles from nowhere, which meant a long haul for everything we required, including chuck; but that's the usual thing in oil wells, and the prospect looked all right. Our only worry then was the driller who'd been hired to do the job. While we were stopping overnight in the nearest town he got his hands on a bottle of booze somewhere, and by ten o'clock he was all lit up like a torchlight procession. From then until daylight he lay awake in his bed, talking to himself. It was fierce, for the partitions were so thin we could hear every word.

"I don't think much of that driller," I said to Dick, the banker who had come in with us. He didn't either, but nothing could be done about it then, and we returned to the city.

Work was supposed to start on the fifteenth, but I learned later over the telephone that there was some delay, so I hopped on a train and went up there to find out what the trouble was. They had spudded in and were down only about fifty feet. Work had been stopped for some trifling reason. It looked to me like the driller was no-account.

He didn't like me and I didn't like him. In the first place he didn't understand exactly what my position was, and resented my being there or exercising any authority. On my return to town he drove me. I soon saw that he wasn't heading right for town, and remarked on it. That made him wild. He stopped the car.

"I don't have to be told where to go, young feller," he said. "And I don't aim to take orders from any little upstart who comes out here from the city."

Well, it appears that he had some calls he wanted to make first, so I didn't say anything, but waited for him, and at last we reached town. When we did the driller immediately called Doc on the long distance and had a powwow with him. I talked to

(Continued on Page 69)

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Manufactured and sold in the United States by the

BUDD WHEEL CORPORATION

Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 66)

Doc too—told him we had to fire that driller if we wanted to get anything done, and I was going to do it. He called the fellow to the phone again and told him to come to the city, and the driller left.

Of course he told everybody we had given him dirt, and hired a lawyer and started suit, but we finally got the thing straightened out. And from that moment I took charge of the job. I practically turned over my own business to a brother and went away out there, in the dreariest country I know, to punch a hole in the ground. I figured it was the only way to protect my own interests and the interests of those who had come in with me.

To my dying day I'll hate the sight of red dirt. I tell you that's a bleak country! Hardly any trees, except a few fruit trees the farmers have planted, and mighty little green of any kind; just a rolling countryside, where they grow wheat and corn. In the spring the dust devils swirl and swoop day in and day out. Those dust storms are awful. They pile the sand into drifts two and three feet deep. The people round there call it "swapping farms." You can't keep the dust out. It drives through the chinks of a house and through your clothes, stinging like prickly heat. It gets between your teeth, and you eat it at meals. They say a man eats a peck of dirt during his life; I got mine every day up there.

We had a mixed population on the farms in that region. There were a few native Americans, but also Germans, French, Belgians, Swedes, Poles, and some Indians. I'll never forget one Indian farmer. He had made a piece of money somehow, so he built a pretty good house. But he didn't live in it; no, sir. He put his wagon on the front porch, stabled his team in the house, and he himself lived in a tent in the yard.

Did you ever see them drill a well? It's just one darned thing after another. Either you're fishing for tools or baling—or the underreamer has hung up in the hole—or you have to shut down because you've run out of pipe and can't get any more quick enough; or else the weather's so bad the roughnecks knock off work. Something's eternally wrong. After a while I got so I could tell from the sounds, as I lay in bed in the bunkhouse, trying to get a little sleep, how things were going. Usually they were going bad.

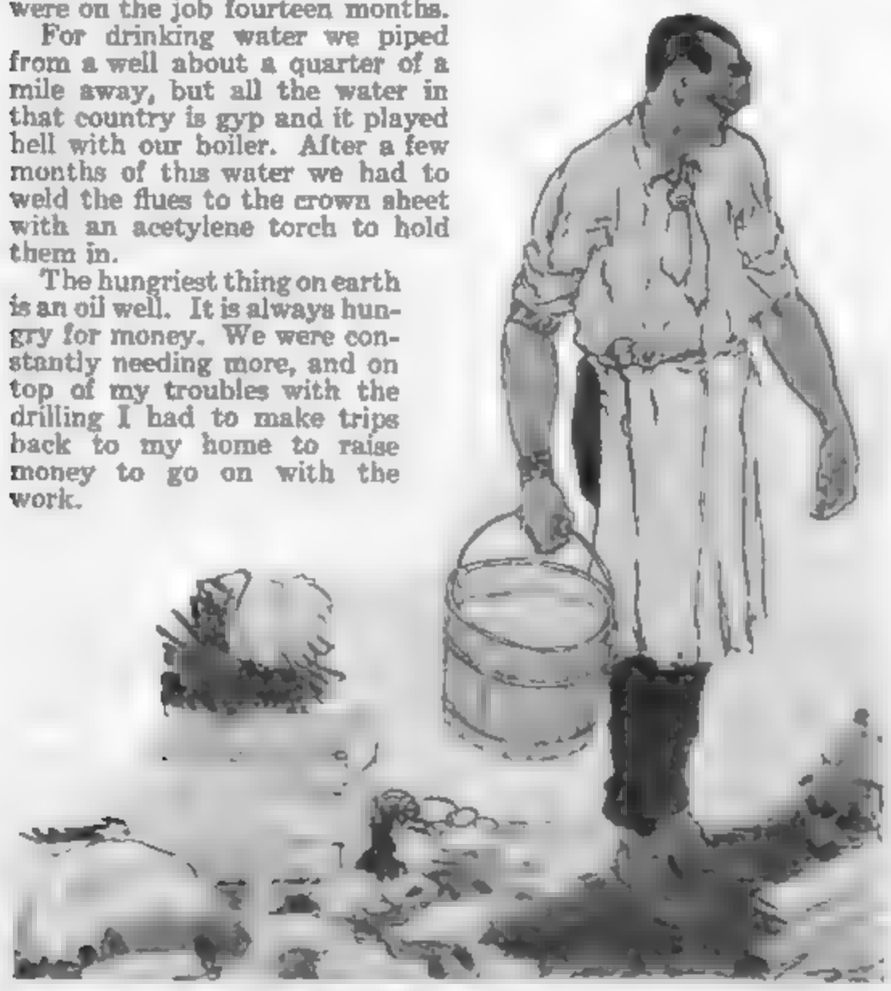
Oil at Last

We had a standard rig. That is the kind that drills by pounding—the rotary won't do in that country. And for a large part of the time we were working two shifts, from seven o'clock to seven—twelves hours each. I had a fairly good crew, even though they didn't know much about drilling and balled things up pretty often.

The cook was a bearcat—a nigger who had been chef on a dining car. If it hadn't been for him I believe I couldn't have stood the life as long as I did, for we were on the job fourteen months.

For drinking water we piped from a well about a quarter of a mile away, but all the water in that country is gyp and it played hell with our boiler. After a few months of this water we had to weld the flues to the crown sheet with an acetylene torch to hold them in.

The hungriest thing on earth is an oil well. It is always hungry for money. We were constantly needing more, and on top of my troubles with the drilling I had to make trips back to my home to raise money to go on with the work.



The Cook Was a Bearcat

On one of these trips a banker mentioned to me that a mutual acquaintance had been in, looking for a chance to speculate in oil with a few thousand dollars that weren't working. As Mose himself expressed it, he felt like getting out on a limb. That was enough for me. I went to see Mose and laid the proposition before him. He was interested and immediately made arrangements to inspect the property; and he bought some stock.

Well, a little later we did get a showing of oil. In April, 1917, we were down 1490 feet and got a showing in our sluice pit. I'll never forget those days as long as I live. I wired Dick and the others associated with me to come out, and they came a-running. To me this showing meant we had struck a pool or were right on top of the sand. Our oil smeller said so and told us at what depth we might expect it. He was always coming out there and smelling round, and assuring us he could feel it.

The Gratitude of Mose

When Dick arrived I told him we had struck it. He was just as worked up as I was. If we had a well we were millionaires; and for a day or two neither of us would have sold out our chances for a quarter of a million each. Golly, it was great! We walked on air all the time.

The whole country for miles round quit work and came to see the new well. There were scouts there from every corner of the state and we had all sorts of bids for acreage. Would we sell any? I guess not! No, sir; a few hundred dollars an acre for stuff that hadn't cost us anything meant nothing at all in our young lives. We intended to hold until the well came in, and then turn loose in blocks that would make us rich.

Dick and I have added up since and discovered that we could have sold to scouts and speculators about $100,000 of acreage. That would have given us all our money back and a nice fat profit, besides retaining a pile of acreage. But we didn't do it. We wanted all the profits for ourselves.

About the same time Dick arrived along came Mose. I have never seen a man so crazy with the fever. There was a line of spectators ahead of him on the board walk leading to the sluice pit, and Mose just couldn't wait to see. He jumped off and waded in the slush up to his knees for a look at that oil showing.

And then, plastered all over with mud, he hotfooted it down to the bunkhouse to see me. He simply had to buy some more stock and buy it before this news sent the price sky high. I drove him to town to catch the train that night and he babbled all the way like a drunken man.

"Bill," he said once after a long silence, and he wanted to shake hands, "Bill, you're the best friend I ever had. You've done this for me. We're going to be rich men and I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put up a big office building back home and call it the Smith-Arenson Building. And, Bill, if ever I have a son I aim to call him William."

Poor old Mose! I felt sorry for him next day, because we got down beyond the oil showing—and never saw another sign.

However, he bought some acreage on his own account. It seems that two or three of the original promoters of the company had managed to pick up a few leases privately and Mose says they came to him shortly after his return to the city and mentioned they had a wire from me that the well had been brought in. He tried to reach me by phone, but couldn't, and as you have to grab quickly in oil gambling or not grab at all, he bought some of their acreage at a stiff price. I think he paid $3000.

Old Blurb Would Go Over the Ground and Tell You Exactly Where Oil Was. He Said He Could Feel It

After he had done it he managed to get me on the long distance. Had the well come in? I told him no. Had I struck any more oil showings? I told him no again. What did I think of the prospect? In replying I had to be very guarded, for nothing further had developed to give me any encouragement, and yet I hadn't lost hope and it wouldn't do to depress the stockholders.

However, Mose suspected from the little I said that he had been done, and he started out to get his money back from the men who'd sold him the leases. I helped him. I told them they had to return Mose his money or I wouldn't go any further with them; so they did. Mose is a loyal friend to-day, and even after the failure of the well he offered to back me in the Ranger field.

Nothing but Trouble

Troubles—troubles—all the time! Just listen to some of these entries in my diary:

"May 8, 1917. Lifted eight-inch pipe to underream and pulled in the whole derrick.

"May 9—Sent to Tulsa for rig builders."

It took us exactly a week to get the derrick completed. And here, later:

"Sept. 25—Making good progress.

"Sept. 26—Everything going nicely.

"Sept. 27—Casing pulled in two. Phoned Tulsa for fishing tools. Drove a hundred miles to Oklahoma City to meet train tools were coming on."

Well, sir, we fished for that pipe five days. The sixth day was done before we started to put the casing back.

That was a terrible summer. I've seen it 112 in the shade at that dog-gone well. The heat fairly sizzled off the roof of the bunkhouse, and I had to haul ice twenty miles in my flivver for the water and meat.

Meanwhile we had to raise money from time to time, for we had started with nothing in the treasury but what my friends and I had paid for our stock. And we owed Doc $5000 on a mortgage, and he was anxious to get his money.

I made all the stockholders come across with an assessment. Unless we had money it meant shutting down, so they put up $500 each. We had to repeat this performance several times that year. I was drawing no salary. My expenses were being paid, but I had given up a real business to drill a wildcat, and had left my wife and family in the city, to live out in a shack twenty miles from a town with a crew of roughnecks and a nigger cook. Man, it got lonely! Time and again—especially during the cold weather, when work was almost impossible—I made up my mind to chuck it all and go back home. However, I've got an obstinate streak in me, and stuck it out.

At the end of July we ran out of pipe and I left for a town in Kansas to buy some. And during the next two days I found out a lot about the kind of crooks who prey on the oil business. At Wichita I traded with a man for $6500 worth of pipe; got the bill of lading, established its genuineness and paid for the stuff with my check.

The car of pipe was supposed to be at a certain station up the line. He showed me a telegram from the agent there. I hopped into a flivver and beat it for that place.

The agent had never seen the car, had not sent any such telegram, and knew nothing of the pipe, but had heard of a carload corresponding to my bill having been dropped at another station some miles distant.

Well, I burnt the roads getting there. Sure enough, there was a car of pipe, but some men with teams were unloading it, and one of them claimed ownership.

That woke me up. I saw I had been done. The only course left was to return and find the man who had sold me the stuff, and get my money back. Once more I made that flivver fly.

When we arrived in town I hustled to the bank and found out he had deposited my check. From there I went over to a hotel to telephone the city, and who should I run into but the guy who had sold me the pipe! We went into session then and there. He tried to argue, and protested that there'd been a mistake and I would get the pipe all right; but I told him he had to sit down and write me out a check for $6500 or one of us would never leave that room alive.

Well, at last he saw that the request was reasonable, and gave me his check. I cashed it, and have never set eyes on him since that day.

A New Deal

But still I had no pipe, and the drill crew were idle back there at the well. I scouted round and managed to buy what I needed from a supply company in that vicinity, and on August eighth loaded the pipe. As soon as I saw it on the road I hit back.

You remember that our leases were good for only one year. October eighth arrived and we were still far from oil. It became necessary to get the leases extended. I managed to do that. The farmers did not charge me anything for a six-months' extension, but at the expiration of that period we were to pay a dollar an acre.

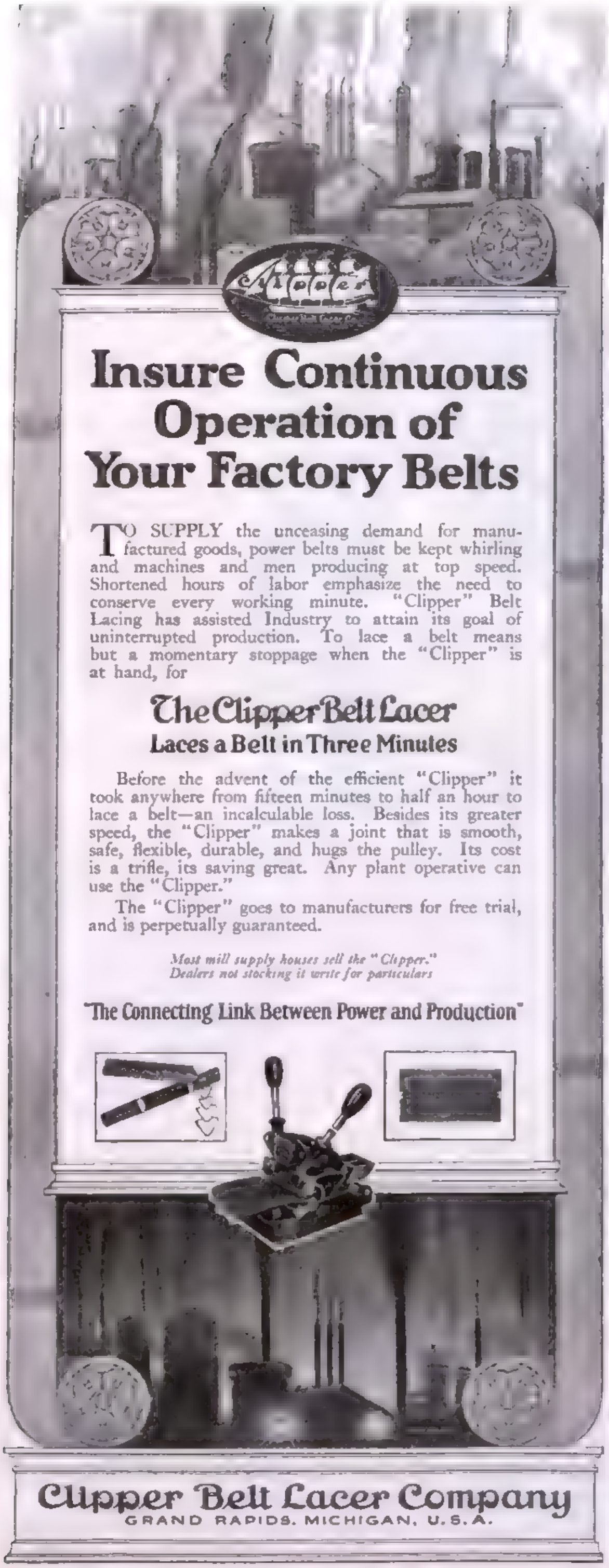
Not one cent of salary had I drawn all this time, but I made a little money. Yes, I made $400 net off twenty acres of ground I rented that spring from a farmer, on which I raised a crop of Kafir corn. The crop cost me about $100 and I sold it for $500. It was such good stuff that all the farmers round there wanted to buy for seed. That was the only fun I had. It was a treat to see that corn grow.

Our oil smeller had told us the depth at which we might expect to strike the sand. He was sure of it. I never saw a man so positive. The way he talked would have convinced almost anybody. But on November twenty-sixth we were down 2960 feet, without a trace. We had run out of pipe and out of money. We were busted.

I decided I'd had enough and would go home. So I told the boys to pull the pipe, and I hit for the city.

I went to Ranger to look over lease prospects there. A little later, on my return to the city, I was called on the long distance. Some of the farmers living near the well had got together and they planned to go on with drilling. They wanted oil there and were prepared to back me. After some dickering we came to an agreement that they were to furnish everything and pay me ten dollars for every foot I drilled. On my part, I contracted to go to 3500 feet, or until we struck oil or gas in paying quantities, or until we met with an insurmountable obstacle.

Meanwhile financial breakers threatened to spoil this arrangement. All of my former associates were now out of the venture and Doc had foreclosed his mortgage of $5000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on the rig and tools. I went scurrying from one town to another, consulting lawyers and doing everything possible to straighten out the tangle. Finally we came to terms and the farmers got an extension, so we were able to start.

They agreed to pay me $5000 for the pipe we estimated we would need. If it cost more I was to take the loss; if it cost under that figure the difference belonged to me. By luck I managed to buy what we wanted for $3500, and cleared $1500 at the outset.

All this took time. My diary shows:

"January 10, 1918—This is Thursday. Loaded pipe. Temperature 10 degrees below zero."

Yet that night I drove twenty miles in a flivver devoid of isinglass. That was nothing unusual. One night it took me five hours to drive twenty miles; it was so cold the water would boil every few minutes and we would have to stop. Then the radiator would freeze.

Well, the casing arrived at the well toward the end of January, and we fired up to make repairs. It was still bitterly cold—ten below zero—and I decided to go home for a few days, since work was out of the question.

Here are some more entries in my diary:

"February 13, 1918—Found necessary to build new bandwheel and bullwheels.

"Feb. 14—Shut down, waiting for rig builders.

"Feb. 16—Everything ready to go."

With everything ready to go I felt better. At last we would get something done, and maybe our troubles were over for a while.

Not two minutes later a new driller I had hired lost the tools and all the cable in the hole. In some fashion he lost control and the cable unwound from the shaft so far it tore loose. Nothing to do but beat it for Tulsa, more than two hundred miles, and get some fishing tools. I arrived there on the morning of February seventeenth and left at noon by train with the spear.

At Oklahoma City the cook met me with the flivver. I had wired the nigger to do this, paying for a courier to take the message out from town. He had driven about a hundred miles in bad weather, and we had to return the same way and in terrible cold, but I figured we would save a day or two by this arrangement.

More Troubles

We reached the well at one o'clock in the morning and immediately fired up and started fishing. The tools stuck. They wouldn't go into the hole. We felt round with our hands and fished out the cable. It's true, so help me—that cable was within a few inches of the top! We didn't need the spear at all, and my trip and untold trouble had been all for nothing.

But every time I turned my back on that well something happened. Work might be going smoothly and I'd be encouraged to sneak off to see my wife and babies; the minute I did so word would come that something had broken down. For instance, I made a quick trip to Oklahoma City, where my wife was to meet me. A few hours later I got a wire that the driller had quit work because the threads on the pins of the jars were in bad shape; and away I had to go.

In the middle of March I got a new driller who solved our underreaming troubles—the roughnecks call it underrimming—and we put in twenty-seven feet of pipe. The day after, we made ten feet of new hole. This was a gleam of sunshine, for it meant real progress and money in my pocket.

Well, we got down to 3250 feet and then lost the hole. Perhaps you don't see how a hole can be lost when it's there; but by that I mean we dropped the whole string of pipe. The strain of that enormous weight on the derrick had been terrific. I have lain awake nights listening to the whine and groans of the timbers and wondering just how much more it would stand. You know what a heavy six-inch pipe looks like—or a four-inch pipe? Imagine more than half a mile of them on end, held up by a cable which must raise them and let them down frequently. Well, the derrick has to take care of that load.

We started fishing for it, and we fished six weeks. First we got sixty-six joints out, each of them twenty-one feet long. That was comparatively easy. But the next day we pulled only one joint, and there remained 80 joints in the hole.

Now, in order to fish, you've got to put the casing back in the hole each time, and it's a long, tedious, nerve-breaking job. We pulled three more joints the following day, and kept on and on until we had fished all out except fifteen. Then we had to shut down to wait for long-stroke jars.

I went for them, and on my return found the casing out against the wall of the hole. To get it I was obliged to have a special curved tool made, but we managed to catch the pipe. Cave-ins had made the pulling terrific. I feared every minute the derrick would go. And some pipe still remained in the hole.

Meanwhile the farmers who had put up their money were obliged to obtain a further extension from Doc. He gave them fifteen days for a payment of $1000. Later another extension was granted for $500. In all, Doc realized about $2000 for extension of time on the mortgage.

By this time I was completely fed up. I never wanted to see a rig again. I wanted to get away from that country and never go back. No matter what we did or what pains we took it looked like trouble dogged us. So when all our fishing didn't do any good I told the farmers I was through.

They all came out to the well—everybody from round there—and argued with me to stick. The colony, as they called themselves, guaranteed my expenses from April twentieth and $100 a day for ten days. For they believed that if we could pull the pipe and drill a little deeper we would strike oil.

Well, we managed to pull it all out except five joints, but we couldn't get those. No matter what we did, we couldn't fish them. I guess I'd be fishing there yet if I'd kept on.

Figuring the Losses

At last I threw up my hands and told the colony so. They wanted me to keep on, but I knew it was hopeless. We held some pretty warm meetings and various propositions were discussed. They were sore; I was sore; everybody was sore on everybody else; but not a man in the whole lot was so disgusted and sick of it all as I was.

They claimed I hadn't fulfilled my contract. I pointed out that our agreement was to drill 3500 feet, or until we struck oil or gas in paying quantities, or met with an insurmountable obstacle. We had met with that obstacle; and I demanded that they give me a statement in writing that I had completed my bargain. They refused.

One day I held a telephone conversation with one of the leaders of the colony and said frankly I was going back for keeps. What would I stay on the job for, he asked? I told him, and made it pretty stiff. Instead of arguing he merely replied, "Well, I guess this is where we fall off the log." Falling off the log is an expression they use when they mean a trade is off.

As soon as I hung up I smelled a rat. If they hadn't some scheme in mind they would have urged me to remain or made some sort of counter proposition. And it didn't take me long to figure out what they intended doing. I had been obliged to buy a lot of tools of various sorts to continue the work. They belonged to me personally and I guessed that the colony had decided to seize these tools, on the ground that I hadn't fulfilled my contract, and then go ahead with the drilling on their own account.

I went to town and found a teamster. He agreed to do exactly what I told him—which was to drive out to the well by the least frequented route and arrive there at one o'clock in the morning—not a minute before or a minute later.

He did so. We loaded my tools into his wagon, and when the farmers reached the well next day all my stuff was safely in the next county. I said to the cook: "I owe you some wages and can't pay you."

He looked mighty gloomy for a minute, but reckoned that would be all right, and I'd pay him some time or other.

I asked him: "Will that flivver pay you out?"

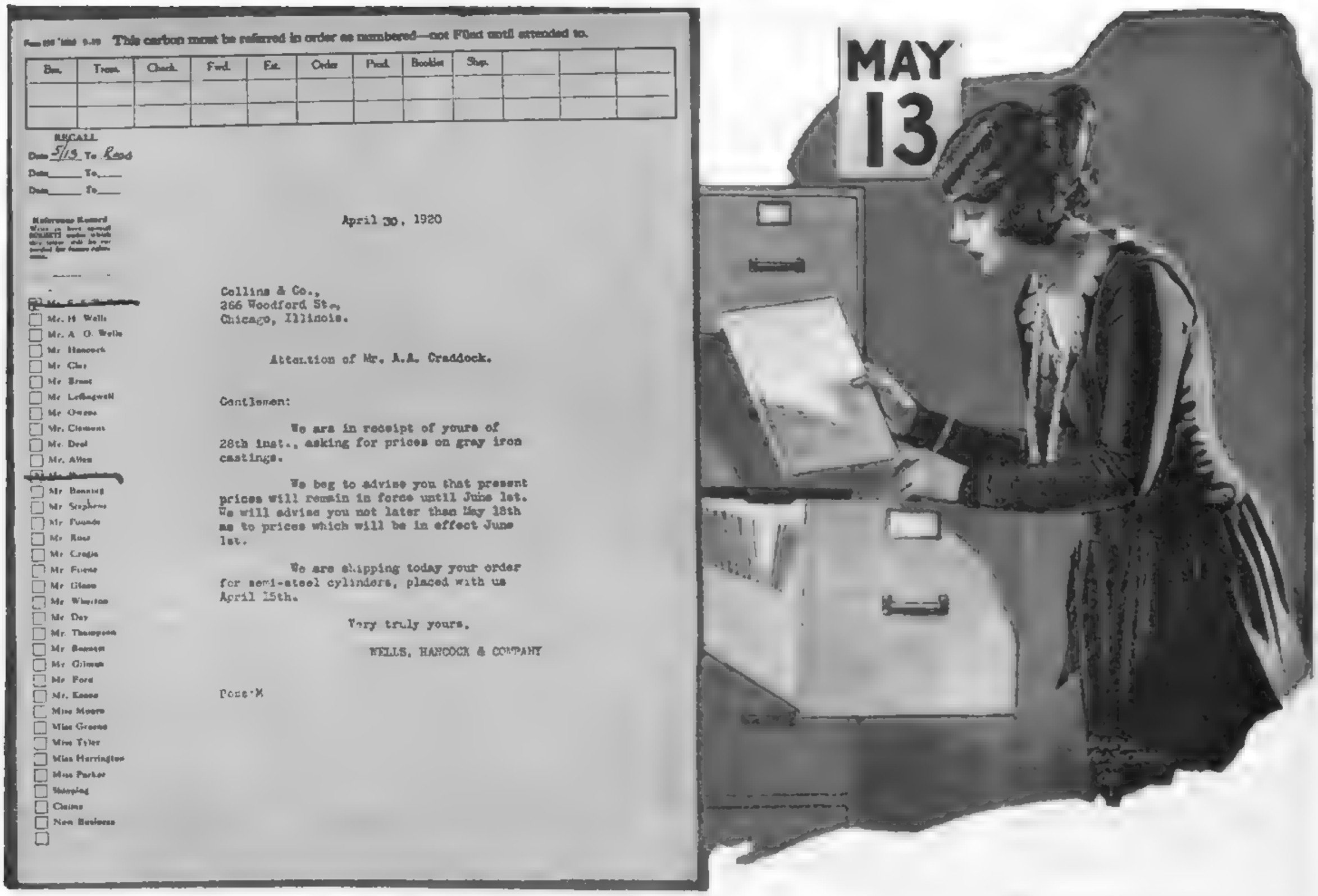
His eyes began to roll. "You knows right well it will, cap."

"Then hop in and beat it. But take my advice and never drive into —— county."

That's about all, I think. Doc foreclosed and got his rig back. And we dropped $100,000 in that hole.

Would we have struck it, had we gone on? I can't say. Perhaps we would. All the farmers round there say so. You know, farmers will never admit that a dry hole was dug on their land. It's always; "The feller didn't go deep enough." Oil men call that stuff "farmers' sand."

Yes, we lost $100,000 all told, and I lost fourteen months of time. But I sure found out what makes the wildcat wild.



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"The Utility Business Paper"

THE CYRILIAN CYCLE

(Continued from Page 23)

Austin Kable, sat on either side of Jennie Crane, who was large and dark and looked operatic with the silver band round her hair and the long silver filigree earrings, from which dangled clusters of seed pearls.

The place was stifling. The six of them, men and women alike, had smoked cigarettes incessantly all evening. Smoke hung in the air like fog. The cards and poker chips still lay scattered over the table—a dab of red, a dab of white or blue against the green baize which covered the mahogany. On the waxed floor and the edge of the Chinese rug there was a stain where someone had kicked over his highball glass.

Why didn't they go?

Cyril was sick of it—dead sick of it. He wished he could throw wide the windows and let in the fresh autumnal air. And as he raised his glance, through the high little window at one side where it was not necessary to draw a shade he saw the harvest moon riding the sky. It looked alien and strange here over the city—the city he knew. It made him—he didn't quite know why—a little nostalgic. Somewhere within him fluttered the wings of forgotten memories. He stifled a yawn. Mrs. Garrison's quick eye, however, noticed it.

"Is the dear 'ittle boy sleepy so soon?" she asked in that affected baby prattle of hers which he had once thought so piquant. "Does he want his 'ittle friends to go home?"

Cyril tried to smile at her, but she rose. "Come on, people, let's trot along"; and with a glance at her diamond wrist watch: "Gracious, it's half past two!"

The two women rose and, arms linked, went down the hall to Cyril's bedroom, where they had left their wraps. Austin Kable began to whisper one of his ill-flavored stories. Cyril swung away with a gesture of distaste and gazed again through the little window at the harvest moon. The women returned wrapped in furs and silks. Effie Garrison went over to Cyril and rested her hand on his arm. Her eyes were suddenly intent and entreating.

"Don't forget you've promised to drop in for tea Monday afternoon," she said. "Get there at five and we'll have a nice little chat. Jack doesn't get home till six."

"Yes, I'll remember," said Cyril dully.

"Is him angry with his 'ittle Effie?" she asked plaintively.

She must have seen in his face that it was the wrong tone to use at the moment, for she said very sharply: "Oh, Cyril, buck up! Be a sport! Play the game!"

They moved out into the hall. The gilded cage of an elevator at last came for them. They were gone. Cyril returned to the living room and slumped into a chair. He was aware that Fred Schlang had followed and was gazing at him disapprovingly.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" asked Fred presently. "Got the pip again?"

"Nope! Tired—that's all."

"You might be a little decenter to people, Cy, when we have a party. We've got to stand in with the Garrisons, you know."

"Why?"

"Oh, they're good for a dinner any time we're hard up, and besides John Garrison's brother is advertising manager of the Cornucopia Candy Company. They're spending lots of money. There's a chance of getting the account some day."

Fred tore off his collar and narrow black tie viciously.

"How did you make out in the poker game, Cy?"

"Won forty."

"You always have all the luck. I dropped seventy-eight. Lend me the forty, will you?"

"Yes. Broke again?"

"Still broke. We always are busted, ain't we?"

"Yes Do you ever wonder, Fred, if the game we play is worth the effort?"

"Aw, don't get going on that again! We got to live, ain't we? We got to keep up with the gang we travel with, don't we? Why, Cy, if I'd left you alone you'd still be down in that Madison Avenue boarding house plugging away in that wholesale grocery concern at eighteen or twenty dollars a week."

"I know I owe you a lot, Fred, but sometimes I think I was happier there than now—always in debt, always gadding round from one party to another, always wondering where the money is coming from to pay for it all."

"Geewillikens! You're some cheerful little guy to-night! What you need is a little country air—and you'll get it to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"You haven't forgotten that it's Saturday and the Prescotts have invited us to motor up to the Cascade Inn and have dinner and dance, have you?"

"I told them I couldn't go."

"You did! Why?"

"Fed up with parties."

Fred Schlang was nonplused into silence. He couldn't understand how anyone could be fed up with such parties as the Prescotts offered—innumerable cocktails, pretty women not at all prudish, lots of expensive food and a certain dashing gayety that swept you along with it. He stood shaking his head dolefully at Cyril. His attitude, so mournful, so puzzled, almost made Cyril laugh aloud. Fred looked so much like a morose and mature kewpie.

But then Cyril's impulse toward laughter abruptly died in the thought that he might be getting to resemble Fred. Cyril was thirty-three. Fred was only thirty-seven, and yet already he looked old. There were dark pouches beneath his eyes. His color was an unhealthy white. He actually had jowls. His figure was that of a man who likes too well the luxuries of life—likes them better than anything else and is perfectly willing to pay any price they cost. It was only the ceaseless care that Fred took of himself, the bathing and massaging and meticulous grooming that kept him at all presentable. He was having his coats cut now so that they would conceal the swelling proportions of his waistline. Presently Fred came up to Cyril and dropped a pudgy hand on his shoulder.

"Don't let's quarrel, you and I, Cy. We've been good pals too long, ain't we? It's been a pretty good life most of the time, hasn't it? Well, I'm going to tumble in. You'll feel all right in the morning. Good night."

He pattered off to his own room and after he had gone Cyril switched off the light and with quick savage motions opened all the windows. Then he sat there in the dark room, the coat collar of his dinner jacket turned up to shield the back of his neck while the cool air swept round him. His eyes were on the harvest moon. He couldn't himself realize what ailed him to-night—what strange malady of the soul was his. Tired probably, as he had told Fred—tired, that was all—tired out—tired of people—tired of Fred. Fred's code, his ambition, was so ridiculously simple. Fred wanted to have a good time—nothing more. He was, of course, interested in business, but that was because he wanted his business to yield him enough to enable him to have what he considered a good time. Cyril wanted something more than that, but the trouble was he didn't know what it was he wanted.

Yet Fred was a good fellow. He liked Fred. Perhaps that was the flaw in Cyril's own character. He liked too many people. He was too easily led, too easily influenced. He had never learned to say no to anyone. If someone else than Fred had taken charge of his life when he first came to New York, a pliable, impressionable youngster, ten or eleven years ago, why, he might be quite a different sort to-day, a much better sort. Not that that was any excuse. One should be strong enough to make one's own life worth while.

But as it had happened there was Fred at his elbow all the time. It was Fred who had told him where to get his clothes, just as he had told him where to find his amusements. It was Fred who had led him to the gayest of restaurants and the girliest of shows. It was Fred who had urged him to get out of the wholesale grocery business and into advertising. It was Fred in fact who had procured him his first position with the H. W. Day Advertising Agency, where he was now considered one of the most promising of the younger men and drew down his five thousand a year. But somehow he seemed to have less money with five thousand a year than when he had eighteen dollars a week.

Of course the apartment, the Japanese butler, the little dinners they gave, everything of that sort was expensive, but between the two of them, Fred and himself, they ought to be able to manage it easily. No, it was the crowd they traveled with that kept them poor—these other people all had more money than either Fred or himself and they were all people bitten with the madness to spend money. It was as if they had large quantities of unexpected money thrust upon them and they must get rid of it within a certain time. They raced from one sensation to another. They lived only for the day and its evanescent pleasures. And Fred and himself had been forced to keep up their end. They couldn't always accept and accept.

Why, Cyril remembered many a time they had pawned their watches or their pearl studs to pay for some party or other. But for years and years this had seemed to be what he wanted. It was exciting. It was thrilling to live constantly on the edge of bankruptcy. This was life and it was the thing he had always longed for ever since he was a kid in Bay Crest.

It was only lately that he had begun to wonder if it were worth while. It was only lately that he had begun to consider dropping out of it entirely, finding some life for himself that was more normal, more natural, more healthy, where some worthy ambition would rule his life rather than the gratification of these flickering little follies. But he couldn't abandon Fred. He couldn't quite do that.

Once in a while he had thought of marriage. Marriage might save him, and even Fred couldn't object if Cyril left him and their bachelor apartment to be married. But when he thought of marriage it was like gazing into a shadowy room of which he knew none of the contents. And he had never met a girl that he really felt he wanted to marry—that with an irresistible impulse he felt he must marry. Never any girl except one, and that was when he was so young that he was in no position to marry, and besides he hadn't realized she was the girl for him until long after she had vanished entirely from his life, had dropped below the horizon of his environment.

Suddenly he felt an acute longing to go back to the place where he and she had played as boy and girl together. Bay Crest, he knew, had changed. The Weavers had gone. His mother was dead. His father had married again and was living in Massachusetts. It wouldn't be the same place at all. In the seven years since he had been there it must have changed tremendously. Nevertheless, he wanted to go back—and fortunately to-morrow was Saturday. He had the afternoon free. Fortunately he had refused that Prescott invitation.

The moon was gone. It had risen above the little square window high in the side of the wall. Cyril sighed, shut the windows and went to bed.

III

ON THE following afternoon Cyril found that Bay Crest had indeed changed beyond his wildest imaginings. The arm of the city had reached out to take it well within its monstrous grasp. The rumor of a new subway to be built under Fourth Avenue had brought about a veritable storm of real-estate activity and new building.

Along Third Avenue—where the trolley ran and where Cyril remembered trees arching over the street, old residences, dirt sidewalks and only an occasional stretch of pavement and a few isolated clusters of shops—now there was nothing but paving and shops surmounted by three and four stories of flats. The green of trees, bushes and grass, the brown of earth, had been entirely obliterated as if a giant who left tracks in stone had passed.

Cyril had returned home a stranger, but home itself was stranger than he. Even the shop windows the interminable line of shop windows broken only by the intersecting streets—bore alien names of Jewish and Italian and Slavic origin. The elevated road on which he had journeyed down terminated at Sixty-fifth Street. From there he walked past the shops to the most familiar corner, where every evening years ago returning from business he had dropped from the trolley step. He turned here and made his way toward Second Avenue, seeking Edgett's Lane. But it was not long before he realized that Edgett's Lane no longer existed. The bright new metal sign on a round steel post from which swung an unlighted arc lamp told him Edgett's Lane was become prosaic Seventy-second Street.

There were no shops here. The passion for building had not filled every crevice. Instead there were villas lying closely together, each in its immaculate little patch of pressed lawn. The very land, it seemed, was pressed flat. Gone was the mound of earth which had run down the center of Edgett's Lane. Gone were the trees and the bushes which had tossed their flowery branches over the old red picket fence turned weather-beaten and gray. Gone, of course, were the quaint old turnstiles which even in his youth no one remembered who had erected and which now were probably forgotten by everybody except himself. Down the smooth asphalted street which had once been Edgett's Lane a row of neat residences gazed stolidly across at its exact counterpart. And yes—there where the little frame house of Cyril's father had once stood was a new apartment building of red brick and white stone with the impressive name Cheltenham Hall cut into the stone over its marble entrance.

But as he strolled along farther he saw that the Weaver house was still in its customary place. The porch on which he had so often sat with Phyllis now sagged at a decrepit angle. The white paint of the house itself was blistered, gray and peeling off in large patches. The little cupola on the roof hung like a hat set awry on the head of a disreputable old man. Stuck in the rank grass of the front yard was a large yellow sign with black letters which read: "For Sale. The Bay Crest Real Estate Company."

But Weaver's Woods, which had once screened the house in the rear and on one side, were gone. In their direction Cyril saw only the roofs of two or three more villas. A few lonely scattered chestnut trees were all that remained of the thick umbrage of Weaver's Woods, where as a boy he had hidden and run, chasing along wildly, and played all sorts of games with Phyllis and the others. But where was Phyllis now? He hadn't even heard her name in six or seven years.

He walked up the weed-grown path to the sagging porch of the Weaver house and sat there, his head buzzing with memories. What a fool he had been to let Phyllis escape him. He wondered if she were well, if she were married. He wondered with a sharp little stab of horror if she could be dead.

When he left Bay Crest eleven years ago he had promised himself—indeed he had promised Phyllis—to come back often to see her, to see his father and mother. And he had come occasionally. But the city had soon claimed him as its very own. He had intended to come, but Fred wanted him to go to the theater; he had intended to come, but he had been invited to a merry dinner party; he had planned to spend Sunday down here, but someone suggested a motor trip to Tarrytown. Always that sort of thing, over and over again. And then his mother had died and Phyllis had disappeared. The only thing he had ever heard was that Phyllis and her father had gone to Colorado because of her father's health—and that was years ago. She had had only his old Madison Avenue address. He had neglected to write her when he and Fred had taken their first modest bachelor apartment together. Since then he had changed his address three or four times, each time moving to a place a little more expensive, a little more ornate than the last one. But there must be some way of finding Phyllis. There must be some people left from the old days down here in Bay Crest who might know where she was.

Next door to the Weaver house there was a new residence faintly colonial in type with round white columns reaching to the roof of the broad front steps. Cyril mustered up sufficient courage to ring the front doorbell. After a long wait a little girl with crisply curled hair and a starched skirt came to the door.

"Oh!" said Cyril.

It seemed foolish to ask the questions he wanted to ask of a child who was not born when he lived down here. The little girl eyed him shrewdly. Cyril felt the need of saying something more than that first ejaculatory "Oh!"

"Is your mother home?" asked Cyril

"No, mom's to the movies, but my pop, he'll be home any minute," said the child, and with a warning glance forced shut the door.

(Continued on Page 75)

Reproduced from an old woodcut in the library of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild

The First Wrist Watch—Wrought by Early Guild Craftsmen for "Good Queen Bess"

—"a richly jewelled armlet 'haveing in the closing thereof a clocke'."

Thus is described, in an old history of bygone days, the new year's gift of the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth—more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

Whether this "armlet clocke" was a quaint conceit of the Earl of Leicester, ancient records do not make clear; but it seems fairly certain that it was the first watch designed for the wrist.

In the mountainous cantons of Switzerland the art of the watchmaking guilds attained its fullest development. There the masters of the guilds dedicated their lives to their work, and passed down their art, a priceless heritage to their sons and grandsons.

Gruen Watches the Product of a Modern Guild

IT remained for Gruen to bring into the Gruen Watchmakers Guild the descendants of these old guild masters, that the ancient ideals might be preserved.

In the Gruen Guild workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, Gruen Watches are made. Here, with the aid of the most modern American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the Gruen movements—and here these artisans, with the same skill and devotion as was possessed by the masters of old, do what no machine can do, finish by hand and adjust each movement to the exacting standards of Gruen Precision accuracy.

On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop of the Gruen Guild where the beautifully hand-wrought cases for watches are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustment. Here, also, is maintained a real service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus, in Gruen Watches, are combined the old ideals that made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world, and the new American principles of standardization that make for uniformity and sustained quality of output.

You may see a complete line of Gruen Guild Watches at one of the 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed on the store windows of all Gruen agents. Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

District Gruen Models, $325 to $825; Ultrathin Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]; [illegible] $[illegible] to $[illegible]; Verithin Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]; [illegible] $[illegible] to $[illegible]; Men's Strap Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]; Latest Wrist Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]; [illegible] and All Diamonds up to $4000. Individual all platinum or platinum and white gold pieces in various shapes—set with finest full cut diamonds obtainable—AAA quality—from $125 to $4,000.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O.

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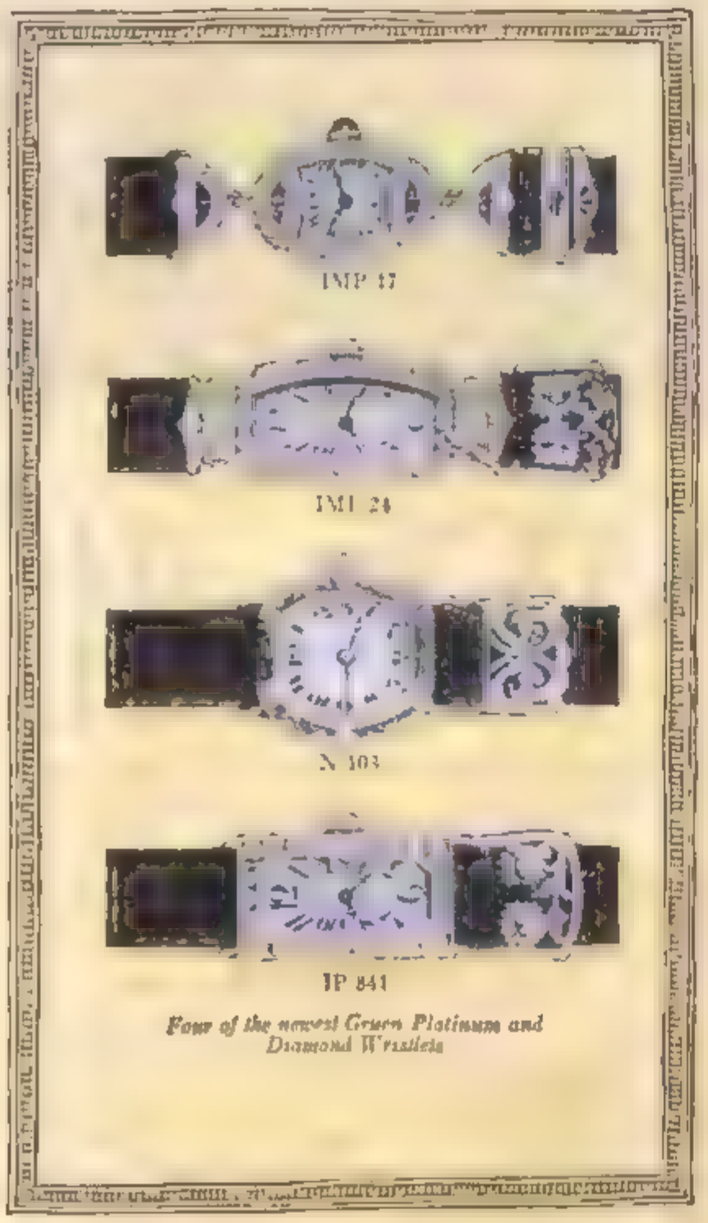

Four of the newest Gruen Platinum and Diamond Wristlets

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GRUEN Guild Watches

CREMEOIL

THE CREAM OF OLIVE OIL SOAPS

Beauty is usually interpreted as something more than attractiveness of feature. A clear, colorful complexion will often win recognition where classic beauty utterly fails.

CREMEOIL Soap renders real assistance in attaining that comfort and satisfaction which a beautiful skin creates. Its manufacture is based upon olive oil and other pure ingredients which do more than soothe and refresh the skin —they are positive aids in producing a clear, naturally healthy complexion.

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KANSAS CITY " " SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 72)

Cyril was conscious of her sharp eyes watching him from a curtained window as he walked down the path. He thought with amusement of a dinner table that night enlivened by the suspicious tale of the strange man who had called and stammered.

He tried the next house, where the Smiths had lived but which was now rather elaborately rebuilt. A maid in a black waist and a white apron opened the door.

"May I see the lady of the house?" asked Cyril.

"What do you want with her?"

"Tell her my name is Fox. I used to live down here in Bay Crest and I'm trying to locate some old friends."

"Just a minute."

Presently a buxom lady in a pink dressing gown came downstairs. She smiled at Cyril.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm trying to find some old friends of mine who once lived in that house next door but one. The name was Weaver."

"You mean that old tumble-down place?" asked the lady with some acerbity. "It's a disgrace. It spoils the looks of the whole street."

"It wasn't so when I knew it."

"No, I don't know anything about your friends. The house has been like that since I've lived here, three years come May. What did you say the name was? Weaver? My Cousin Lucille married a Weaver, but they've always lived in Duluth."

"It can't be the same Weavers," said Cyril firmly.

"No, I guess it ain't," said the lady, "but let me tell you, young man, they're very nice people. I see the place is for sale. Why don't you go ask the real-estate people if they know anything? Their name and address are on the signboard."

"Yes, I can do that," said Cyril hopefully. "Thank you for the suggestion."

He bowed himself out and the lady smiled amiably once more, revealing a prominent gold tooth.

The address of the Bay Crest Real Estate Company carried Cyril back to Third Avenue and one of the shop windows empty save for a gleaming screen of polished wood on which was gilded the name of the company. A dapper young man extinguished a cigarette and jumped forward as Cyril entered the office.

"Do you know that old house in Edgett's Lane—I mean in Seventy-second Street near Second Avenue?"

"Yes, indeed. It's one of the finest pieces of property in Bay Crest. Did you notice you get a view of the harbor from there?"

"I don't want to ask about buying it."

The young man looked instantly less alert.

"What's the idea then?"

"I'm trying to find some friends of mine who once owned it—oh, seven or eight years ago. The name was Weaver."

"No, they don't own it now. Let's see"—he consulted a large book lying on a desk—"owner's name is Psarudakis."

"Can you give me Mr.—Mr. What's-His-Name's address? If he bought the property from Mr. Weaver he may know something about him."

"I'll give you his address, but it won't do you much good. Real estate down here has changed hands pretty fast the last few years and since they've started talking about the new subway you don't know overnight who owns anything. Can't interest you in a nice little eight-room house, can I? All modern improvements, hardwood floors, modern heating system, two tiled bathrooms—just the place for you and your family. Bay Crest is the coming place to live just thirty-five minutes from Manhattan."

"It took me more than an hour and thirty-five minutes to get down here."

"Yes, I know. That's now. I'm talking about when the new subway's built."

"I'm afraid I'm not interested," said Cyril. "You see, I have no family."

He was out again in Third Avenue. It was maddening. There must be some way of finding Phyllis. But just then a car came along, the autumnal wind was beginning to blow chill, he felt a sudden violent hatred of suburbia and all its inhabitants. He hopped on the car. When he finally got back to his own apartment the telephone bell was ringing. The Japanese butler had been given the day off.

"Hello, hello, Cy! Is that you, Cy? This is Fred. For heaven's sake, where have you been? I been trying to get you for the last half hour. The Prescotts and all of us are back in town and up at Crandy's. The Cascade Inn was so dead we couldn't stand it. They all want you to come up here and join the party. Will you come? There'll be a nice double-extra-dry Martini waiting for you. Be a sport and come."

"Sure I'll come!" said Cyril with alacrity.

He was actually glad to get this unexpected invitation. His sentimental afternoon had left him cold, embittered, heartsick and hungry. He wanted to be with his own crowd again, who lived with no thought of yesterday and little of to-morrow.

After all, there seemed to be no escape for him from that peculiar sort of New York society in which to be known as a good sport is to win the final word in praise, to achieve the utmost triumph in popularity.

IV

THAT Saturday night at Crandy's Cyril won Fred Senlang's unqualified approval with his high spirits and his gay abandon. "Cy's coming back strong," said Fred in an admiring whisper to his hostess, Mrs. Prescott. "You gotta admit he's the real thing when he gets going." And Cyril himself thought that he had finally dismissed the dull and vaporous regrets that had been disturbing him. But on Sunday he felt that they were besieging him again and on Monday they were more insistent than they had ever been.

On Monday he recalled he had promised to go to Effie Garrison's apartment for tea. He knew from experience what married women of Effie's type wanted of young men of his, Cyril's, type. They wanted the flattery and the attention which their husbands either no longer gave them or if they gave them they found staled by repetition. They wanted their hands to be held. They wanted sentimentalities. They desired to be told they were different from any other women in the world and in turn they wanted to confess that no one understood them. Fortunately these affairs were usually innocent enough—innocent and just a bit sickening.

Well, he wouldn't go to Effie Garrison's. He couldn't go in his present mood. Instead, he sent a telegram saying that an unforeseen demand of business kept him away. With the telegram, as anodyne, he sent a huge bunch of blood-red dahlias.

That night the Japanese butler served Cyril a solitary dinner. Fred had gone again to one of his inevitable parties. In the midst of his dinner, while Wada was serving the chops, Cyril astonished him greatly by pounding his fist on the table, by exclaiming, "What an idiot I am!" and by running down the hall to the telephone.

He seized the telephone book, thumbed its pages hastily, came to a certain page, halted and said: "Yes, of course! There it is!" The name he was looking at was George B. Delafield.

While the chops cooled on the platter, which Wada in his amazement still held, Cyril called up the number of Mr. Delafield's house.

"Is Mrs. Delafield there?" he asked. "This is Mr. Fox. I don't know whether she'll remember me, but I should like very much to speak to her."

At last there was a woman's voice.

"Is this Mrs. Delafield?"

There was a hesitant and slow "Ye-es."

"This is Cyril Fox."

"Cyril Fox?"

"Oh, don't you remember down in Bay Crest—Phyllis' friend, Jimmy?"

"Oh, Jimmy Fox!"

"Yes, do you know where Phyllis is?"

"Of course I know where she is."

"Where is she?"

"She's here."

"Here? Where?"

"She's eating dinner at the present moment in my dining room. She's staying with us."

"Oh, Mrs. Delafield, I wonder if I could come over and see her?"

Cyril thought afterward it was a little foolish of him to put so much intensity into so simple a question.

He heard Mrs. Delafield's rippling laugh—a laugh he remembered—and she said, "Wait a minute, I'll ask her."

And the next thing he knew it was Phyllis' voice speaking to him:

"Hello, Jimmy! Where in the world ——"

But he did not let her finish.

"Phyllis, are you married?"

"No."

"Thank God for that!"

"Why, Jimmy!"

"Are you well?"

"Perfectly well, but ——"

"I may come over to see you, mayn't I?"

"Yes, I'd love to see you again, Jimmy, but it's all so strange!"

"Never mind that now, Phyllis. We can tell each other everything in a few minutes. I'll be right over."

He hurried back to the dining room and bolted the rest of his food. Then he went to his own room, for he felt a sudden urgent worry about the parting in his hair and the color of his tie. Presently, after a moment of feverish deliberation, he tore off his sack suit and put on his dinner clothes.

The Delafields' house was only across town and up six streets from his own apartment. Nevertheless, he hailed a taxicab at the first corner. He felt he didn't want to lose another minute of the long years that had separated him from Phyllis. The house, he discovered, was one of those old-fashioned East Side houses, high and narrow and built of brownstone, that appear very gloomy from the outside and prove very cozy within.

Phyllis, her aunt and her uncle were finishing their dinner with coffee in the library when the butler ushered in Cyril. It was Phyllis who first greeted him. She rose from her chair with a little cry and gave him both her hands.

"Oh, Jimmy dear!" she exclaimed, and he thought how nice it was to hear the old name from her lips. "Oh, Jimmy dear, it is nice to see you again! You haven't changed at all—not at all!"

Cyril thought afterward that that was exactly the pleasantest thing she could possibly have said. But he was compelled to release her hands so that he might pay his respects to Mrs. Delafield and her husband. And Mrs. Delafield's brown eyes laughed at him as they had laughed at him when he was a boy. He suddenly felt young again—and altogether happy and at peace with the world again.

"I can repeat to you just what Phyllis said to me, Mrs. Delafield," he said. "You haven't changed at all—not at all."

Indeed this was true, for Mrs. Delafield seemed as young to him now as when he had last seen her. She smiled and tapped his cheek with her finger.

"I knew you would grow up to be a flatterer," she said. "You had all the makings then of a cavalier."

Cyril sank into a chair with a tiny cup of coffee balanced on one knee and for the first time he had the opportunity of studying Phyllis. Phyllis had changed. Yes, he was forced to admit she had changed. Her blond hair had darkened in tone; she was slimmer than he remembered her, but perhaps that was the soft black silk dress she was wearing; her face was paler, not so rosy with youth. He saw, too, that she was much more of a woman of the world than the buoyant girl he had known. But her eyes—her dear, kind eyes—were as brave and direct, as deep and tender as they ever were.

After that first burst of greeting, a little awkwardness descended upon the group, with the exception of Mr. Delafield, who looked as if no awkwardness could ever bother him. He sat by the fire puffing on a big black cigar. His hair was iron-gray now. He had gained, so Cyril judged, some fifty pounds in weight, and he sat there with the solidity of a rock, quite oblivious of the embarrassment of the others. They talked about the weather and the theatrical fare of the season and such trifling stuff until Cyril felt as if he would cry aloud: "Oh, can't you see I came to find out about Phyllis and to tell Phyllis all about myself?"

Naturally he didn't cry that out, but it almost seemed as if he had, for the minute after he thought it Mrs. Delafield rose and said: "George, come on. We'll run over to the Porters' and play bridge. I know Phyllis and Jimmy want to be alone together."

Mr. Delafield grunted, but he, too, rose.

Mrs. Delafield gave Cyril her hand: "You're coming often, I hope, now that you've found us again."

Cyril said he was. He thought at the moment that Mrs. Delafield was the most charming woman he had ever met. After they had gone he and Phyllis as if by mutual consent pulled their chairs closer to the fire. Phyllis let her slim little slippers rest on the fender. The firelight splashed waves of color over her black dress. Cyril clasped his hands over his knee, leaned forward and said, "And now, Phyllis?"

"And now, Jimmy?" she countered, and smiled.

He sighed ecstatically.

"This seems too good to be true. Where can we begin?"

"We can begin," she said—and her eyes were just a little somber—"we can begin with your explanation as to why you never sent me your address when you moved away from Madison Avenue. My letters came back unopened. I thought—I thought, Jimmy, you no longer wanted to hear from me."

V

HE HAD seen Phyllis once a week, he had seen her twice a week, he had seen her as nearly as she would permit every day; and now one spring noon of silver and blue they sat opposite each other at lunch at the Claremont. The branches of the trees on Riverside Drive below them were brushed with the faintest green—so faint it seemed more yellow than green. The river shone in the sunlight and an adventurous little yacht—the first of the season—went scudding like a distant white streak over the blue water. The wide window beside them was open and the soft air of spring caressed them, ruffling ever so gently the chiffon of the pale-lavender blouse Phyllis wore and the dull-gold wave of her hair beneath the closely fitting little black hat.

"You look marvelous in that lavender waist," said Cyril. "It's nice to see you wear a little color again, Phyllis."

"It's the first color I've worn since—since father's death," she said quietly. "Somehow I couldn't resist putting on a little color to celebrate the coming of spring."

Phyllis that very first evening had told Cyril of her father's death in Colorado after a long illness, during which she had acted as his nurse, his companion and his business adviser. She had only been back in New York and at the Delafields' two weeks when he had telephoned.

"I can't quite get used to the idea that he's gone," she went on. "I feel so useless now, Jimmy. I was always so busy looking after him before. Oh, of course, Aunt Bella and Uncle George, both of them, are corking to me and I worship them, but—but their interests are not mine and there seems to be so much idle time on my hands. I've been wondering if I couldn't take up something, learn something that would fit me for a job of some kind."

Cyril felt a strange sensation in his throat. He leaned forward, intent.

"Don't look for a job, Phyllis. Marry me instead."

She gave a long sigh that seemed to catch midway and break in a little murmur.

"Marry you, Jimmy! Do you really want me to marry you?"

"Oh, I want it more than anything in the world!" He covered her hand with his own. "I, too, felt rather useless before you came back into my life. I want you to stay in my life now—to be my life—to make it over. Marry me, Phyllis, and help me to escape from the shoddy sort of existence I've been leading."

"Is that the chief reason you want me to marry you, Jimmy—to take you away from that sort of existence?"

"No, it isn't the chief reason. It's only a very minor reason."

"What, then?"

"The chief reason, the only reason, is that I love you, Phyllis. I can't sleep for thinking of you. I've always loved you, but down there in Bay Crest I didn't realize it."

"You loved me even then?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Jimmy, if only I'd known! If only I'd had that knowledge during all those sad years in Colorado!"

"Yes, think of all the years we've wasted, Phyllis. Don't let's waste any more. What a pity it is we weren't married ten years ago!"

She shook her head slowly.

"No, I don't think so, Jimmy. It isn't a pity. We've—we've a much better chance of happiness now. I had father to look after, and no matter what you say now you'd have resented then the time I had to devote to him; and you—you were wild to live your own life, Jimmy. You'd never have been satisfied if you hadn't had that fling at freedom."

"Well, I've had it and I'm tired of it. I want to be through with it forever. Will you—oh, you must marry me, Phyllis!"

She did not look at him then, but at the blue sky and the glittering river; but at last she turned her brave gaze to his and said in a low voice: "Why, of course I'll marry you, Jimmy."

(Concluded on Page 77)

Noted Psychologists try the Realism Test

From actual photograph taken in the Edison Shop, Fifth Ave., New York, when Messrs. Bingham, Farnsworth and Follett came in and asked to hear the Realism Test.

Get remarkable and enjoyable sensation from Mr. Edison's unique musical experiment

IT was in that temple of music—the Edison Shop on Fifth Avenue, New York. The great rear hall, semi-visible through half-open doors, was steeped in a profound hush. A voice drifted to my ears from within—a voice lovely and full, vibrant with a depth of feeling. I recognized the first appealing notes of a beloved ballad.

The exquisite beauty of the music instinctively drew my eyes through the doors—that I might gaze upon the singer. Instead, I beheld three men seated before a stately Chippendale cabinet. Their heads were bowed. The magic spell of the beautiful song was full upon them.

. . . . . The music died away. The three men sat on in silence. They were lost in reverie.

Finally one found his voice: "I could have sworn there was a living singer behind me. It was marvelous. Carried me back to a certain summer I spent in my youth."

The second stirred himself: "I felt the presence of a living singer. She was singing—free and unrestrained. The accompaniment seemed by a separate instrument."

The third spoke up: "The music filled my mind with thoughts of peace and beauty."

The Realism Test

IT was Mr. Edison's unique Realism Test—given specially for three men of international renown in art and science. The man who first spoke was Dr. W. V. Bingham, Director of the Department of Applied Psychology, Carnegie Institute of Technology. His two colleagues were Prof. C. H. Farnsworth, Director of the Department of Music, Teachers College, Columbia University, and Wilson Follett, Esq., distinguished author and music critic.

Perhaps no other three men could be found in America, who have delved so deeply into that fascinating subject of research: *How does music exert its strange power on our minds and emotions?*

Perhaps no similar group of men could combine, to an equal degree, the viewpoint of scientist, musician, and music-lover.

The test was to determine scientifically the emotional reactions produced by the realism of Mr. Edison's new phonograph.

The reactions of these highly critical minds demonstrated that Mr. Edison has succeeded in devising a new and fascinating way for you to judge the New Edison. It brings into play your whole temperament and your fullest capacity to feel the finer emotions.

Would you like to try the same test?

THE Edison dealer in your city is equipped to give you the Realism Test. Look for his announcement, or if you do not know who he is, write us for his name.

Send for the fascinating book, "Edison and Music." It is a story, written by one of Edison's right-hand men, that helps you understand the marvelous art of Music's RE-CREATION which Edison developed at a cost of 3 million dollars.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Orange, N. J

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

(Concluded from Page 75)

"Oh, Phyllis!" was all he could say, and his grasp on her hand tightened.

They sat silent, stunned by the happiness which had come to them.

Presently Cyril said: "I wish I hadn't proposed here."

She looked at him, a little startled.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I can't do anything here with all these people round us. I can only sit gazing at you, Phyllis, when I'm mad to kiss you, mad to take you in my arms. The only thing I can do is hold your hand."

Phyllis smiled and withdrew her hand.

"You can't even do that any longer."

"Why not?" he asked resentfully.

"Look to your left and you'll see why you can't. That respectable old couple at the next table are perfectly outraged now at the way we're acting."

"It will be—it will be wonderful to be married to you, Phyllis."

"Why?"

"Think of having a smart little apartment all of our own. Think of the nice little dinner parties we can have."

"What a strange thing to say, Jimmy! Maybe you're not through with the life you just said you hated."

"I am through!" exclaimed Jimmy vehemently. "But you like to entertain people and have little parties, don't you? We don't want to shut ourselves entirely away from life, Phyllis, even if we are married. That's always a mistake, don't you think? There's so much to do and see in New York and it will be miraculous doing these things and seeing them with you, and I shall be so proud to introduce you to my friends. Surely you agree with me?"

"Yes, of course I agree with you, you dear child. We'll entertain all the people you want—even Fred Schlang if you wish."

"Phyllis, you are a darling! I was so afraid you'd say I'd have to give up old Fred."

"Would you dislike that?"

"Well, you know he's done an awful lot for me."

"That's a queer way of putting it."

"But we can have him in for dinner occasionally, can't we?"

"We can have him in every night if you wish."

"Phyllis, you're adorable, but you're trying to make me ridiculous."

"I'm not, Jimmy. But you'll find I have quite modern ideas on marriage. I'm going to let you have your own way in everything. I'm never going to dictate."

Cyril gave her a suspicious glance.

"But that means you'll want your own way, too, in everything?"

"Maybe not quite everything," Phyllis answered calmly.

The waiter brought the check and Cyril tipped him so prodigiously that even at the proud Claremont, accustomed to everything from Pittsburgh millionaires to princesses of the Follies, the waiter was impressed. He bowed Cyril and Phyllis out with the most cordial "Good day, sir," the most gracious "Come again, madam."

The marriage took place in two months' time. There didn't seem to be really any valid reason for delay. Cyril since he had found Phyllis again had shown such a burst of enthusiasm and energy for business that the Day Agency regarded him more firmly than ever as a coming man and had accordingly raised his salary another thousand, and even Mr. Delafield, that solid rock of prosperity, admitted that they might be able to scrape along on six thousand a year. As for Mrs. Delafield, that good lady was delighted and told Cyril in confidence that she had known from the very first day she had met him in Bay Crest that he and Phyllis would be married sooner or later.

In the autumn they set up housekeeping in the trimmest of apartments in exactly the right part of town, and for a year or more, with the aid of a jewel of a mulatto girl, entertained delightfully. Even Fred Schlang seemed to like to come and dine occasionally, though he gazed at Cyril reproachfully with mournful eyes and seemed to regard him as something between a renegade and a martyr—a gaze which was lost entirely on Cyril, but which—you may be sure—Phyllis understood perfectly.

At the end of a year or more, however, the little dinner parties and bridge parties, the jaunts to the theater, the dances at various gay places, came to an abrupt halt. This was because of the advent of James Cyril Fox, Jr. Soon Cyril was so absorbed in this remarkable young person that he didn't mind giving up the parties at all. In fact he never thought about them.

And at the end of another year or more, when the smaller James Cyril was beginning to toddle about on his own sturdy little legs, Cyril came to Phyllis one day and said: "Do you know, Phyllis, I don't think the city is the proper place to bring up a youngster. Have you ever thought of moving to the country or the suburbs somewhere, where the kid can get the proper amount of fresh air and sunlight and when he's a little older where he can run about outdoors and play as a child should?"

"Yes, I have been thinking about it a great deal," admitted Phyllis. "In fact I've been waiting rather anxiously for you to speak about it, Jimmy. Have you thought of any place where we could go?"

"Not very definitely. But you know Bay Crest isn't half bad. There are some rather nice houses down there and it isn't frightfully expensive."

"But doesn't it take you too long to get there going to and from business?"

Cyril waved his hand.

"Oh, I don't mind that so long as the kid benefits. Besides, the new Fourth Avenue subway runs down there now."

"Well, you know I always liked Bay Crest, Jimmy," said Phyllis.

But she kept her eyes hidden from Cyril. She didn't want him to see the laughter that was in them at that moment. Phyllis, you see, was one of the wisest of women.

VI

DUSK was falling in Seventy-second Street, which had once been Edgett's Lane. In the yard of what had once been the Weaver house, now quite transformed into a charming residence of stained brown wood and stucco, a man was bending over the chrysanthemums and the roots of the cosmos which lifted their pastel-tinted heads almost to the top of the first-story windows. He sighed with satisfaction. The cosmos were really doing very well this year despite the fact that last fall an unknown sort of blight had ruined them.

A woman appeared on the veranda of the house and called: "Jimmy, aren't you ever coming in to dinner?"

James Cyril Fox walked up to where she stood, and a step or two below her smiled up at her.

"Are the kids in bed?" he asked.

"Yes, long ago, and I know Nora will leave if you're not a little better about being on time for meals."

"Well, I'll come in, Phyllis, but I did want to get those leaves raked up and burned before dinner."

"You're just like your father, aren't you, Jimmy?"

"What do you mean, Phyllis?"

"You're never happy unless you're fussing about the garden with one thing or another."

"Was father like that? I don't remember."

She looked down at him a little wistfully.

"Are you quite, quite happy down here in Bay Crest, Jimmy?"

"Of course I am. What in the world are you driving at, dear?"

"Don't you remember the night we sat on these steps—the night before you went to live in the city—and how you told me that you hated Bay Crest?"

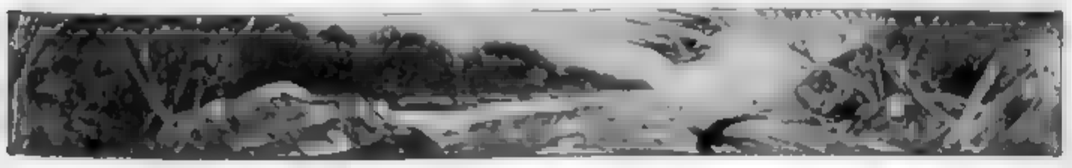
"I remember the night perfectly, Phyllis, but I'm sure I never said anything like that."

She leaned over him.

"Oh, you poor foolish old darling!" she said. "Kiss me and let's go in to dinner." And she realized that it was just as well perhaps that Jimmy did not remember.

He took her arm and they went into the house together just as the red rim of the harvest moon showed its first glow over the few scattered trees which had once been Weaver's woods.

The Cyrilian cycle, which in one way or another approaches the cycle of life of so many men, was at last completed.



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EVERY time the cord on a portable electric tool or extension lamp wears through, that tool or lamp stays idle until a new cord is fitted. Usually the workman stops also.

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will keep your tools working full time, week after week, without replacement. This portable electric cord with the heavy *woven* covering withstands wear and abuse to an amazing degree. It will outwear ordinary cords many times.

It protects against delay when every moment counts. It helps get work out on schedule. Its much longer life makes it a genuine economy.

Duracord can be furnished in all sizes of portable electric cord and also in the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

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Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds.

HUSKS

(Continued from Page 4)

countries that she could join: Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Jugo-Slavia; Czechoslovakia, which used to be a part of Austria-Hungary, hates her for the years of oppression at Austrian hands. Jugo-Slavia hates her for the same reason—and a Central-European hate is one of the most persistent and acrimonious hates that ever entered the hating business. Hungary has been stripped of her choicest possessions, and is raving wildly to become a monarchy. The governing class in Austria, being Social-Democrats—and Social-Democracy is so close to a dictatorship of the working classes that a knife blade can scarcely be pried between them—is fearful of tying up with Hungary; because if it had a monarchy wished on it the working classes would not continue to be the ruling classes to any noticeable extent. Germany, however, is also Social-Democratic; and Germany is the country which Austria wants to join. The Allies, with the exception of France, are in favor of allowing them to join. France, mindful of Germany's determination to crush her in the not distant future, is determined to prevent any move which might eventually tend to strengthen Germany. The situation is complicated by the fact that there are a few million Germans in Czechoslovakia who can't get along with the Czechs; and if Germany and Austria should join, Czechoslovakia would probably be squeezed out of business with the utmost fluency and vigor. The choicest half of Czechoslovakia is wedged between Germany and Austria as a nut is wedged between the jaws of a nutcracker—and the Germans in Czechoslovakia would do their utmost to assist in the crushing.

The Boehms

If the Allies do not permit Austria to save herself by joining Germany, then it would seem that the only other solution of the problem would be for her to become a province of Czechoslovakia—and that would be retribution of the most extreme brand. The Czechs are Bohemians, or Boehms. The Austrians have always despised them as being slow and pig-headed. When an Austrian wanted to speak contemptuously of somebody he called him a Boehm—Boehm being pronounced as the word "berm" would be pronounced in Boston. Wandering gypsy bands, traveling north from Jugo-Slavia through Austria into Czechoslovakia, picked up this expression and added it to their slang. Many American slang words come from gypsy slang by way of thieves' kitchens and hobo haunts; and from the contemptuous "Boehm" of the Austrians and the gypsies comes our contemptuous slang word "bum." So if Austria, who once ruled Czechoslovakia with an iron hand, should become a province of Czechoslovakia, she would be ruled by the Boehms, whom she once despised and oppressed.

Back even of the lack of coal and raw materials is the Peace Conference, which has ruled that Austria must exist as a separate state, but refuses to allow her the requisites of existence. It's about the same situation that might have arisen if the Peace Conference had transported the city of Vienna, with its two and a quarter million people, to a barren island in the Pacific Ocean and had decreed that the residents keep themselves alive as best they could. In the Pacific the Viennese might at least have caught fish and lived on them; but in Austria they can't even get fish.

If the Peace Conference had announced solemnly that on such and such a day it would give a superb production of Hamlet, but that the characters of Hamlet, Ophelia, the Ghost and the First Gravedigger would be eliminated from the play, there would have been a great hue and cry. Two regiments of alienists would have been rushed to the conference posthaste, and the brains of the august body would have been subjected to careful scrutiny. This would have been due to the fact that almost everybody knows all about Hamlet and realizes that only a crazy man would try to give the play without its leading and essential characters. The action of the Peace Conference as regards Austria had earmarks of insanity; but nobody seems to know anything about Central Europe.

But only the financiers and the statesmen and the thinkers of Vienna concern themselves with the lack of raw material and the mistakes of the Peace Conference. The bulk of the people are chiefly worried about the cost of the necessities of life, the value of their money and the place from which their next meal is coming. No one can take the Vienna people to task for not delving deeper into their problem. These three worries of theirs are sufficient to keep any worrier, no matter how high-geared it may be, working overtime. In fact I will guarantee that any American, suddenly confronted with any two out of the three worries which occupy the waking moments of every Viennese, would have to take to his bed with congestion of the worrier—or a lesion, or something which would utterly unfit him for further mental activity.

The krone, or crown, is the Austrian unit of exchange. The Austrian crown and the French franc were equal before the war, their value in American money being twenty cents. Five Austrian crowns were equivalent to an American dollar in 1914. In February, 1920, as this is written, one American dollar is equivalent to three hundred Austrian crowns. The crown is worth one-third of a cent. In other words, the crown is worth one-sixtieth of what it used to be worth, and an Austrian income that used to be worth $5000 a year is now worth eighty-three dollars.

The Austrian crown is divided into 100 heller. Thus one heller is worth one three-hundredths of a cent. This, I maintain, is about as low as money can fall and still be honored with the name of money. A five-heller stamp, which is in constant use in Austria, is worth one-sixtieth of a cent. Since the cost of printing the stamps, perforating them and applying the gum to the backs must run pretty close to that figure, it is easy to see why the Austrian postal department isn't rolling in money. Ten-heller notes, worth one-thirtieth of a cent to an American, actually buy things in Austria. I don't know what they buy, but the Austrians do. Women will hang round shops for ten or fifteen minutes waiting for twenty hellers change—a fifteenth of a cent. The heller offers some remarkable opportunities for puns, but it's good for little else.

On the Toboggan

The collapse of monetary values in other countries is bad enough; but those collapses fade into insignificance beside the collapse in Central Europe. When an American gets two or three times as many francs in France for a dollar as he used to get he thinks that he is seeing a terrible state of affairs—as he is. Then he moves over into Germany, where he gets from ten to twenty times as many marks for a dollar as he used to get; and he at once thinks that nothing could be worse. But when he moves into Poland and gets thirty times as many marks for a dollar as a dollar would normally bring he begins to think that the Germans are well off. And when he gets down into Austria and gets sixty times as much for his money as he could have got in normal times he looks back at the depreciated French currency as being absolutely sound.

No toboggan ever slid down a chute with more rapidity and vigor than the Austrian crown went downhill. During the winter of 1918–19 a dollar was worth seventeen crowns. In the spring of 1919 a dollar could be exchanged for thirty crowns. In the autumn the rate was sixty crowns for a dollar. Early last October it was eighty, in November 100, in December 180; and in January of 1920 there was a time when a dollar would buy nearly 400 crowns. A man who changed 100 American dollars into small Austrian banknotes last January or February would have had to bale them up and carry them away in a taxicab, for he could never have got them into his pocket.

In May, 1919, some American destroyers came up the Danube to Vienna. The astute gobs looked round and saw that they could get twenty-five crowns for a dollar. The prospect intrigued them. What a chance! they declared. What a chance! Twenty-five crowns for a dollar! The crown could never go lower than that! So they scraped together all their American dollars and bought crowns at twenty-five. When they sold out the rate was 100 crowns for a dollar; and they had learned that one must never think that Central European money has reached the bottom. No matter how low it is, it can always go lower.

The worst of it is that the Austrians can't sit on their money and wait until its value improves. They have to spend it for

(Continued on Page 81)

WOLLEN SIE LEBENSMITTEL AUS AMERIKA?
Haben Sie Angehörige oder Freunde in den Vereinigten Staaten?
Die können Ihnen helfen!
Die American Relief Administration hat in Wien Lager für die Abgabe amerikanischer Lebensmittel errichtet. Bei jeder Bank in den Vereinigten Staaten können Lebensmittel-Bezugscheine für diese amerikanischen Lager gekauft und nach Wien gesandt werden. Gegen Vorweisung dieser Bezugscheine können amerikanische Lebensmittel aus diesen Lagerhäusern bezogen werden.
AUSKONFTE
im Informationsbüro der
AMERICAN
RELIEF ADMINISTRATION
WAREHOUSES
WIEN I. PARKRING 8

Translation: Do You Wish Food From America?—Have You Relatives or Friends in the United States? They Can Help You—The American Relief Administration Has Established a Warehouse in Vienna for the Distribution of American Food—At Any Bank in the United States Food Drafts Can be Bought and Sent to Vienna—On Presentation of These Food Drafts American Food Can be Drawn at This Warehouse. (Poster Issued by the American Relief Administration)

REO

First Choice

Sometimes—viewing the tremendous over-demand for this "Speed-Wagon"—we think that if we could supply all who want Reos there never would be room for competition. ¶ There is a kind of monopoly that is justified. ¶ It is that which a grateful public accords to a product in appreciation of transcendent quality at a just price. ¶ Since the day this Reo "Speed-Wagon" was announced—and you will recall it was the original alike of its type and of its title—we have never been able to get within reasonable distance of the ever-increasing demand. ¶ Today that space is widening despite our efforts to narrow it. ¶ Only way to be at all sure of getting a Reo "Speed-Wagon" for early delivery is to see your dealer and place your order at once. ¶ Today—won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

"SPEED-WAGON"

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WHEN you buy Buster Brown Shoes for your children you get exceptional money-value, plus an additional health-value that money cannot measure. Buster Brown Shoes excel most shoes for wear—because of the quality of the leathers used in them, and the care with which they are made.

Buster Brown Shoes derive their exclusive foot-shaping features from the Brown Shaping Lasts, which are scientifically designed to prevent corns, bunions, twisted toes, weak ankles, broken arches and other foot ailments.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and style, in all fashionable leathers—cut high or low—and in button, lace and blucher models.

For detailed information regarding Buster Brown Shoes and the Brown Shaping Lasts, read "Training the Growing Feet," a book that will be mailed you free upon request.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

Brown Shaping Lasts follow the natural lines of physically perfect feet, and change materially in shape from size to size.

Brown Shaping Lasts provide ample room for the free action of the muscles of the feet, without pinching or cramping.

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

(Continued from Page 78)

food. The shopkeepers have to sell their goods in order to live; but when their stocks are gone they can never be replaced because the profit, which is in crowns, will buy next to nothing in outside countries. For example, an American in Vienna was going on a trip into Jugo-Slavia last December. Before he started, a Vienna tailor urged him to have a suit made from a very fine piece of English cloth, assuring him that he needn't pay for it until his return. The American agreed, and a price of 7000 crowns was fixed for the suit. At that time 7000 crowns was equivalent to fifty dollars. Some weeks later the American returned and got the suit, paying 7000 crowns for it. But instead of being worth fifty dollars, the 7000 crowns was then worth only a little over twenty dollars. Suppose the Vienna tailor had originally bought the English cloth for four dollars a yard, and used three and a half yards in making the suit. The same cloth to-day would cost him much more. His profit on the suit would enable him to buy about half a yard of new cloth.

And it doesn't even take a person skilled in higher mathematics to understand that if the Austrian Government buys a carload of flour at 1,000,000 crowns and sells it to the people at cost, and if the crown depreciates 50 per cent while the people are buying the flour, the proceeds from the sale will buy only half a carload of new flour.

As a result of the depreciated money Vienna, which was the most expensive city in Europe before the war, is to-day the cheapest large city for an American to live in that the civilized world has ever seen or probably ever will see. And at the same time it is the most cruelly expensive place for an Austrian that can be imagined.

Embassies at Bargain Prices

I know an American family in Vienna—a father, a mother and three small children. They were offered a suite of rooms in Schönbrunn Palace—the former residence of the Emperor—for seven dollars a month; but they refused it because they would have had to walk about a mile through empty rooms to get to their cozy home. They finally took a beautiful apartment near the center of the city at the same rate—seven dollars a month. For this amount they also received a complete outfit of coronetted silver and large quantities of the finest table and bed linen. They have five servants—a cook, a kitchen helper, two maids and a trained nurse. They pay the cook eighty-five cents a month. The two maids get fifty cents a month apiece. The kitchen helper, being young and unskilled, cannot aspire to such a munificent salary. She draws twenty-five cents a month. The nurse, who received a hospital training, demanded a salary of four cents a day; but she was given five cents so that she would be thoroughly satisfied. Fifteen crowns a day is her pay; and a dollar is equal to 300 crowns. It is almost cheaper to have a trained nurse in Vienna than to subscribe for the London Times; for where a trained nurse costs only fifteen crowns a day, one copy of the Times costs seventeen crowns.

The head of this family rents a gorgeous limousine from a former cavalry officer in the Austrian Army. He pays a dollar a day for it, and furnishes all the gasoline and pays half of the tire expenses. The cavalry officer throws himself in as chauffeur, and also throws in a mechanician to open the door for the American and fool with the carburetor when it shows signs of indisposition. The American doesn't care much for the showiness of the mechanician and would be willing to pay five or ten cents extra if the cavalryman-chauffeur would leave him at home. But he won't. The mechanician used to be the cavalryman's chauffeur before the war; and, besides, the cavalryman doesn't know enough about the engine to trust himself alone with it. The cavalryman owns three other machines. When asked where they came from he replied that he had once been independently wealthy, but that the depreciation of the money had so decreased the size of his fortune that he thought he had better invest it all in automobiles before it faded entirely out of sight. One can buy a fine secondhand automobile of the best make in Vienna for a thousand dollars.

This same American family has a box at the opera three or four times a week. Vienna opera has few equals in the world. The singers are surpassed only by New York. The orchestra and the stage settings are unequaled.

Richard Strauss himself conducts the orchestra. The Americans pay a dollar a performance for their box.

At the rate of exchange which existed in January the United States could buy a beautiful palace in Vienna for her diplomatic representatives for $25,000—a sum about equal to eighteen months' rent on such a building at prewar rates. The United States has followed such a wasteful and short-sighted policy in the past as regards embassies, legations and consulates that Congress will probably prefer to install our foreign representatives in frousty and cockroach-ridden shacks at tremendous and continuous expense rather than to see that they occupy quarters which are commensurate with America's position among the nations, and which would cost only a fraction of what the rent of the shacks would eventually cost. It is, to put it conservatively, an extreme bore to Americans in Europe when they see American diplomats occupying poorer quarters than the representatives of obscure countries whose names are unfamiliar to the average postage-stamp collector.

Hotel bills in Vienna figure up to peculiar amounts. When I first arrived I could only get a room in a second-rate hotel. It was a large far-flung room with a bilious carpet and a green porcelain stove that looked like an ice chest which had grown too rapidly in its youth. That room cost seventeen cents a day; and a bucketful of wood for the stove cost an additional seven cents. Feeding one bucketful of wood into the stove was like feeding an angleworm to a full-grown alligator. I attempted to negotiate for more wood, for I planned to spend my evenings sitting cozily in front of the green shiny stove and writing busily in its genial warmth. One bucketful of wood gave the stove about as much genial warmth as a box of wax matches would have given it. So I approached one of the eighteen or twenty servants who cared for my room on the subject. Austrian hotels may be shy of heat, but they are well supplied with servants. One rings a bell and a servant comes in, while three or four other servants stand outside the door and try to peer in. In a spirit of lavishness one hands him ten crowns, or three cents, and instructs him to bring in a bottle of mineral water. He retires, and in a few moments another servant enters with the bottle and hangs round expectantly. One gives him another ten crowns, whereat he goes away. In ten minutes a third servant appears to take the bottle away. He looks so reproachful and so neglected that one feels obliged to slip him another ten crowns.

At any rate, I begged the waiter to get me some more wood. The request amazed him. More, it horrified him. One bucket of wood a day was all that anyone was allowed. To-morrow I could have another bucket. I assured him that I would freeze if I waited until the next day, and urged him to go out on the street and buy more for me. This request cut him to the quick. He felt for me, but he could do nothing. I offered him untold wealth—as much as eighty cents—if he would get wood for me. There was nothing doing. He didn't know where to buy it. I saw the manager about it, but it did me no good. During the entire time I remained at the hotel I could get only about twelve small pieces of pine wood every day. A few people in Vienna know where to buy wood and have enough money to do it. Sometimes they can get enough to keep one room warm all the time. But they must be very wealthy people, and they must know the secret places where wood is sold.

From the second-rate hotel I moved to the hotel which has the reputation of being the best. The walls were padded with red satin, and it had a magnificent bathroom, and the bed had a silk canopy over it. It was a very expensive room, and one had to disgorge thirty cents a day for it. It had no stove at all, and one paid eight cents extra for central heating; but the central heating was not a conspicuous success. The best that it could do was to take the chill out of a radiator for fifteen minutes every morning. It didn't heat it; it merely had the same effect on it that a very large-mouthed giant would have had if he had breathed on it for a short time. Even though a person has untold wealth in Vienna he usually can't get enough heat. But he can get one of the best rooms in the best hotels in the city—and Vienna has some fine hotels—for thirty American cents a day. I had a big room in the Grand Hotel for 700 crowns a week. Before the war the same room would have cost more than that for a day. Imagine the situations reversed, and one can get an idea of the tragedy of it. Imagine, for example, that American currency had depreciated to such an extent that a suit of clothes cost $2500 and an ordinary room in a New York hotel cost fifty dollars a day. And imagine Austrians being able to come to New York and live in such a room for one crown a day; imagine them getting a suit of clothes for fifty crowns when we were paying $2500. It takes something of an imagination; but that's the way things were.

No hotel in Vienna is able to heat water for its guests oftener than once a week. Baths have gone out of fashion; for a cold-water bath is viewed with alarm. The people don't wash. Every store, every dining room, every theater has an atmosphere that can be cut with a knife. The hotels even rent their bathrooms. Perfumery is scarce and expensive.

The hotel prices are not the only ones which amaze an American. The price of everything is amazing. I met a woman who was buying antiques for an interior decorator. She was buying almost blindly. "It doesn't matter what I buy," she said, "for on all the things that I care to take out I can make a profit of from 300 to 400 per cent, even in Paris. If I should take them to New York my profit would run up to 700 per cent and even higher." Bone-headed business men who couldn't make a success anywhere else could get along very nicely in Vienna; for they could buy anything and invariably sell it in other countries to advantage.

Automatics for Two-Fifty

I quote a few Vienna prices at random from my notebook, giving the American equivalent for the Austrian money. A safety razor, exactly like a popular American make, packed in a leather case with a dozen blades, sells for 80 crowns, or about twenty-five cents. A dozen blades, made to fit my own razor, cost 20 crowns, or six cents. An automatic pistol in its wooden holster butt was priced at three dollars. This was the gun carried by German officers, and is one of the best-made automatic pistols in the world. Another automatic pistol cost $2.50 and a revolver one dollar. They are both good guns. An excellent sporting rifle with telescopic sights cost $3.50. The best double-barreled shotgun in one of the best gun stores in Vienna cost nine dollars.

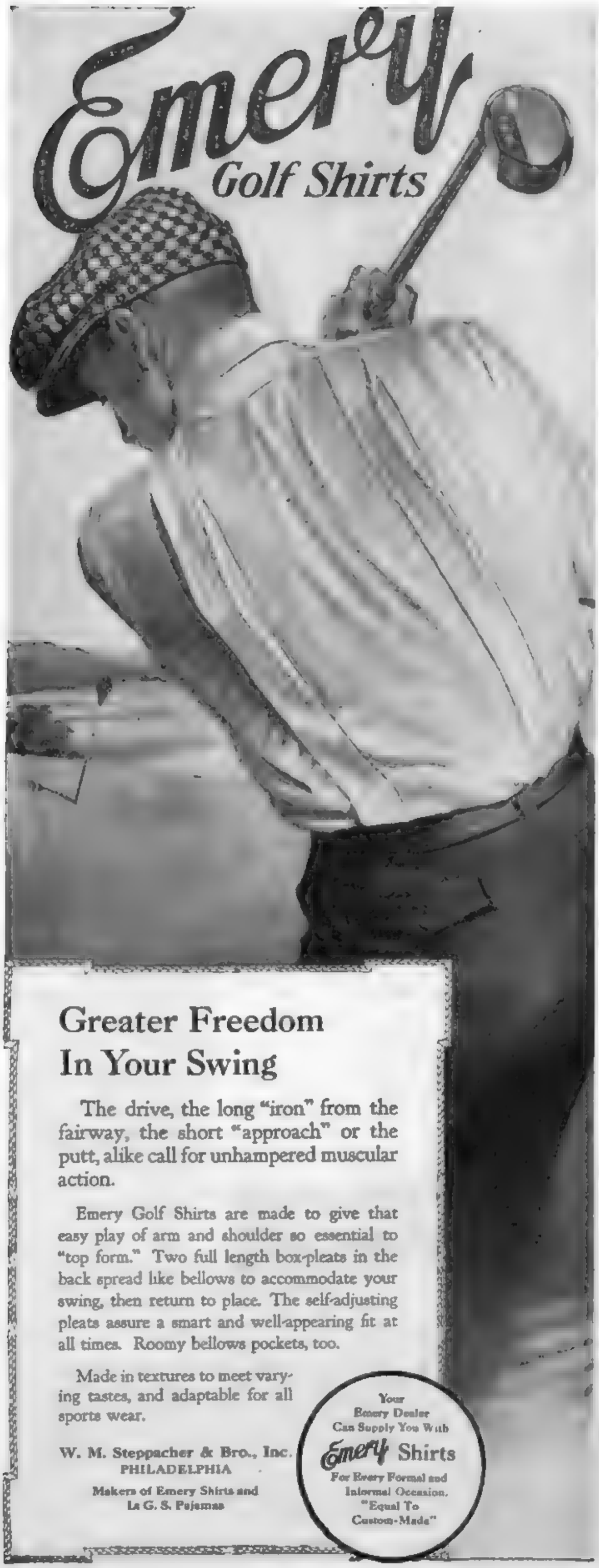
A guidebook to Vienna, which used to sell for four crowns, or eighty cents, before the war, now sells for six crowns, or two cents. A malacca walking stick, mounted in sterling silver, can be bought more cheaply in Vienna than it can be bought in Singapore, where malacca comes from. Such a stick in Vienna costs one dollar. Ten colored postcards sell for half a crown apiece, and foreign post-card postage is another half crown. Therefore one can buy ten postcards and send them to America for three cents. It isn't reasonable. A manicure costs two and a half cents; a haircut three and a half cents; a shave one cent and three-quarters. Wouldn't it—as the less refined elements used to remark—jar you?

A gold wedding ring that used to cost 20 crowns, or four dollars, now costs 700 crowns, $2.30. A platinum chain with a pendant of small diamonds and pearls set in platinum used to cost 500 crowns, or $100; now it is 12,000 crowns, or forty dollars. A beautiful bead bag knitted from tiny beads so that it crumples softly into the palm of the hand used to cost 800 crowns, or $160. To-day it costs 9000 crowns, or thirty dollars.

That's about the way with all things. Things cost infinitely more in crowns than ever before, but because of the down-rushing rate of exchange they're cheaper than ever from the viewpoint of the person from a country whose money has not depreciated so violently.

It is, of course, unfair to quote Vienna prices in dollars, for somebody may get the idea that the prices are cheap for the Viennese as well as for Americans. This, of course, is not the case. For a Viennese the prices are prohibitive. He can't buy anything at all. I quote prices in the above manner to emphasize the fact that when the Vienna shopkeepers have finally sold everything the amount of money which they have made from the sales won't be large enough to permit them to get new stocks from outside countries.

Schönbrunn, Residence of Austria's Emperor and Several Thousand Relatives, Friends and Servants. To-day There is Nobody Home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All the above prices are figured on the basis of 300 crowns for a dollar, which is the average rate of exchange that one could get late in January and early in February. By the time this article is printed it will have changed a great deal. It may have bettered or it may have become worse; but it won't have stayed in one spot for any length of time. One of the most shameful features of the whole Central European mess is the manner in which money speculation is permitted to continue. How it can be stopped I do not know. American bankers have looked at the situation; and they do not know. They say that the financial situation in Central Europe is unparalleled in the world's history. Meanwhile every nation in that locality is knifing every other nation, and the bankers are knifing their own people by aiding in the destruction of money values. The value of the money of Central European countries is very low because of the lack of credits and the lack of production; but it is not so low as the rate would tend to show. The violent fluctuations are due in part to speculation.

In one of the large banks in Vienna on the twelfth of January I exchanged American dollars into crowns at the official Zurich rate of 195 crowns for a dollar. Private banking houses outside were giving 250 and 260 crowns for a dollar. On February sixth the official Zurich rate was 260 crowns for a dollar. Having learned from experience not to have money exchanged at a big bank I went to a private bank and received 330 crowns for each dollar, though the official rate was 260. Between January twelfth and February sixth there was one day when the official bank rate was 310 crowns for a dollar and when the private banks were giving 400. Since the private bankers were not in business for love they were disposing of each dollar for more than 400 crowns. The effect of such dealings on Vienna business and prices is nerve-racking. No matter how rapidly the shopkeepers raise their prices they cannot keep pace with the falling exchange. They can't even find the point to which exchange has fallen at a given moment.

Where They Make the Money

The government is doing its utmost to keep abreast of the falling money values by printing more of it. The newness and crispness of the Austrian money made me curious as to how it was done; so I went down to the Austro-Hungarian Bank, which prints all the money, and asked to be allowed to see the printing presses. The menial whom I asked almost swooned at my insolence. He passed me on to the eighteenth assistant manager, who turned me over to the eleventh assistant manager, who shunted me off to the second secretary of the director. The latter refused my request. I went back to the sixth assistant manager, who summoned the second assistant manager, who led me to the director's first secretary. He was persuaded to admit me to the presence of the director himself.

The director was horrified at my demand. No foreigner had ever seen the printing department. Who was I anyway? With a flourish I produced my passport and indicated the stamped signature of the Secretary of State. The director was impressed. Ah, well if the Secretary of State had signed my papers, I should enter. He summoned the director of the bank-note department, Arthur Naderny. Naderny has invented most of the engraving and printing processes in use in Austria; and his inventions have been adopted by practically every other nation, including the United States. His machine for engraving the copper plates for bank notes is one of the most complicated machines in the world. It looks like the insides of thousands of watches, and the whole machine could easily be covered by a bushel basket. Naderny made a few adjustments in the machine, slipped a copper plate into place and started it going. A needle cut a beautiful and intricate design in the copper; and when the design was finished it stopped of its own accord. It can be adjusted to engrave any sort of conventional design or animal figures or faces—anything at all.

The Austrian bank-note printing department starts running every morning at half past seven. It prints bank notes steadily until quarter past three in the afternoon. Then a new shift comes on and prints from four in the afternoon until half past eleven at night. Day and night the money rolls off the presses. On Saturdays the work is less arduous. The first shift works from half past seven to twelve, and the second shift works from one to six. Every day an average of 100,000,000 crowns is struck off, and the average monthly production is 3,000,000,000 crowns. This is the amount that used to be produced in an entire year before the war.

Naderny showed me the typographical printing room, where a battery of thirteen machines slid great sheets of bank notes under the presses and flapped them down in piles. He took me to the copper-plate printing room, where a battery of nineteen machines stolidly ground out sheets of 1000-crown notes. Each one of the nineteen machines spilled out four notes at a time and 3000 sheets a day; or so that the total for the nineteen was 228,000,000 crowns in one day. On the next day these nineteen machines might work on fifty-crown notes, so that the average would be reduced. These machines were Naderny's invention. Four men turn out twice as many notes with one of them as six men used to turn out with the old-type machine. Naderny showed me the offset printing room. Offset printing is an American invention. In another room sheets of fifty-crown notes were cascading out of a wooden chute by the thousands, and men were staggering round carrying great piles of sheets.

The Man From "St. Francisco"

Americans in Eastern, Southeastern and Central Europe enjoy an enviable reputation, and occasionally a hard-boiled or imitation American gets in and tries to trade on that reputation. The Austrians who are now in control of the badly leaking ship of state are an inexperienced and gullible crew. Their dealings with Americans have give them a child-faith in everything American. Not long ago the Austrian Finance Minister telephoned to the Hoover outfit in Vienna and asked their advice in regard to a proposition which an American had put up to him. They investigated and found the American was an offensive specimen, and that his proposition was the rawest of get-rich-quick schemes. The Finance Minister had actually considered the proposition, since it came from an American.

Another gentleman had a brilliant scheme to get food out of the Relief Administration for 9000 children belonging to members of the new Austrian army, which is a trade-unionized affair. The army was to give him $2000, and he was to do the rest. He said he was an American citizen. He even had it on his business cards. "U.S.A. citizen," said his cards, "St. Francisco." The "St. Francisco" was a horrible mistake, because a lot of the Relief Administration people, like Mr. Hoover, went to college in California, and any little slur like a slighting reference to California climate, a mention of earthquakes or the mispronunciation of the name San Francisco can never be forgiven by a native or an adopted Californian. So when the head of the Austrian army turned over the documents in the case to the Relief Administration it lit on this U. S. A. citizen from St. Francisco like a ton of brick, or even like several tons of brick. It advised him hoarsely to take the words "U.S.A. citizen" off his calling cards unless he was aching to be shot. And it discovered that he was really an Austrian citizen who had never been within 3000 miles of St. or San Francisco.

Americans in Vienna are anxious to see the establishment of some sort of bureau which will require the registration of all commercial travelers from all nations, and thus make it possible to find out whether or not they represent reputable firms. Not only have foreigners stripped the Vienna stores but they have also dipped heavily into Austrian factories and railroads. The Viennese stockbrokers say that there is five times as much stock-market speculation on the part of the Viennese as there was before the war, but that they are buying and selling small blocks. The only really heavy trading is done by the French, Italians and British. They are buying in great quantities and buying to hold; so there are some hard-headed people who have faith in Austria's future. Foreign capital bought up all the stock in the Alpine Mountain Iron Works. This stock sold at 800 crowns, or $160 a share, before the war. The last recorded sales were 5400 crowns, or eighteen dollars a share. It is still paying dividends of twenty crowns a year from past earnings. French capital has bought the

(Continued on Page 85)

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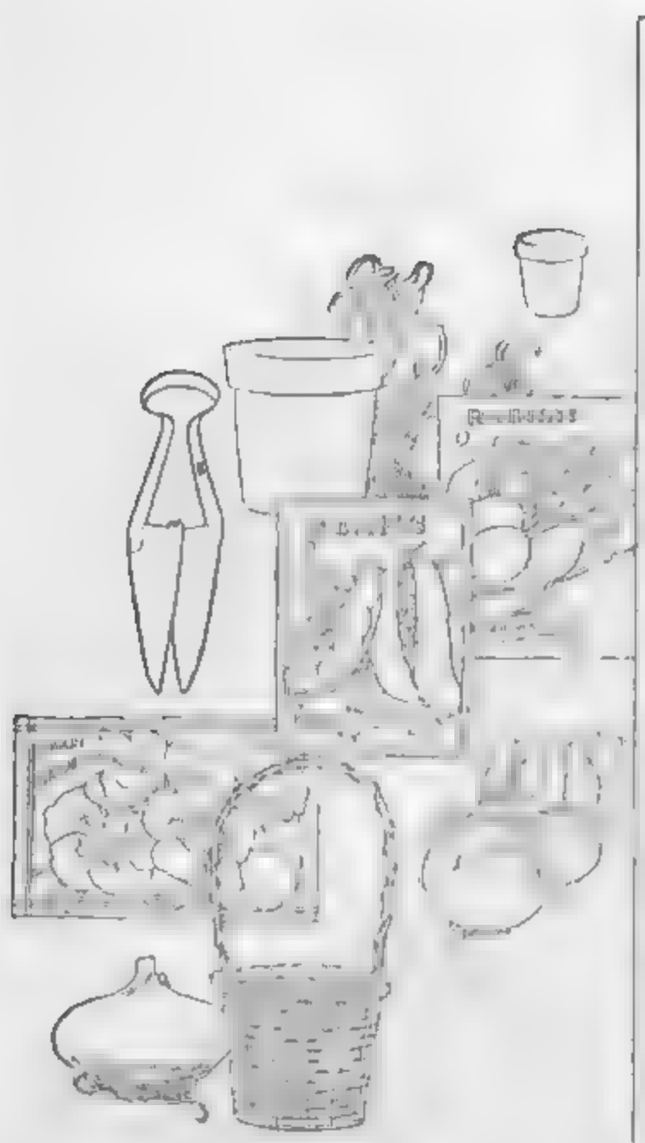

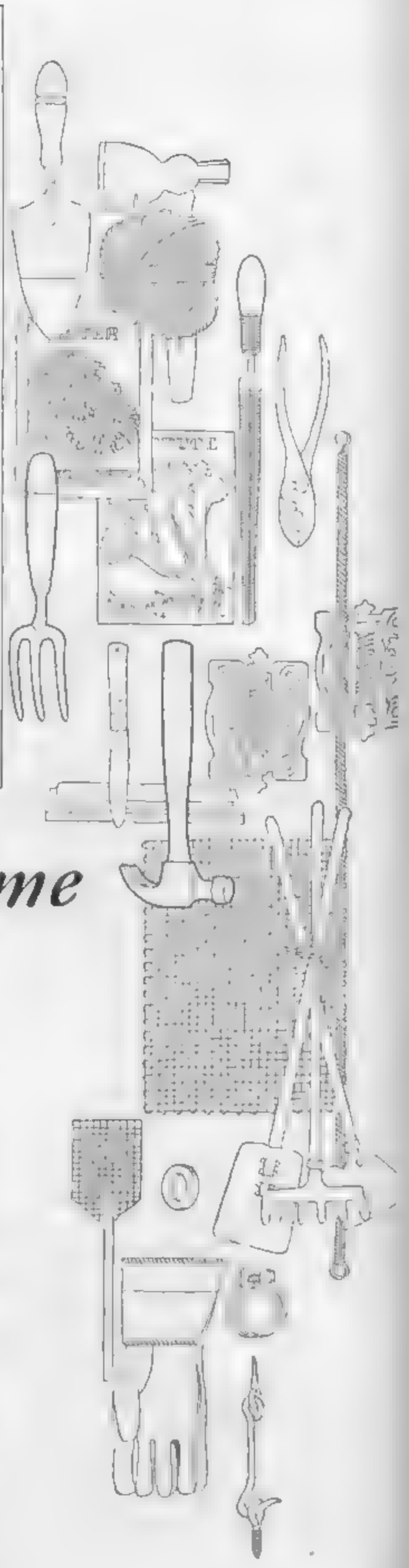

Out o'doors in Maytime

Oh, the thrill of out o'doors in Maytime!

The happiness and pleasure of breathing in the fragrant air—of feeling the warm sun again—of seeing green grass, flowers and budding trees.

There's a joy in Maytime gardening—there's real fun in weeding and sprinkling the lawn, in making the house and grounds neat and trim.

But Maytime brings with it many Maytime requirements.

You need scores of things such as trowels, weeding hooks, grass shears, hose couplings, washers and what not.

And you can make buying them a part of your Maytime enjoyment by making Kresge's your shopping headquarters.

There's a spirit about a Kresge Store that is in harmony with your springtime mood. The open counters display a vast variety of articles that you've wanted for some time but have just neglected to buy.

Kresge Stores carry your Maytime and many other everyday requirements. Visit your Kresge Store. See how well and economically you can buy and how interesting your shopping becomes.

S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢ - 10¢ - 15¢ Red Front — *25¢ - 50¢ - $1.00 Green Front*

(Continued from Page 82)

control of Veitscher Magnesit, which used to sell for 300 crowns, but now brings 17,000 a share. French capital is also taking a large interest in the Commercial Bank of Vienna. The Italians have negotiated for large interests in the Depositen Bank of Vienna and in the Commercial Bank.

As I have said, this is all very soft for the foreigners; but for the Viennese it is little short of a living hell. How they endure it without rushing into the street and tearing the entire city to pieces in their despair is beyond the comprehension of all the onlookers. There isn't any decent food for them to buy, and there hasn't been since 1917. As for clothes, they can't dream of buying them because of their expensiveness. I am speaking now of the bulk of the people in Vienna. In Vienna, as in every other city, there are war profiteers and speculators who have made money. A few thousand out of the two and a quarter million can buy clothes and enjoy the few luxuries that Vienna affords; but more than two million are helpless and, to all extents and purposes, penniless. Two million people, all in one city and all practically unable to obtain heat, light, clothes or any sort of food except the poorest and most meager sort of victuals, is sufficient to give one pause when he comes in contact with it. It is even sufficient to give one a number of long, ruminative pauses.

To lack fuel of every sort throughout a winter must be a very terrible thing. Stop and think of it for a moment; think of being unable to purchase the coal or the wood or the gasoline or the kerosene that one needs in order to cook food each day. Think of having no place to sit, day after day and night after night, except a room as cold as a refrigerator. Yet hundreds of thousands of Vienna people are in that position. In one way the cold is worse than the hunger. A person's stomach protects itself against continued hunger by shrinking; when the Hoover people started to feed the Vienna children hundreds of them were unable to eat the allotted ration; their stomachs wouldn't hold it. But cold is a different proposition, especially when the person exposed to it is badly nourished.

The Vienna people make strenuous efforts to get fuel. They accomplish unbelievable feats. For example, they walk out to the Wiener Wald and cut down trees and chop them up and load them on their backs and walk back home. It sounds easy. But suppose it's the young wife of a postal official who's doing it. She's twenty-three years old and not overstrong because she had a baby a year ago. She hasn't had enough to eat for more than two years. She takes a saw and a sack, and she goes five miles out to the Wiener Wald, and she saws down a tree and saws it up and loads it into her sack—fifty or sixty pounds of it—and straps the sack on her back and returns to the city, jostled and trampled on by the thousands of people who are doing likewise. It isn't the height of relaxation and enjoyment for such a person to go through such an experience, but thousands upon thousands endured it week after week all through last winter.

In the Vienna Forest

The Wiener Wald, which is merely the German way of saying Vienna Forest, starts on the western outskirts of Vienna and stretches over the valleys and hill slopes for several miles. When the fuel shortage became acute the city of Vienna permitted the residents to go into the forest and cut the trees. This method was selected because the city government feared that any other method of distribution would be attended by serious riots. So any citizen of Vienna can get a pink piece of paper which entitles him to go to the Wiener Wald four times and cut down sixty pounds of wood at each trip. He can have one of these slips every two weeks.

Every day the people flock to the forest by the thousands. I went over one Friday afternoon in late January, just at sundown. The people were coming home in droves, and each person had approximately sixty pounds on his back. There were old, old men and little boys; there were girls ten and twelve and fifteen years old; there were women of forty and fifty and sixty. There were shopkeepers and laborers and street-car conductors and soldiers and post-office officials. There were people who, up to four years ago, had had luxuries and refinements and easy living. Each one had a sack of wood on his back, and each one was bent almost double under it. The road which led out to the forest from the edge of the city was solid with these laden people, so that it looked like a street leading to a football field just before a big game. They had been cutting wood all the afternoon. They had been hacking down real trees with little handsaws. I stopped four girls in succession and looked at their hands. Each girl was about fifteen years old. The hands of three of them were covered with blisters, some of which were broken and some of which were not. The hands of the fourth one were tied with bloody rags. It was her first trip. Her brother always had gone. The last time he went a falling tree had broken his arm. Yes, it was hard work. She would prefer to be cold. But her father was sick.

They came down the road by the thousands, all kinds and conditions of them, each stooped under his sixty-pound load. They would stop before stone walls and rest their packs on the wall and hunker down to ease the strain on their aching backs. And then they would struggle up and plod on again. Thousands of them. Never a day went by last winter that 15,000 people didn't go out from Vienna to cut wood in the Wiener Wald, and never a Saturday passed that 30,000 of them didn't go out to cut. If Dante should come back to earth he could get some excellent additional cantos for his Inferno out of Vienna.

Many of the woodcutters only have to walk a mile and a half or two miles with their sixty-pound sacks, because the city runs street cars out to the city limits—street cars without windows, so that the packs can be rested on the window ledges. But some of them wait for hours to get a place in a car, and aren't successful, so they have to walk all the way in. Little boys and little girls and old men and old women walking four miles with sixty-pound sacks on their backs!

High Prices and Low Wages

Salaries and wages in Vienna are hopelessly inadequate. The president of the Austrian Republic receives 40,000 crowns a year. That, at the rate which prevailed in January, was equivalent to about $135 in American money. A well-paid bank employee, such as a department manager, a cashier or a head bookkeeper, received 30,000 crowns a year if he had been with the bank more than fifteen years. A high-grade newspaper man was paid 24,000 crowns a year. A teacher in a high school received 19,000 crowns a year. The best stenographers earned 12,000 yearly. The best-paid clerks in department stores were paid 10,000 crowns a year. A railway conductor got 7000 crowns a year. At the same period a good suit of clothes cost 10,000 crowns. So did a good bead bag. And the conductor's salary would have bought a dinner for twelve people at the best Vienna restaurant.

Street-car fares have risen in Vienna from fourteen heller before the war to two crowns at present. If a man lived on the outskirts of the city and rode to and from his work 300 days a year he would pay 1200 crowns. This would put something of a crimp in a railway conductor's salary.

I sat down one morning with the head of the foreign department of a big Vienna bank to figure on living costs. Our figuring was based on the needs of a couple with one child. They were people of modest tastes, who lived in the simplest manner. They ate most frugally, they had almost no new clothes, they never rode in street cars, they never went to a theater or had a meal in a restaurant, and they never went to the doctor or the dentist. We pared our figures down more than we should have; but the total yearly budget of that imaginary family amounted to 62,000 crowns—22,000 crowns more than the president of Austria is paid. It was also a good many thousand crowns more than the salary of my friend the bank official, and it was nearly ten times the salary of a railway conductor.

"Now look here," I said to the bank official, "if these figures are anywhere near right, as they are, how can you get along when your salary isn't nearly so large?"

His eyes wavered a trifle. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I have a little business of my own on the side—a little export business. If it weren't for that I couldn't get along."

"Then it's all right for you," I said, "but how about the two million others?"

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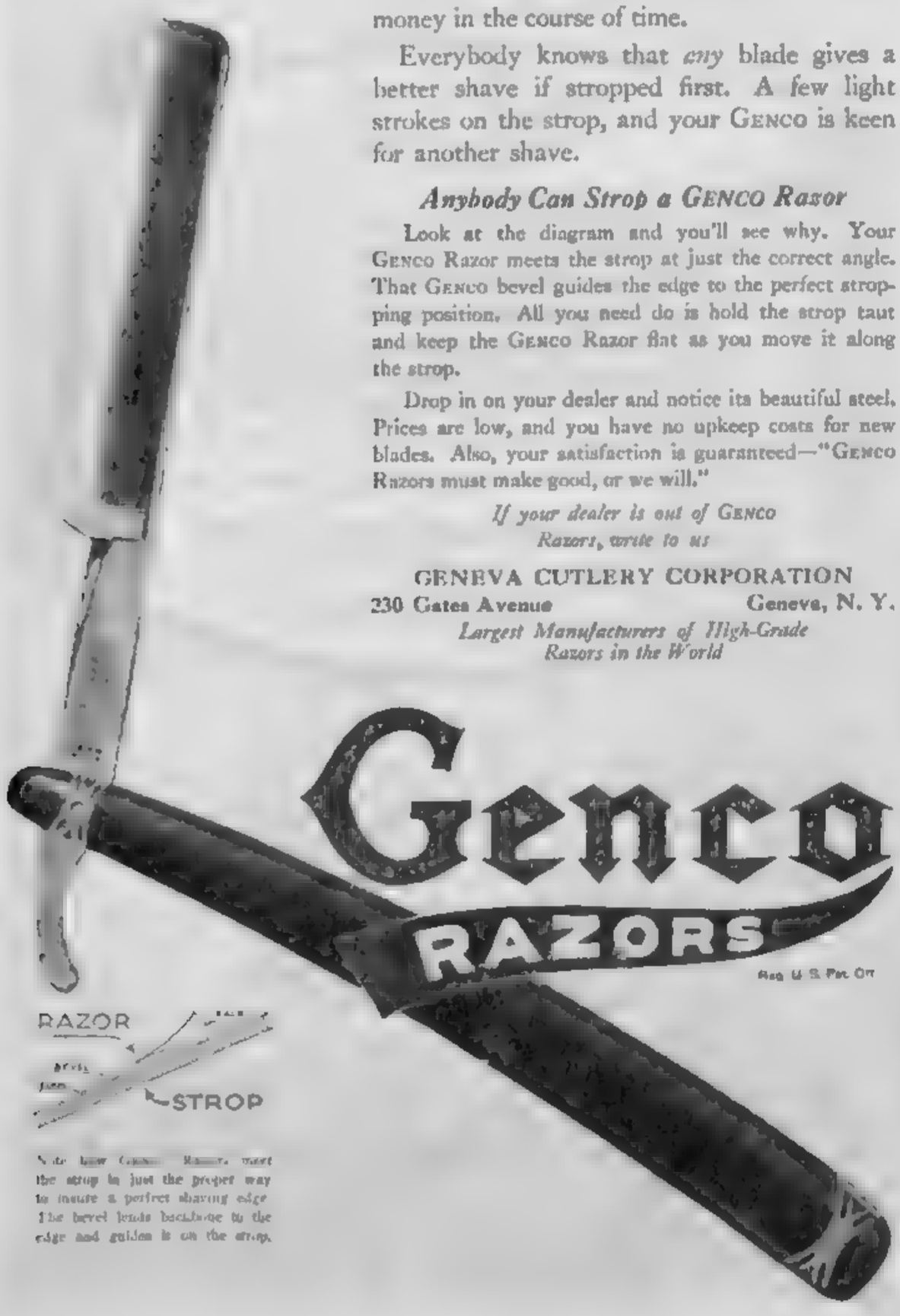


Note how Genco Razors meet the strop in just the proper way to insure a perfect shaving edge The bevel leads backward to the edge and guides it on the strop.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Most of them are buying or selling on the side," he said. "If they aren't they're starving."

I investigated, and found that his statement came very near to being true. The number of people who have something to sell or who are willing to buy something on the chance of selling it at a higher price is enormous. A foreigner who goes into a restaurant to eat will be approached by people with all sorts of things to sell. One of the waiters will offer cigarettes; a stranger will come up and extract watches from every pocket in an endeavor to interest you; another man will ask if you wish to sell French francs or English pounds or Italian lire or American dollars; still another will whisper that he knows a place where a fine tapestry can be bought. One hears no conversation—none—which doesn't deal with buying and selling. The people have got to have the money. They become so dotty on the subject of buying and selling that they will blindly buy things which don't exist and gayly dispose of them to other frenzied financiers.

This has given rise to the expression "*Luft Geschäfte*" or air business—a business which exists only in the air. For example, a Vienna air trader passes into a trance and emerges with the statement that he has a carload of coal. He is overheard, and somebody immediately makes him an offer for it. He accepts and collects the money. The second man in turn sells the carload to someone else, who sells it to a fourth man, who works it off on a fifth, who disposes of it to a sixth. The sixth man really wants a carload of coal for immediate use, so he tries to get delivery. But there isn't any coal and never was any coal. It was purely air coal. And since it's illegal to deal in coal privately he has some reluctance about making an uproar over the affair. He is, as the Viennese say, "chased by the hounds." But occasionally a man who has been stung in a dirty bit of air business takes his troubles into court, and the judge almost goes mad trying to unravel the problem.

A Chance on Fifty-Fifty

Almost every person that one passes on the street in Vienna is talking money. During the second year of the war all Vienna talked of apartments and the difficulty of getting them. During the third year of the war the universal talk was of clothes and boots. During the fourth year the talk was all of food; but now all the talk deals with money—money which must be had in order to pay the awful prices. Stenographers, clerks, young boys, waiters—they all talk money. They are all speculating in something. They are all buying shares. They are all playing the state lottery. I followed the crowd one day and invested 208 crowns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST's money in ticket Number 50,050 of the German-Austrian State Lottery, Fourth Class. I liked the number—fifty-fifty. This ticket might win 100,000 crowns. It has one chance to do that; one chance to win 50,000; one chance to win 30,000; three chances to win 10,000; eight chances to win 5000; sixteen chances to win 2000; thirty-five chances to win 1000; forty chances to win 800; fifty-five chances to win 600; and 2590 chances to get its money back. The Fifth Class Lottery is even higher; at the top is a capital prize of 700,000 crowns; and at the bottom are 39,798 prizes of 200 crowns each. Everyone figures that he'll at least be lucky enough to get his money back.

The selling of foodstuffs which are supposed to be government controlled is known as "*Schleich-handel*," or underhand dealing; and a man who sells food illegally is a Schleich-handler. If a man does enough Schleich-handling he is promoted to the rank of *Schieber*. One of the worst features of Schleich-handling is the manner in which the Schleich-handlers sell to each other before disposing of their goods to the ultimate consumer. A Schleich-handler might go out into the country and get a lot of eggs, for example, and then sell them to another Schleich-handler, who would sell them to another, and so on. This is known as *Ketten-handel*, or chain dealing.

Most of this selling and buying takes place in cafés. Certain cafés get the reputation of being Schieber cafés, and one goes to them to buy or sell anything from Chinese tapestries and Czechoslovak money to a pound of cheese. The Vienna people have a great joke among themselves. They declare solemnly that a man went into the biggest Schieber café in the city and announced that he had two carloads of snow, and that another man immediately offered to buy them. This statement always provokes shrieks of merriment.

On Saturdays almost every tenth man that one meets in Vienna has a canvas knapsack strapped to his back and is headed out into the country to get food of some sort from the farmers. The farmers are extremely averse to sending their produce to Vienna for sale. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, money means nothing to the farmer. He can't get enough in return for his produce to buy clothes or tools, so he scorns it. But he is willing to barter. Offer an Austrian farmer a pair of pants, and he'll trade anything he owns for them. So the Viennese take old shirts and secondhand underclothing and trousers into the country and trade them for butter and eggs and meat. Part of the food they keep themselves, and part they sell to the Schleich-handlers. All the Vienna hotels are supplied with food by Schleich-handlers; and a person who walks the Stygian streets of the city late at night will see them, bent under their loaded knapsacks, clumping toward the hotels in little groups of three or five. It would be no good to seize this food from the farmers and distribute it equally; for even under normal conditions the total food production of Austria as it exists at present is only thirty per cent of the amount which the people require. If such a distribution were attempted nobody would have nearly enough; whereas at the present time the farmers can feed themselves and sell a little to the Schleich-handlers.

Cheerful, Kindly People

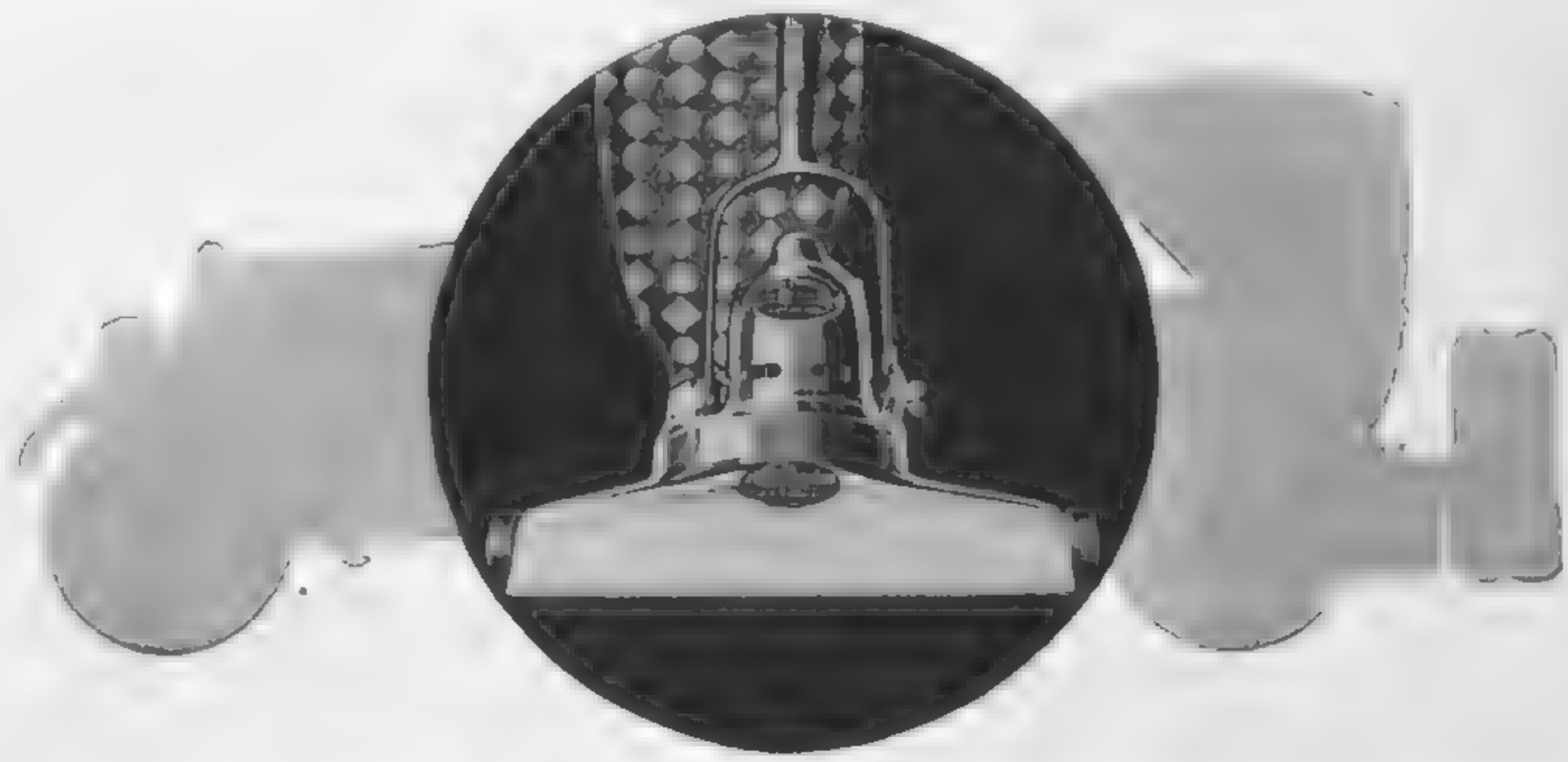
The farmers hate the Viennese. Vienna is a socialist city, and the farmers are antisocialist. The Social-Democracy which obtains among the Vienna workmen is perilously akin to Bolshevism; whereas the farmers, owning their land, are decidedly unsympathetic toward the radical views of those who have been unable to show enough thrift, initiative and gumption to obtain possessions of their own, and who therefore advocate seizing the possessions of more industrious citizens. The Austrian farmer, moreover, declares that the Viennese are not Austrians at all, but hybrids—an indistinguishable mixture of Hungarian, Rumanian, German, Slav, Hebrew and Italian. And the farmers are right. The people of Vienna are Viennese first and Austrian afterward. They are good-natured, easy-going, lovable, brilliant and shiftless. "The fundamental features of the character of the people," says Lechner's Guide to Vienna, published in Vienna in 1913, "are justly considered to be joviality and good nature. The Viennese has a sympathizing heart, and he is happiest when he has it in his power to be kind and indulgent. He is fond of music and dancing and loves to spend his leisure hours in merry company. In places of public amusement, be they ever so numerously attended, everything goes off in harmless and innocent enjoyment."

If the Viennese consent to go without food and without shoes and without clothes without making an uproar, then they deserve the palm as the most easy-going people who have ever existed. Such an attitude may well be designated the height of joviality and good nature—the very peak of harmless and innocent enjoyment—the apotheosis of kindness and indulgence. But whatever a person wants to call this peculiar Viennese trait, it has kept them from erupting in a series of outbreaks that would wreck the city.

"I have had a very intimate knowledge of Central European affairs for a year or more," said an American army officer in Vienna, "and I know that no other city in Europe would have remained quiet under the same conditions that have obtained in Vienna; but even these easy-going people may take to anarchy unless measures are soon adopted for their relief."

Vienna is a city of palaces, cafés and antique shops. The cafés and the antique shops are about on a par numerically. Every fifth doorway in Vienna admits one either to an antique shop or a café. The Vienna cafés exist solely as loafing places for the kind and indulgent Viennese. They sell only tea, coffee and chocolate. The Viennese flock to them early in the morning, get their cups of tea, coffee or chocolate, and then sit round and talk or read

(Continued on Page 88)



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Vacuum Cleaners differ in construction and efficiency, almost as much as do motor cars. Some give a lifetime of service. Others disappoint.

The worth of both car and cleaner can only be proved by use. Thus we urge you to request a home demonstration.

Every Premier dealer will gladly do this

He will send a demonstrator to your home at the hour and day you set, with the Premier. He will explain its perfected construction, show you the innumerable tasks it performs for you.

He will tell you why we make it of aluminum—the featherweight metal used in the construction of fine motor cars. How it weighs less than 12 pounds, yet does a giant's work.

He will explain how the powerful Premier suction gets out every grain of dust no matter how heavy your rug. How an ingenious rubber comb is provided to pick up threads and hair. How a bristle brush is provided if more vigorous brushing is desired.

How you should clean your finest rugs by suction alone, for suction never harms. Then he will show you the other amazing tasks the Premier will perform.

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The Premier's work has only begun when your carpets and rugs are cleaned. The powerful suction takes up the dust and lint from your hardwood floors with the greatest ease.

A special Premier attachment dusts your woodwork, your pictures, chandeliers, radiators.

Another cleans draperies and hangings—your finest clothes and furs.

Upholstered furniture, mattresses, pillows, the upholstery of your automobile—the Premier cleans them all.

You will find there is little left to do when the Premier is through.

Premiers are made in two models—two types—one with suction driven brush, the other with power driven brush. Your dealer will show you both.

Sold with a year's guarantee

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner is sold with a year's guarantee. With it we offer the same service you command with your new motor car, made possible by 50 Premier service stations.

Volume producers of vacuum cleaners

The Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company has one of the largest factories employed in the exclusive manufacture of Vacuum Cleaners. This vast daylight plant, with its hundreds of employees, produces a volume which naturally reduces cost.

Thus the Premier is moderate priced although its efficiency should command the highest price. Special terms put it in the reach of every housewife. All can afford a Premier. Arrange for your home demonstration today.

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MODEL 19 ELECTRIC CLEANER

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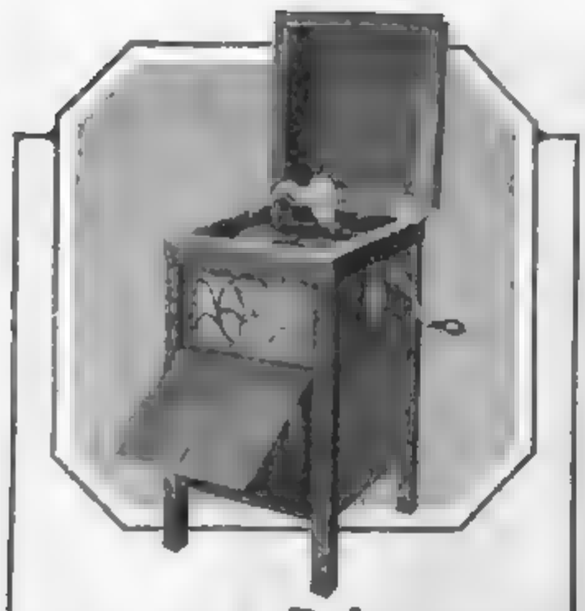

$10 *Baby* CABINET TOY PHONOGRAPH

($10.75 west of Rocky Mountains—$13.75 in Canada)

Complete with 50 needles. —Mahogany finish. Size closed 17x9x10 in.

Baby TOY PHONOGRAPHS

Beautiful small phonographs for the kiddies; play *Little Wonder, Bubble Book* and other disc records up to 7 inches, costing only 10c to 35c. Thousands of famous pieces to select from. Have wonderfully easy-running motors, play fast or slow, soft or loud, with a clear strong tone that is really surprising in a toy. Motor and tone arm and 5¼ inch turntable, the same in both models.

Strongly constructed to withstand rough handling. Small enough to carry around from house to house, large enough to entertain a room full of company or to dance by. The cleanest kind of fun and entertainment for children.

Manufactured by one of the world's largest makers of high grade spring motors and phonograph parts.

BOYS, GIRLS, PARENTS

Get one of these wonderful little music makers. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and we will mail direct to you postpaid on receipt of price.

DEALERS WANTED

Every family is a live prospect whether it already has a phonograph or not. Write for our proposition.

THE GENERAL PHONOGRAPH MANFG. CO.
(Formerly named The Garford Mfg. Co.)
ELYRIA, OHIO

FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY

Herewith $. Please send me postpaid your Toy Phonograph (Baby or Baby Cabinet).

Name

Address

My dealer does not handle them. His name and address is

Baby TOY PHONOGRAPH $6

($6.50 west of Rocky Mountains—$8.25 in Canada)

Complete with 50 needles. Ebony enamel, nickel trimmings. Size 8½x5½x7½ inches

(Continued from Page 86)

newspapers or write letters or sell things to each other until late in the evening. The cafés are always full, for they are about the only places in the city that are warm.

In every antique shop there is always somebody who is selling his belongings in order to get enough money on which to exist. The people come in with little newspaper-wrapped bundles under their arms and sell the contents for about one-fortieth of their value. The antique dealers in turn sell them to foreigners at about one-tenth of their value—in foreign money. The leading newspaper of Vienna carried a full-page advertisement while I was there, addressed "To the People of Austria" and signed "A Friend." "If you must sell," read the advertisement, "sell only for food and actual necessities of life or for materials and instruments to work at your trades."

There is an institution in Vienna known as the Dorotheum. It is a big stone building, with many offices, large showrooms, imposing reception rooms and a general air of security. It is a government pawnshop founded in 1707 by Kaiser Joseph I. It has sixteen branches in different parts of Vienna; and the amount of business that it does is tremendous. I went in and took a look at the people who were waiting in line to pawn their belongings; and then I hunted up the manager and asked him to tell me about it.

"In the old days," said the manager, "we actually had more articles pawned with us each week than we do now; but the reason is simple. In the old days the people who patronized us most were workingmen. They would come on Monday and pawn their clothes. On Saturday they would redeem them. On Sunday they would wear them. And on Monday they would come and pawn them again. This went on week after week, so that our books showed an enormous amount of business."

Scenes in the Pawnshops

"To-day our books show about one-third as much business as before the war; but the workingman comes to us no longer. His spare clothes have gone for good. He has only what he wears on his back. He has nothing to pawn. Now the people who come are middle-class people. They are pawning the last of their possessions—either the things that they have hitherto treasured too much to pawn or the things which they considered useless. And they never redeem. Never. The workmen pawned and redeemed each week. The middle-class people pawn once, and that's the end.

"The people who come now are ex-army officers and small government officials and physicians and lawyers. Their misery is indescribable. There is one infallible sign of extreme poverty, and that is a pawned wedding ring. Scores of women are pawning their wedding rings each day. They are pawning them to get food. The wedding ring is always the last to go. I know; for I have watched the people come and go for many years. When a person has parted with everything and has no more money and can get no food, what can happen?"

The little blue-uniformed manager of the Dorotheum looked at me with worried eyes. Then he asked me a question that hundreds of Viennese asked me during my stay. He asked because he really wanted information. He asked because, like all the others, he didn't know. He asked because he was afraid.

"What do you think will become of us?" he asked. "What do you think is going to happen to us?" There was no trace of a whimper in his voice. But he was afraid. He hoped, as did the others, that I would have a consoling answer at hand. But I didn't.

I went down to the pawning lines. A refined-looking elderly woman pawned ten old china plates for ten crowns—enough to buy one egg. A young girl pawned a silver mesh bag, a cigarette case and a silver watch for 800 crowns. An old man pawned three kitchen knives and a pair of shears for twenty crowns, or the equivalent of ten street-car rides. A woman pawned a wedding ring for 500 crowns. Another woman pawned a gorgeous aquamarine with a diamond at each corner for 5000 crowns—sixteen dollars; and it couldn't have been bought anywhere in the United States for less than $700. Another woman pawned a baby's silver teething ring and a silver mug for fifty crowns, or the equivalent of one meal at a cheap restaurant. No wonder they ask what is going to become of them. No wonder they find the problem a mystifying one.

Practically the only individuals in the city of Vienna who are receiving good food are the very badly undernourished children, who are being fed by the American Relief Administration—the Hoover people. Not all the Vienna children are fed by the Americans; merely the very undernourished ones under the age of fifteen. In Vienna, for example, there are 340,000 children under fifteen years of age. Of these children 332,540 are undernourished—nearly 98 per cent. The number of Vienna children who are fed by the Americans each day is 147,000, or about 44 per cent. In all Austria there are 930,000 undernourished children under fifteen years of age, or nearly 79 per cent of the total number under fifteen years old—1,182,000. In all Austria, including Vienna, the Americans feed 270,000 children every day.

Hoover's Men Get Action

The four Americans—all former army or navy officers—who do the administrative work of the child feeding are thoroughly trained in the American and the Hoover idea of hurdling difficulties. When necessary they work all night. While I was in Vienna one of the American kitchens burned down at night; 14,000 children were fed by that kitchen. The Americans got up early in the morning and plowed in a little harder, and consequently not one of the 14,000 children lost a single meal. This is not the Austrian system. The Austrian system is based on the theory that one should never put off until to-morrow anything that can be put off for a couple of weeks. In Lower Austria there is a peasant proverb which says: "If God had appointed a Vienna Commission to create the world it would not yet have been created." The Americans attached the can to all commissioners who got in their way. For a time they were hampered by a committee for child help who were passionately addicted to a form of vice known as a "*Sitzung.*" They would get the Americans over to the Reichstag and have Sitzung after Sitzung. A Sitzung consists of sitting round a table and giving vent to a lot of hot air which accomplishes nothing.

The Americans stood these Sitzungs for a week, and listened carefully to protracted discussions concerning the political situation in Vorarlberg, an Austrian province which was then on the verge of seceding from Austria and joining Switzerland. At the end of the week the head of the American Child Feeders rose to his feet and addressed the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have come to Austria to feed your children. Your conversation is probably of some value, but it feeds no children. Since you cannot come to any decisions we shall act as the situation seems to us to demand, and if we need your advice we will ask for it." The Americans then walked out and went to work. They never went back. The committee, having nothing to sitzung about, fell into decay and evaporated.

The Austrian imagination was greatly stimulated by the arrival of the Hoover people. One Austrian had a precious scheme for solving the country's food troubles by feeding the population fruit and oatmeal. The great drawback was that Austria had neither fruit nor oatmeal. Another Austrian had figured that everything could be fixed by turning the country over to the wholesale production of frogs. The mayor of the city of Baden, who evidently was under the impression that America was going in so keenly for relief work that it would even support Europe's hungry livestock, addressed a long letter to the "American Animal Stuff Feeding Commission" and said that Baden could feed its children if the Americans would help the city raise goats. The letter agreed that Baden particularly deserved help because "every year before the war broke out the municipality of Baden put the big assembly rooms of the *Kurhaus* and the public playgrounds at the disposal of the American colony for the celebration of the anniversary of the Day of Independence; and the colony was always received at Baden by the mayor."

The Hoover representatives attend to the importation, the distribution and the control of the American food. Doctor Pirquet, an Austrian who was formerly a professor at Johns Hopkins University, supervises the selection of the undernourished children to be fed. Doctor Pirquet has a system for determining the undernourishment of a child; and after taking a child's sitting height and its weight he can toy with the figures a while and tell you the exact dimensions of the child's intestines. From this he evolves the child's nourishment in terms of figures. Thus, 100 is the average figure for a well-nourished child; 105 is the figure for a fat, very well-nourished child; 88 means a badly nourished child; and 85 a very badly nourished one. Below 85 a child needs hospital treatment; and if its nourishment figure gets as low as 76 it almost invariably dies. Doctor Pirquet divides the children into three classes: Badly nourished, quite badly nourished and very badly nourished. This last class of children, known as Number Three, contains those whose nourishment figures are as low as 85. They are the ones whom the Americans feed.

There are hundreds of feeding stations scattered over the city, mostly in schools. There is one in Schönbrunn, the palace of the ex-Emperor, and another in Belvedere, the palace of the Archduke Ferdinand, who was assassinated in Sarajevo in 1914.

Humane and Practical

I don't wish anybody any hard luck, but I wish that every American could go to Vienna Kitchen Number Thirty-one, where the American Relief Administration prepares food for 7000 children and feeds 3000 on the premises, so that he could have an idea of the good that has been accomplished through the efforts of the man to whom a gruff regular-army officer in Vienna refers as "The most humane, the best informed, the most practical and the biggest-brained man not only in the United States but in the world to-day—Herbert Hoover." Mr. Hoover has some staunch supporters in Central Europe. I venture to predict that if he should run for office against the ten most popular politicians in the United States, the votes of the Americans in Central Europe would be cast solidly for him. There might be one or two who would vote for themselves—there is always that danger—but Hoover would be their next choice. It is due entirely to Hoover's conception and foresight that the children of Central Europe are not dying off like flies, and the future of devastated, discouraged and practically bankrupt Europe will not be left in the hands of a generation of weaklings and inefficients.

At Kitchen Number Thirty-one the children come into the feeding station in long lines—the boys on one side and the girls on another. Each one carries a cup or a battered pitcher for his ration. They look somewhat scrawny, but not distressingly so. But their clothes are very bad. A large percentage of the boys are dressed in old Austrian uniforms cut down to fit them. Their shoes are awful—mere rags of shoes, broken open and home-patched.

The day on which I visited Kitchen Number Thirty-one was cold and raw and rainy. Just outside the feeding station was a child who had lost his card. He had no shoes, and he was standing barefooted in the slush, waiting for his friends to come out. They don't look so bad, until one asks their ages. Then one discovers that little shrimps of boys, who look not a day over six years old, are ten and twelve and thirteen years old. Fourteen-year-old children, who ought to be fairly sizable, look just about large enough to be in kindergarten instead of the last grade of the grammar school. And children who look as though they had just learned to talk a few weeks before are in reality seven and eight years old.

Several children were wearing clothes of a peculiar texture. We asked them about it. They were the children of former army officers, and the clothes were made out of window curtains. One boy was wearing a suit made out of one of his mother's old dresses. Girls in many instances were wearing dresses which had been made from tablecloths, bedspreads and the heavy stuff which the Austrians hang over the lower part of their windows in the winter to keep out drafts. One had on a suit made out of a light-weight carpet.

I was in Vienna several weeks. I got one piece of butter; but there were three weeks when I couldn't buy it. White bread was never served in restaurants. For about 200 crowns one could occasionally buy a large loaf in devious and underhand ways; and when one did that he could always wrap it up in a newspaper and lug it with him whenever he went to a restaurant. People

(Concluded on Page 91)

Libby's
Libby's
Tomato
Catchup
Red-ripe tomatoes, plump and juicy and fresh from the dewy vines, are blended with rare spices and pure vinegar into that premier of all relishes—Libby's Catchup.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 505A Welfare Bldg., Chicago
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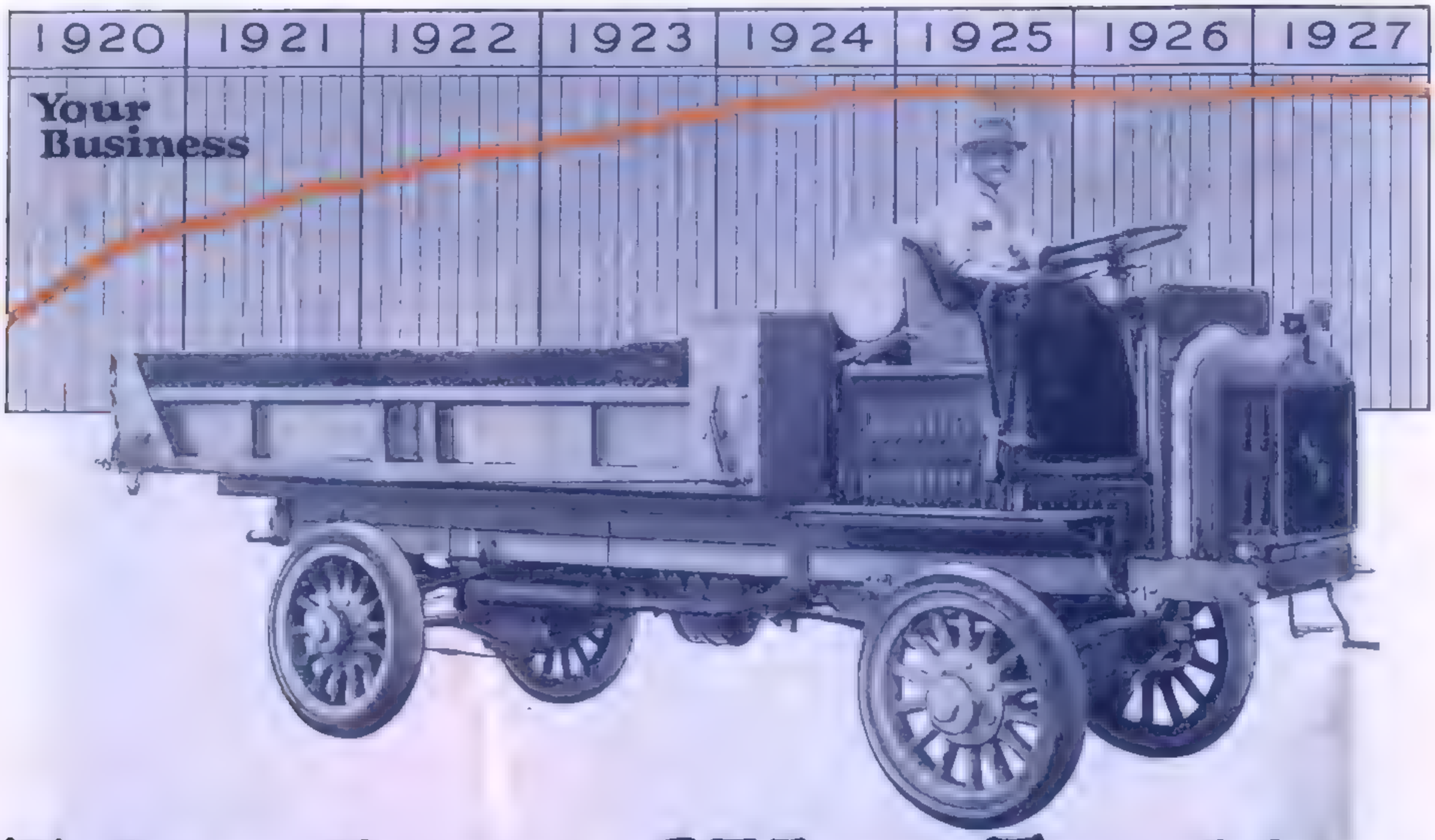

Takes Care of Your Trucking *as Your Business Grows*

You make a big saving when you put an FWD on the job—because it takes care of your trucking as your need increases.

The FWD gives more *kinds* of service and more *capacity* for service at low cost. This is one result of our ten years' Specialization on the Three-Ton Truck Range alone. In the largest factory in the world exclusively devoted to three-ton trucks, we have greatly broadened the range of use.

FWD ease of handling, its saving of street area, its saving of tire expense are other important details, but—

Economy Dominates All Other FWD Features

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The Four Wheel Drive Auto Company
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FWD TRUCKS

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For the Three-Ton Truck Range

(Concluded from Page 88)

who attended select dinner parties would appear with bundles under their arms—bread or butter which they had bought from *Schleichhändlers*. The white bread was always made without milk, and it tasted a great deal like well-ground birch sawdust in a semipetrified state. There was next to nothing in the markets except evil-looking apples, spinach, cabbage and beets. The markets whose stalls were once filled with the finest meats and fresh fish displayed occasional attenuated sections of strange animals and a few pallid and sickly salted fish, but their prices were far beyond the reach of the majority of Viennese. For example, corned beef cost 200 crowns a kilogram in January. A kilogram is about two pounds—one meal for a small family. If a family had only one such piece of meat once a week for a year, the total cost would be 10,400 crowns, or more than the entire year's salary of a railway conductor.

The children whom the Americans feed receive each day a cup of chocolate, made with milk and sweetened with sugar, and a huge slice of white bread made with milk and honey, or something equally good. Possibly an Austrian millionaire could have such a meal; but I couldn't buy it when I was in Vienna—and anyone with a few American dollars in Vienna is as good as a millionaire. At Kitchen Number Thirty-one the supervisor gave me a cup of chocolate and a piece of bread so that I could taste it. I affected polite interest. I ate the chocolate and bread in rather a detached way, as though I were merely doing it to put the supervisor at her ease. But it was the first—and it was the only—real food I had had in Vienna. If anyone had come up and tried to take it away from me I would have snarled and snapped at him.

The hospitals can't feed their patients. An Austrian came to an American in Vienna to ask for help. His wife had tuberculosis. She was in a hospital. For breakfast she got black coffee; at ten o'clock she was given soup; at noon she had soup and black bread; for dinner at night she received black bread and black coffee. No milk, no fats, no delicacies. There are thousands and thousands in Vienna on the same diet.

Suffering Children

The children whom the Americans feed are comparatively well off; but there is nearly fifty-six per cent of the undernourished Vienna children under the age of fifteen who aren't receiving any food from the American kitchens. And in all Austria, out of the total number of undernourished children under fifteen years of age, seventy-one per cent eat what their parents are able to buy them. Great numbers of people must live on their government food rations; and how any person can keep life in his body on Vienna food rations is a mystery. Here's what one person can buy at government prices: Three pounds of bread a week; a quarter of a pound of flour; a quarter of a pound of beans or peas; a quarter of a pound of margarine—maybe, and maybe not; a fifth of a pound of meat, and one pound of potatoes every other week. Lay that amount of food on a table and look at it. It's scarcely a square meal for a small dog. If a New York woman were told that her Pomeranian would have to live on that amount of food for a week she'd have hysterics. There are thousands of Viennese who have been living on such rations for a long, long time, and who may have to live on them for a much longer time. People have pawned their furniture, their clothes, their carpets and even their beds to buy food. When everything has gone they live on the government rations and die very slowly. The death rate among children from tuberculosis is almost 100 per cent greater than before the war. The death rate has risen to such an extent and the birth rate has fallen so abruptly that Doctor Pirquet estimates that if this condition should continue for another fifteen years the population of Vienna would be wiped out. I have heard Americans say: "But people can't live on so little food! It can't be done!" They get excited. "If they are trying to live on that, why don't they go away?" they say. "Why don't they move to other countries? Why don't they get land in the country? Why don't they do something?" Those are some of the questions they usually ask; and they're easily answered. They can't go away because they haven't enough money to go with; and, besides, other countries don't want them. There's no room for them on Austrian farms. There's nothing that they can do—but starve and hope for better things.

The hoping, I don't mind saying, is at a very low ebb in Vienna. The bulk of the people are absolutely down and out. I walked into scores of homes in search of information, and asked the most intimate questions concerning their finances and their manner of living. Never once did I meet with a rebuff.

I have no room in this article for the scores of cases which fill my notebooks. I can quote a few:

Baron —— was an officer in the Austrian army. Before the war he maintained a large establishment for his wife and twenty-year-old daughter. His total income now, from pension and salary, is 8400 crowns a year. It takes over 60,000 crowns, remember, to live frugally. He sold his horses; then he sold his silver; now he is selling his furniture. His daughter gives music lessons at six crowns a lesson—two cents. The baroness does her own work. Comparatively speaking, they're not badly off, though they get their food at the Vienna public feeding stations.

Some Typical Cases

In a room whose temperature was round thirty-eight degrees sat a woman and a young girl making little baskets out of colored tissue paper. The woman was the wife of a captain in the Austrian army. He was an Austrian, but lived in Galicia, which is now Poland. His wife was a Viennese; but by marrying a man who lived in Galicia she now ranks as a Pole. Every Austrian officer, before marrying, had to have a capital of 48,000 crowns. Her husband had only 24,000. He got a special dispensation from the Emperor to marry with the 24,000-crown capital. This money is deposited with the government, and the interest comes to the couple. The husband was killed. The wife, being a Pole, cannot get the 24,000 crowns, which through depreciation is now worth about eighty dollars instead of the $5000 that it used to be worth. She has applied to change her citizenship, but she can get no action. She has two children. The boy is over fifteen years of age and therefore cannot be fed by the Americans. He is starving, though his sister deprives herself of food for him. The woman's expenses last year were 11,690 crowns; and her total earnings were 10,025. She made up the difference by selling her furniture and belongings. Her earnings will be the same this year; but her expenses, owing to increased prices, will be much higher. She and her two children live entirely on government rations; week after week they exist on bread, beans and cabbage. The average cost per week is 250 crowns. The material of each basket which they weave costs five crowns, and they receive nine crowns for it. Each one takes two hours to make. She wanted only two things: Help for her son, and help to become an Austrian citizen so that she could get her 24,000 crowns. My taxicab, on the morning that I visited this family, happened to cost exactly what the mother spends for food in one week.

Director —— is an official in the Court of Justice. He is paid 4800 crowns a year. For thirteen years he was in the navy, so he also receives a pension of 4800 crowns, making a total of 9600 crowns. He had a wife and a son and two daughters. One of the daughters, who was eleven years old, was dying of starvation. She was dying in the next room. You have probably never heard a child dying of starvation—or seen one. I hope you never will. I saw her and heard her. Her face was like a bird's skull, and every little while she would gasp a few times. I think I shouted at the director to know why someone wasn't doing something. I think I may have sworn quite a good deal. I asked him why the Americans didn't feed the child. He said that they had. For some time she had gone to the feeding stations, but she had been too undernourished. Soon she had had to go to bed. The Americans broke their rules and allowed food to be taken to her, and the doctor from the Americans came every day, but it was no use. Now she couldn't eat—to-night she would be dead—he had asked for an advance of pay to bury her. There were Christmas greens still hanging on the chandelier, and the noonday sun threw a bright splotch on the green carpet—and she was dying of starvation in the next room. Director —— made no appeal for help, but big tears welled out of his eyes and ran down his cheeks. I asked him if there was anything I could do for the child. He shook his head. She wanted nothing but rest until she died. But his son—his son was a doctor of laws. He was thirty years old and received four crowns a day—his wife had just had a baby—all three of them were starving.

Four crowns a day! A cent and a third!

The director went with me to the door. The girl's mother and sister came to say good-by and when they spoke they wept. The director merely said that it was a very unhappy world. He had thought that when he was an old man his children would sustain him, whereas he saw them dying and could do nothing to help.

Every apartment house has its tragedy—frequently its scores of tragedies. I found them wherever I turned.

No American understands how the people endure these things silently. No outbreak would help them; but usually, under such conditions, people resort to violence.

I hunted up and discussed this matter with Karl Tomann, the leader of the Communist or Bolshevik Party in Austria. Tomann is a short, thin, sallow-skinned, nervous man about thirty-five years old. He was in the Austrian army early in the war. He was wounded and captured on the Russian Front in 1915, was sent to hospitals in Kieff and Moscow, and was then sent east by slow stages until he reached Omsk. He was put to work in various Ural mines, and after that he was made a farm laborer. In the long days of the Siberian summer, he said, he and the other prisoners were made to work from three in the morning until eleven at night—twenty hours. When they weakened from fatigue they were flogged. With Kerensky's rise to power things were better for a time, but eventually much worse than under the Czar. When the revolution came he was freed and went to Moscow. He worked with Lenine in person from April, 1918, to December, 1918, when he left Russia to take up the work in Austria. Speaking of Siberian prisoners, there are thousands still in Siberia. They have been there for four or five years. They can't get home. So far as they know, they may be there for life. It's rather tough on their families.

Tomann, in January, was in almost daily communication with Moscow by courier. He was receiving regular reports from the Bolsheviks in the United States.

Babblings of Bolshevism

America, Tomann said, was far more ripe for Bolshevism than is Europe. The people who come back from America say that the outlook is good. I asked him what he meant by good; and he replied good for Bolshevism. I asked him if he was sending agitators to America as well as getting them back. He hesitated, and finally refused to answer. I asked him what he meant by saying the outlook was good for Bolshevism in America. He said the high rate of exchange made it impossible for Europe to buy from America. As a result America would soon be overproduced and the factories would have to shut down, thus throwing great numbers of workmen out of positions. When this happened the workmen would go Bolshevik. He looked for America to go Bolshevik in about two years' time.

Tomann wasn't at all convinced of America's idealism. He had it all doped out that the help which America was giving to Austria was being given by American capitalists for purely capitalistic reasons. They will help, he thinks, just so long as there is some advantage to be gained from helping. I asked him what advantages he was talking about. He replied that there were two things to be dragged out of Austria. One was the water works, the other was the children, who in the future will be able to work and be the slaves of American capital. That's what he thought American capital has in mind—the enslaving of the Austrian children. I told Tomann that I supposed he thought American capital helped the victims of the Messina earthquake and the San Francisco fire so that it could enslave the Italian and the Californian children. He was full of some ripe Bolshevik ideas, was Tomann—about as ripe as a Roquefort cheese.

He talked himself round in a circle about as rapidly as it could be done. Bolshevism was coming in America because the European nations couldn't buy from the capitalists, and because the factories would therefore have to close from overproduction. The capitalists were trying to avert this, but couldn't. Note that, please; and then note the following statements which Tomann also made: Wilson has been disavowed by the Senate, which is composed of capitalists. He was disavowed because he favored the League of Nations. The capitalists considered that the league hindered capitalist expansion. Why did it hamper capitalist expansion? Very simple! Because it was founded to save the impoverished states of Europe from ruin. The saving of them would have cut into capitalistic pockets, and therefore they are against it. Clear? It's as clear as a hard-boiled egg!

"Look here, Tomann," said I, "if the capitalists could save the impoverished states of Europe from ruin the states could buy from the capitalists, and then none of the factories would have to shut down, and America would be in no danger of Bolshevism. How about that?"

"The war," replied Tomann, dodging the question nimbly, "has created whole poor countries. The war was caused by capitalistic-anarchistic production. States which were once creditor states are now debtor states. Practically all Americans believe that they belong to the class which possesses money; and they think that Bolshevism won't come because the workmen don't suffer."

"Whither do we drift?" I asked. "Let's get off that capitalistic-anarchistic stuff and get back to talk that means something. Why doesn't Austria go Bolshevik?"

"Capitalism," Tomann answered, ignoring my question, "can never help Austria. The feeding of children by Americans may avert an immediate revolution, but it can have no lasting good."

Hoover's Food Drafts

"Well," said I, "is it better to let the children starve and have a revolution, or feed the children and avert a revolution?"

"That question is difficult to answer," said Tomann. "Feeding the children is a great beneficial action at the moment, but it can have no lasting good. I am against the extension of credits to Austria, but I am neither for nor against the feeding of the people."

"What do you mean—neither for nor against?" I asked. "You are either for or against everything. You like dogs or you don't like dogs; you are in favor of rotten eggs or you are not in favor of them; you think Emma Goldman is either a help or a hindrance to society."

"Ah, yes," said Tomann. "That is a very important point. In theory I am against feeding, because it is not good that a poor man's child should receive alms. But in this instance I am forced to disregard my theories. Theoretically I'm against it, but actually I'm not."

"And why," I repeated, "doesn't Austria go Bolshevik?"

"We are waiting for some neighboring nation to go," he said. "Our greatest hope is Italy. When she goes Austria will go."

"You had a grand chance," I reminded him, "when Hungary went Bolshevik on one side of you and Bavaria set up a people's republic on the other side. What more could you want than that?"

"The time was not ripe," said Tomann, passing his hand wearily over his brow. "And now I have much work to do." So I came away.

The American Relief Warehouse in Vienna will do much to relieve misery and distress. This scheme, which was worked out by Hoover, makes it possible for a person in the United States to buy a food draft at an American bank. This draft is sent to some person in Vienna by registered mail, and that person presents it at the American Relief Warehouse and receives good American food for it. If money alone were sent he couldn't buy decent food in the open market. In the first ten days after the announcement of the new warehouse scheme 140,000 Viennese sent postcards to relatives and friends in America asking that food drafts be sent to them.

Austria is a little country, but she holds about as much misery to the square inch as any other nation ever held. The Peace Conference, as I said at the beginning, has stripped her of everything she needs in order to exist, but it has left her with enough hunger to supply all the other nations with a liberal amount. It's the only thorough and complete job that the Peace Conference did.

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Cosmolac is the leader of the Masury Big Six, known for sterling quality. Each is first grade and the finest of its kind that skill can make. They are the foremost members of the Masury Quality Family which has been known for merit since 1835. Good dealers sell Masury Perfection Flat White and Colors for walls and broad surfaces. They dry without gloss, without brush marks. Soft and restful to the eye and endure in a way peculiar to all Masury products. Easily cleaned with soap and water. Many pastel tones—but only one grade, that comes not only of knowledge, but the will to excel in sheer quality.

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THIS IS THE MASURY BIG SIX

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EXPIRED LOANS

(Continued from Page 21)

Nathan came to an abrupt stop. The customer had laid down the thin model and was examining another, about three times the size, double case and heavily engraved. A quick change of front was necessary.

"I bet that's the one you ought to buy!" cried Nathan enthusiastically. "A fine heavy watch which you know when it is in your pocket. Double case, too, so you don't break no crystals. And that heavy engraving now; it keeps from showing the scratches."

The customer was visibly impressed; he turned the timepiece over to inspect the flowers and birds engraved on the case, and weighed it in his palm to see how heavy it really was. He asked to have the back opened so he could see inside.

Here Nathan Baer was thoroughly at home. He said the watch had seven extra-fine hand-made jewels, a double-roller escapement, expansion balance and patent cannon pinion. No one but an expert watchmaker knows what such things are for; Nathan only knew them as good talking points in salesmanship.

"How much?" asked the customer.

A plainly marked price of twenty dollars was on the tag, but the pawnbroker had cleverly crumpled the cardboard so it could not be seen.

"It is a regular twenty-five-dollar bargain," he said earnestly, "but to-day is awful dull business and I need the cash. For a quick sale I make it twenty dollars."

"It is guarantee, yes?" queried the foreigner.

This was easy to answer. The pawnbroker opened the back of the case once more and exultantly pointed to the stamped inscription.

"Fifteen years it is warranted," he cried. "Look for yourself. It says so right in the case!"

Though the customer was no scholar he could read well enough to see that the statement was true. But the firm that had made the watch was in some far-off place, too far to take it back if anything went wrong. He wanted something more intimate and tangible.

"All right," he said, "I buy it if you give me guarantee."

"Didn't I just show you the guarantee," demanded Nathan, solicitous to close the deal, "stamped right in the case?"

"Not that," protested the customer. "I want guarantee from you. Guarantee on paper."

This was a request against Nathan Baer's judgment. Sometimes a factory which boldly stamped a guaranty on its product might be out of business when called upon to make good; such a thing had happened to him once. But a man who will not use his brains to make a twenty-dollar sale is a loafer. He got out pen, ink and paper and laboriously wrote down all the good things he had said about the timepiece, not forgetting to put down that it was warranted fifteen years.

Then he turned the paper round to his customer, handed him the pen and said dramatically: "There's your guarantee. Now sign it!"

Thoroughly impressed with the importance of the act the customer took up the pen and gravely signed his name on the spot indicated by the pawnbroker's stubby finger. The money was paid over and a hearty handshake closed the transaction; the customer went out well pleased and promising to come again whenever he should need anything in the line of new or secondhand goods.

The pawnbroker was satisfied, too; it proved once more that he was a resourceful man, thoroughly capable of getting into big business as represented by the high rents and keen competition of Market Street. But his strained family relations clouded his pleasure; for the first time in his business career he could not pleasantly recount a commercial triumph to his wife.

Another struggle was just ahead. A stern Government demands that the sellers of watches pay five per cent of the selling price as a war tax. Every merchant must write down his sales on a long slip of paper and show it to the Revenue man, who is likely to come in at the most inopportune time. A heavy fine it is, and even jail, for the best-intentioned merchant in the world to be caught fooling the Government. Nathan looked wistfully round his establishment. It would be so easy to write down on a slip of paper that he had sold a shotgun instead of a watch; shotguns bear no war tax. But he put temptation behind him.

Taking up his pen he resolutely wrote the words:

"Sold, 1 Watch, gold filled, $20.00. War Tax, $1.00."

Nathan shook his head sadly over the figures.

"There goes a dollar wasted," he said, "just to be a good, honest American."

It was midafternoon when Nathan, glancing out of the door, saw a large heavy man on the opposite side of the street speaking to a couple of colored boys as if asking for information; upon receiving their answer he glanced interestedly at Nathan Baer's establishment. Then he started across the thoroughfare, picking his way carefully to save his patent-leather shoes and perfectly creased trousers. He entered the door and approached the pawnbroker.

"You are Mr. Baer?" he asked pleasantly.

Nathan could hardly believe his eyes. The heavy gentleman was Harry Palmer himself, reputed to be the most successful gambler in the city, frequenter of the big downtown hotels and proprietor of the National Club.

"Yes, Mr. Palmer," said Nathan eagerly. "What can I do for you, Mr. Palmer?"

"Why, it's this way," replied Palmer confidentially. "I have always been a pretty good customer of the Empire Loan Office; you know I sometimes need money quick and I have always gone there for it. But of late they have acted rather short; haven't been willing to loan near what my collateral is worth."

"I bet another good pawnshop would do well down there on Market Street," said Nathan eagerly. "Don't you think so, Mr. Palmer?"

"A good liberal man would get a lot of business from me and some others I know," replied the big gambler meaningly.

Nathan was all excitement. If mamma could only see him now—making friends with the very man who could bring him lots of business. The big pawnshop with real plate-glass windows and a private office was becoming more of a reality every minute.

Palmer talked on.

"Maybe we can do a little piece of business together now." He slipped a ring off his finger and handed it to Nathan. "I want to get a few hundred dollars on this stone," he said.

Never before in his life had Nathan been offered such collateral. It was a dull heavy gold setting with the stone buried deep down in the metal. Underneath, the sparkling facets tapered down to a perfect point. From top to bottom no spots of carbon showed; there were no feathery imperfections or milky patches.

"Blue white and perfect," said Nathan in an awed voice, "and I bet it is three carats."

"Blue white is correct," replied the gambler, laughing. "Diamonds of that color are worth a thousand dollars a carat these days."

"And how much do you want to borrow?" asked Nathan, fearful that the amount would be above him.

"Oh, about six hundred dollars," replied the other easily. "That's all I need just now."

"I haven't got that much cash," said Nathan, "but I could give you a check on the bank. You could call up the bank to see if my check is worth a hundred cents on the dollar."

His balance was sufficient to cover a check of that size and a couple of hundred to spare. It was money that he had scraped together dollar by dollar against the time when he should equip the palace of his dreams with plate-glass windows and solid-gold watches.

"I don't need to call up the bank," said the gambler flatteringly. "Your uncertified check is good enough for me."

Nathan laboriously made out the check and the yellow pawn ticket; the gambler slipped both pieces of paper into his inside pocket and after a few friendly words departed, leaving the pawnbroker alone with his precious collateral.

All the rest of the day Nathan moved about in a state of exaltation. Sixty dollars would be the interest on the transaction. That certainly was making money fast. Sixty dollars just for writing out a check and a pawn ticket. Probably the loan would be paid in less than thirty days; colored

The Story of KRYPTOK Glasses Chapter 5

"I see you are wearing ordinary bifocals. Don't you know, my dear, that they make you look older? You ought to wear KRYPTOKS like mine."

EVERYBODY knows just as soon as you begin to wear bifocals that your eyes need help for both near and far vision. And that is a sign that you are growing old.

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KRYPTOKS have other important advantages also. To people who are unfortunate enough to be fussing with reading glasses or with two pairs of glasses (one for near vision and one for far vision) KRYPTOKS offer welcome relief from the constant annoyance of removing and replacing reading glasses or of changing from one pair to another. With KRYPTOKS you can see both near and far with equal clearness.

KRYPTOKS are the only glasses for near and far vision which meet every requirement of convenience and appearance.

* * *

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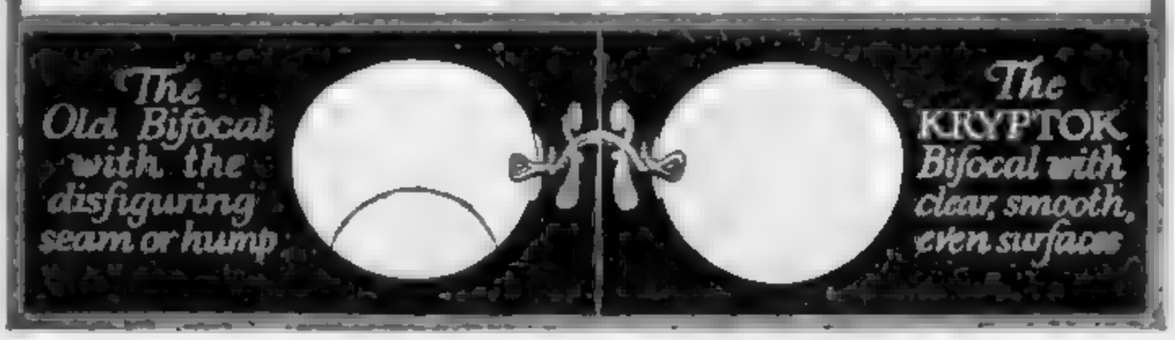
KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



patrons often came back in an hour to redeem their pledges when the bones rolled lucky. He had been a fool to stay on South Water Street all these years loaning a dollar at a time on old hats and accordions, when a dozen blocks away men no smarter than he were making money fifty, even a hundred, dollars at a time.

He would not tell mamma yet; when the loan was repaid he would go to her and show the money, all in smooth new bills. Then indeed her objections to his ambition must roll away.

Next morning, after the window had been trimmed and the trunks set out on the sidewalk, Nathan left his wife in charge of the business to go down into the high-rent district. In his right trousers pocket, clutched tightly in his fist, was the ring left as collateral by the big gambler. Of course there was no doubt that it would be redeemed, but he thought it would do no harm to find out just how much it was worth.

On the principal corner of the city, where traffic is thickest, stands the old established jewelry house of Patterson & Co. For two generations it has been a mark of distinction for a young lover to buy the gifts of courtship at Patterson's. The big show windows are always ablaze with diamond rings and wrist watches, pendants of lacy platinum and strings of modest but expensive pearls. A simple half-carat diamond ring in a velvet case stamped with the name of Patterson is a more acceptable engagement token than one twice the size from any other jewelry store in all the city. Into this exclusive establishment walked Nathan Baer, carrying his precious collateral.

Nathan had a slight acquaintance with Patterson's; he had sometimes bought the scraps and filings of gold and silver from the big firm's workshop. He went back to the private office of Mr. Patterson himself, acknowledged to be the most expert judge of diamonds in the whole state.

"I have got here something fine to show you, Mr. Patterson," said the pawnbroker. "Maybe you would like to buy it sometime if the party shouldn't redeem it."

The big jeweler took the ring and looked at it carefully through his small black magnifying glass. A little look of surprise came into his face and he carried it closer to the window; he took a delicate file and ran it across the top and bottom of the stone; the file could not scratch the shining surface. He handed the ring back to the pawnbroker.

"I have heard that it could be done," he said, "but I have never seen one before."

A terrible fear gripped Nathan's heart.

"What is it you ain't seen before, Mr. Patterson?" he gasped. "Ain't it worth a lot of money?"

"Practically nothing," said the expert kindly, sensing that his words hurt. "You see, there is a thin slab of real diamond on the top, and another on the bottom; that is why it stands the test of filing. But the center of it, which you can't see very well on account of the heavy setting, is nothing but glass. A transparent cement holds it together."

"Then it ain't a diamond at all? It ain't worth nothing?" The world seemed to be rocking beneath Nathan's feet.

"Perhaps I ought not to say it is valueless," responded the jeweler, "because it is worth something as a curio. Maybe some person who wants to make a flash without spending much money might give a few dollars for it. Perhaps you could sell it to some gambler."

The pawnbroker broke in hastily.

"A gambler is the very customer I should be looking for!" he cried. "I bet I am going to find him by the National Club too."

Nathan hurried out of the jewelry store and round the corner to an old-fashioned office building which had once been filled with prosperous and high-class tenants, but long since had fallen in the social scale. On the ground floor was a hat-cleaning establishment; the windows above were lettered with the names of chiropodists, doctors for men only, oil-stock concerns and a dentist or two. On the very top floor a small swinging sign carried the words: "National Club." At the end of the narrow lobby on the ground floor was a shabby, slow-moving elevator, but Nathan could not wait for that. He drove at full speed up the four stairways until he came to the door he wanted. He tried the knob, but it was locked; then he hammered loudly on the wooden panels.

A man came out of a doctor's office across the hall.

"Who are you looking for?" he asked.

"I want that Mr. Harry Palmer," replied Nathan.

The man laughed pleasantly.

"I guess you don't read the papers much," he said. "Didn't you see in the Tribune this morning where the police closed up the National Club last night? But Palmer beat them to it all right. He heard what was going to happen and got out of town on an afternoon train."

Nathan's affairs were growing blacker every minute. The big gambler gone on the train! An afternoon train too. It was already afternoon when the ring was pawned. About a quarter to three by the big regulator in the pawnshop when Palmer had said good-by so pleasantly and gone out the door buttoning his coat over the pawn ticket and the six-hundred-dollar check.

There was still a gleam of hope. The bank closed at three o'clock. It was a dozen blocks from the pawnshop to the Merchants' National; maybe the gambler hadn't time to get there before the bank closed. Probably he would wait to cash it in the city where he was going to. There might still be time.

Nathan ran down the four flights of stairs and raced the three blocks to the Merchants' National Bank. There was a line at the paying teller's window, but the pawnbroker was too excited to observe the rules. He crowded ahead of the others and thrust his face hard against the brass grille.

"Listen, muster," he cried, "I gave a feller yesterday six hundred dollars by a check. Look quick and see if he got the money yet!"

"Excuse me, but you aren't in turn," said the teller reprovingly. "You'll have to take your place at the end of the line."

The man whom Nathan had crowded out shoved him away from the window; the pawnbroker stood for a moment half dazed at the callousness of the world toward a man who is in trouble. He spied the president of the bank coming out of his private office and ran to him for help.

"I'll look into it myself," said the president when the pawnbroker had managed to make himself understood. He went behind the scenes and directly came back, bringing a narrow slip of paper. It was the check for six hundred dollars, signed by Nathan Baer and neatly indorsed on the back by Harry Palmer. Across the center had been punched a lot of little holes which spelled the word, "Paid."

"I guess this is the check you are looking for," said the president. "The teller says he cashed it just before three o'clock yesterday. The man Palmer got out of an automobile and ran in just as we were closing. The teller knew him by sight and of course knew your signature, so he paid over the money without question."

Nathan shuffled out of the bank; he paused halfway down the big stone steps to try to think it all over. He was a ridiculous little figure standing there with the great bank building for a background, his hat crowded down over his ears, his clothes much too large, and his shoulders sloping forward from years of hard work. Passers-by smiled as they saw him.

Still stupefied by his loss Nathan mingled with the crowds, his feet mechanically carrying him toward South Water Street. The big buildings, the people on the sidewalks, even the window displays ordinarily so fascinating seemed coldly hostile.

At last he approached the tarnished sign of three balls and the trunks on the sidewalk that marked his own place of business and home. A couple of regular colored customers loitered in the doorway; Mrs. Baer was behind the counter pinning a yellow identification slip to a secondhand suit of clothes on which she had just loaned money.

Into this familiar and friendly atmosphere Nathan came, feeling like a bruised and homesick little boy. He flung himself forward on the counter, his face buried in the secondhand suit of clothes.

"I'm a sucker, mamma," he moaned. "I'm a sucker and they've took all our bank money."

With his wife's warm arm about his neck, tears running down his cheeks into his scraggly whiskers, Nathan told the whole dismal story. The hard savings of a whole year of work were gone. The dream of a fine downtown pawnshop was gone too. They were bound to South Water Street by chains of poverty. Anyway, a sucker like himself was not fit for big business.

"You mustn't say that you are a sucker, Nathan," said his wife when she had heard it all. "You're a smart man. Smart enough to have the biggest pawnshop anywhere. It wasn't your fault because that big gambler was a crook."

"No, mamma," repeated Nathan wearily, "I'm not smart. I'm just a sucker."

"And you shall have the big pawnshop yet," she went on cheeringly. "With hired clerks. And even a cashier I don't mind because you're such a good man. The six hundred dollars we will earn again. We will open earlier in the morning and close later at night to catch a few extra customers."

"Just a sucker, mamma."

"It will be a pleasure to work a little harder and earn that money back, Nathan, because we will all the time be together. Just us two, Nathan, working for each other all the time."

He raised his face from the old suit of clothes on the counter and looked round the place. The secondhand shoes and revolvers seemed solid and dependable. No one ever got swindled in loaning a little money on a good pair of shoes or even a double-barreled shotgun. Across the street the speculators were beginning to drift toward the Afro-American Improvement and Literary Club. Colored sports do not try to swindle hard-working pawnbrokers.

"You were right, mamma," said Nathan with conviction. "South Water Street is a fine business location. I was a fool to think about big business when I didn't know nothing about it. Whenever a feller gets to be a big concern there is a hundred smart crooks laying awake nights to think how they can skin him."

The advertisement which he had written offering his establishment for sale had not yet been mailed; it still lay spread out on the repair bench. Nathan walked to get it and tore it slowly into strips.

"Mamma," he said earnestly, "I ain't going to be one of them suckers that think they must go way off somewhere to make money and then never make it. Anywhere is a good location if you work hard."

He took the gambler's counterfeit ring out of his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully, turning it over and over in his hands. Then he took a clean piece of cardboard and got out the marking brush to make a sign for the window.

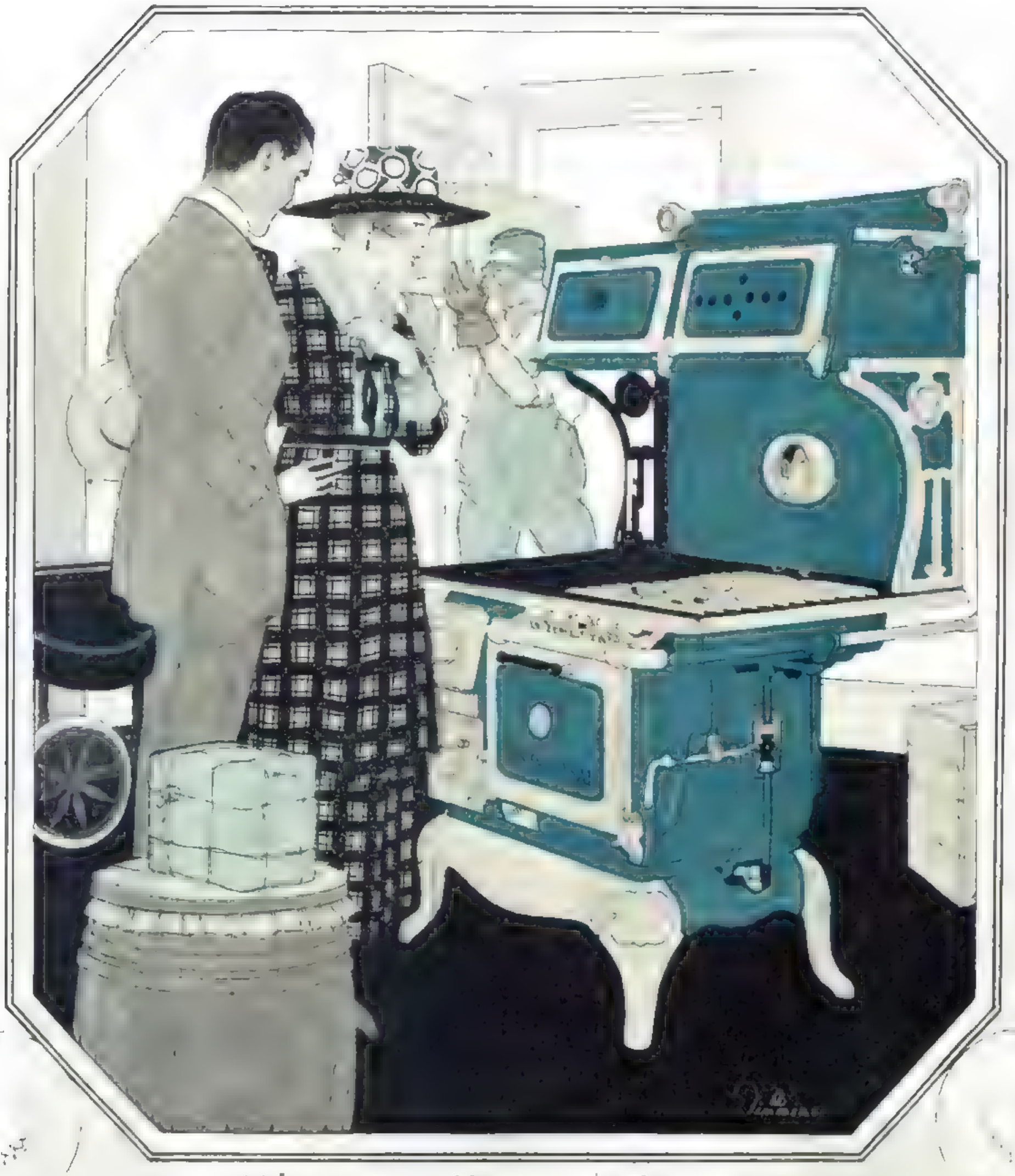
"A little sale every hour is better than a big sale once in a while, mamma," he said almost cheerfully, "especially if you keep expenses down."

He finished his job of sign writing and carried the placard toward the window, along with the spurious diamond ring. Pausing he turned to his wife and uttered a profound business truth:

"Whenever some crook stings you with a fake, mamma," he said impressively, "you should sell it quick and forget it. Then it don't interfere with your work."

A moment later the ring was in the show window among Nathan Baer's expired loans, surmounted by the placard, which read:

"Genuine Imitation Diamond. Cost $600. Our Price, $22.50. Big Bargain."



"for . . . . irresistible creations of cooking"

Just fancy moving into quarters without a Universal Combination Range! For, lacking it, how can you be assured of all those irresistible creations of cooking which charm and comfort—and which no lesser kitchen equipment can provide?

The turn of a simple lever automatically adjusts oven for use with coal, wood or gas. No parts to change; no dampers to operate. Beautifully finished in unbreakable, durable UNIVIT Porcelain -Peacock Blue or Pearl Gray. Will not chip, craze or discolor. Clean as a china dish. Can be washed like a porcelain bath. Also made in plain and nickel finish. Fits in small space and keeps kitchen cool in summer and warm in winter. At all good dealers'—cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

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(42)

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The supreme dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

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The great Metropolitan Opera Company tenor, known throughout the civilized world.

Stracciari

The unexcelled baritone who has sung with all the greatest opera companies.

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The Metropolitan Opera Company soprano whom London and Paris have acclaimed.

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The world-famous Spanish coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

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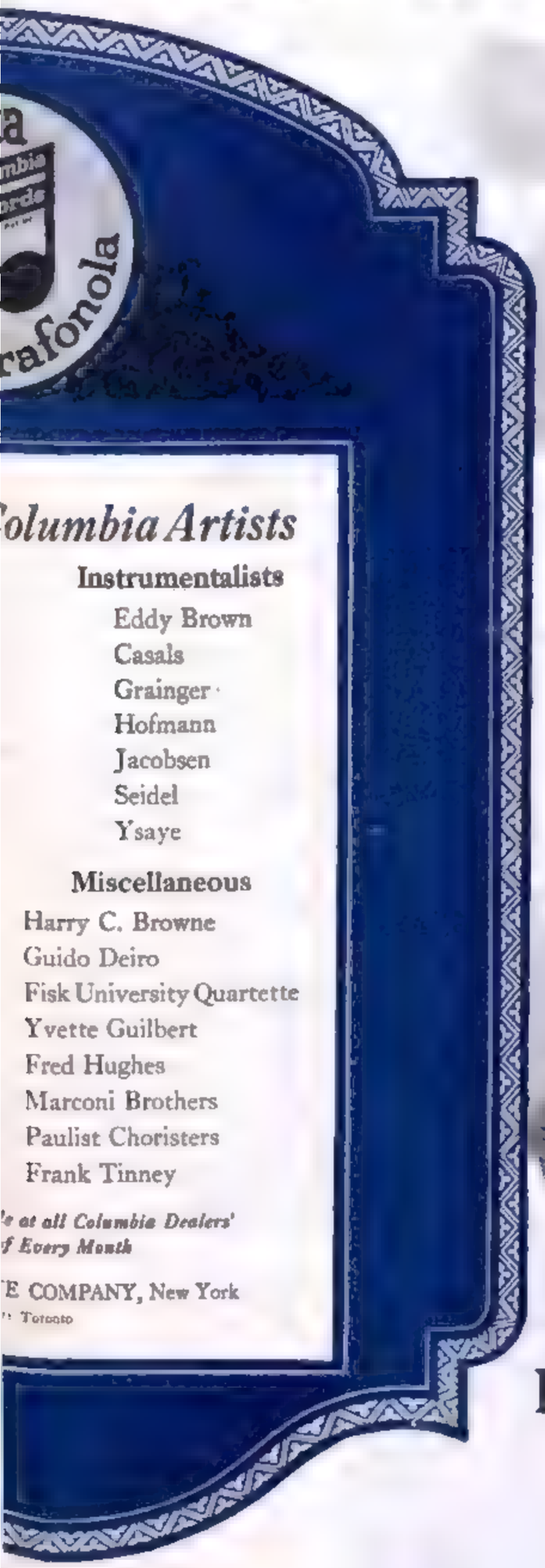

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The greatest jazz comedian who ever jollied you in a song.

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Al Jolson

The funniest blackface comedian who ever sang on the American stage.

Nora Bayes

The most rollicking comedienne who ever rocked the house with laughter.

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Bert Williams

By far the best colored comedian who ever sang a comic song.

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Van and Schenck

The inspired singers who mix melody with happy mirth.

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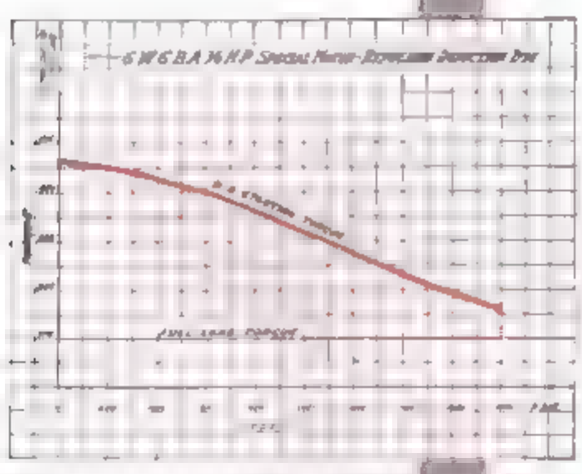
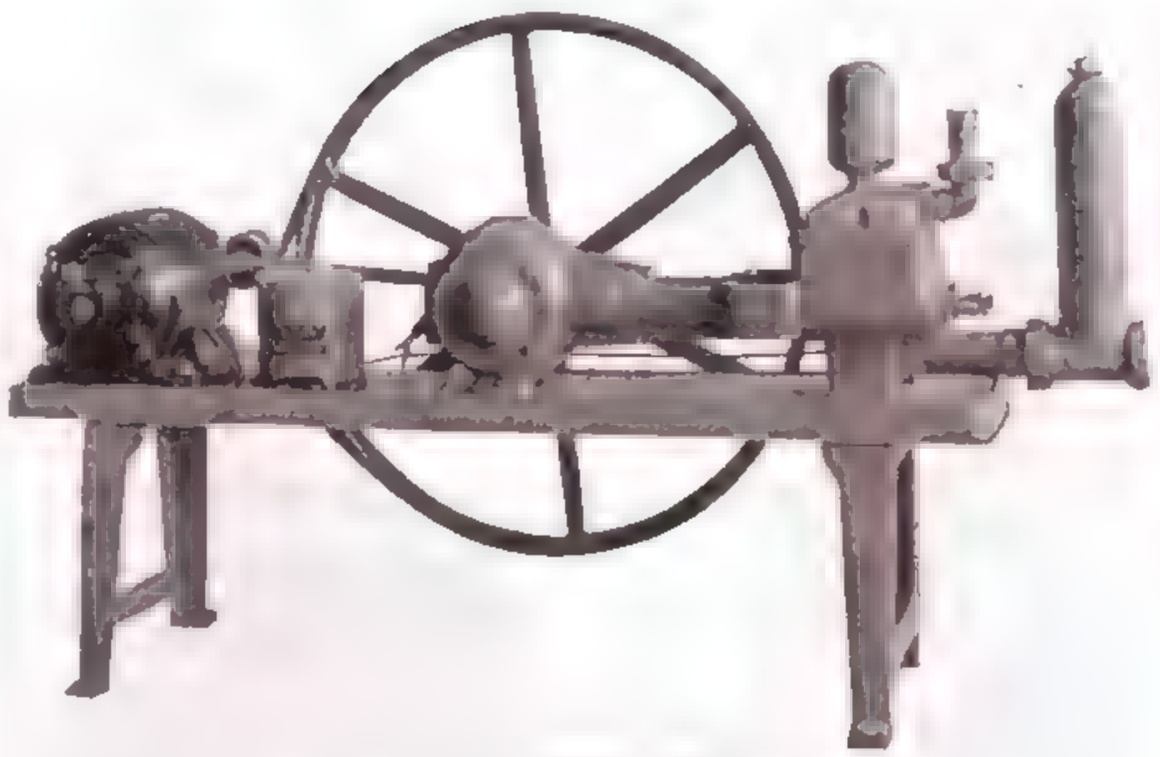
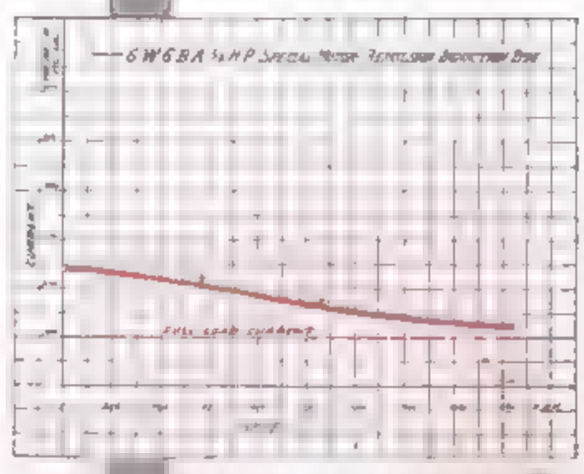


The red curve shows the relatively high starting torque of the one-quarter horse power Wagner Made-to-Order Motor, which enables it to start unfailingly under abnormal pressures, varying voltages and even on dead center.





The red curve shows the low starting current required with the Wagner Made-to-Order Motor, preventing the dimming of lights on the line.

Meeting the Varying Conditions of Pump Operation With Wagner Made-to-Order Motors

Why the motor-driven Wagner-equipped pumps, manufactured by the Vaile-Kimes Company of Dayton, Ohio, meet power and operating conditions everywhere, without employing expensively large motors.

To make sure there was nothing better than Standard Motors for their motor-driven pumps, the Vaile-Kimes Company, of Dayton, Ohio, asked a Wagner engineer to demonstrate what Wagner Made-to-Order Motors would do on their pumps.

The Wagner engineer measured the power requirements of the Vaile-Kimes pump, then ordered built a motor conforming accurately to its requirements.

With this motor he tested the pump under varying voltages. This was necessary because the American standard voltage of 110 varies in different cities anywhere from 90 to 120, although on circuits supposed to be 110. For motor-driven appliances, these variations often mean "burned" motors, blown-out fuses and poor operation—unless the motor has been specially designed to meet them. The Wagner engineer's test demonstrated that the Wagner Made-to-Order Motor operated the Vaile-Kimes pump without any difficulty at voltages varying from 90 to 120.

Then he stopped the pump on dead center. The high starting torque of the Wagner Made-to-Order Motor moved it easily. He then lengthened the pipe going from the pump to the water and found that the Wagner Made-to-Order Motor pumped perfectly. He also stopped the pump at peak pressure and started it with the same results.

Every possible source of trouble to the pump user was reproduced and the Wagner Made-to-Order Motor handled it perfectly. As a result of these tests, the Vaile-Kimes Company placed an order for Wagner Made-to-Order Motors.

Trouble-free operation is assured to over a million users of motor-equipped appliances of all kinds now in use, because they are equipped with a Wagner Made-to-Order Motor.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
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Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations:
*Atlanta, *Boston, *Buffalo, *Chicago, Cincinnati, *Cleveland, Dallas, *Denver, *Detroit, *Indianapolis, *Kansas City, *Los Angeles, Milwaukee, *Minneapolis, Montreal, *New York, *Omaha, *Philadelphia, *Pittsburgh, *San Francisco, *Seattle, *St. Louis, St. Paul, Syracuse, Toronto, Washington, D. C.

Selling Agencies: Memphis, New Orleans, Salt Lake City

Wagner Quality

MADE-TO-ORDER MOTORS

THE CURE

(Concluded from Page 30)

"I congratulate you. The treatment, if I may say so, would be worth knowing—especially in its first stages."

"Ticklish at the beginning, I assure you."

"I can well believe it."

"Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder."

"At first," interrupted the old gentleman, almost winking.

"Exactly!" cried the colonel. "For the first three months." And he actually did wink.

The old gentleman wagged his head as if he were enjoying a deep secret pleasure.

"And then there is usually a turn for the better," he remarked. "I've noticed it myself. Provided, that is, that there is—er—no correspondence. Very important, that. I've known a bad relapse come of a single telegram."

"Perfectly. And opposition is just as dangerous. It is really very like a fever case, with light delirium. The patient must be humored."

"Ha, ha." The old gentleman suddenly gave a loud chuckle and flourished his stick almost as if he were going to prod the colonel in the ribs, but instantly controlled himself, became extremely grave and replied: "That's it. Must humor 'em. And so one can't forbid letters—or anything else in reason. That would be to drive the symptoms inward—and then there's the devil to pay."

"Pre-cisely!" said the colonel with most flattering appreciation.

The colonel was enjoying himself immensely. His face glowed with the joy of confidence and understanding, while the old gentleman was obviously quite as much delighted.

Both of them stroked their mustaches and pursed up their lips and cocked their eyes about them like a couple of aged jackdaws on a rail. Indeed, they were both of them every minute more pleased with themselves and each other.

"What do you think, eh?" asked the old gentleman, indicating a passing couple with a slight nod. "Pretty far gone, what?"

The colonel gazed critically.

"She's an infectious case, I should say."

"Why, yes, so she is. Very catching." The old gentleman watched the young pair with appreciation. "Not bad at all for a filly; she'll grow."

"What I did about the letters was this," said the colonel, who was eager to get back to his story: "I changed our address so often that none of 'em ever found us. You see, I always started at half an hour's notice, and I never went or stayed where she expected. Used to grumble at the food or the beds or the sanitary arrangements, and go on to the next place. Besides, to tell you the truth, I left the wrong address for forwarding at every single hotel we stopped at."

"No?" The old gentleman grinned.

"I did."

"And your own letters?"

"I told 'em not to write when I left. That served two purposes, you see, because the girl couldn't complain."

"Still—I don't know if I should like to do without my post."

"Ah, well," sighed the colonel, with a wrinkled brow, "it's a question of duty."

"Duty!" echoed the old gentleman. "You can't get away from it," and he spread out his chest.

"And I've saved her."

"A bad match, eh?"

"Bad stock, bad stock!" The colonel looked very grave.

"What was wrong?"

"It was chiefly the young fellow's father. I wouldn't like to say he was a wrong 'un himself—not yet—but as I always think, like father, like son. The bad strain is sure to come out. I think a good deal of a man's breeding."

"So you should. What's not too much trouble for a horse deal is little enough for a marriage. I look pretty carefully into ——"

"And where there is drink ——"

"Ha! Drink? That's bad." The old gentleman rubbed his purple nose in a decisive manner.

"Yes; and all the rest." The colonel threw a peculiar emphasis into this phrase.

"The rest? Ha!"

The old gentleman looked at the colonel, and the colonel looked at the old gentleman. Then both gave their heads a slight shake of deprecation.

"Ah, well, in that case I'm not surprised."

"An out-and-out blackguard!" cried the colonel. "His name was enough. Not that I wanted to meet him. I didn't wait—I warned the young 'un off and took our tickets ——"

"I suppose I wouldn't know him. What's his club, for instance?" hinted the old gentleman.

The colonel replied with a humorous look, as much as to say, "I wasn't born yesterday," and remarked that the old gentleman would certainly not know the person in question.

There was a pause.

Both men gazed straight forward under their lowered hat brims and seemed to meditate. They were a dignified and impressive couple; their worn countenances revealed that gentle and tolerant wisdom which makes old age beautiful.

"It's a strange thing," murmured the old gentleman at last, "that my errand abroad has been much the same as yours."

"Indeed!"

The colonel was polite, though scarcely as much interested in the old gentleman's errand as his own.

"Very similar."

"Well, you have my sympathy. I'm bound to say I wouldn't go through the last two years again for a great deal. A young girl is no sort of a traveling companion for a ——"

"Ah! Mine's a son. However, I dare say I've not enjoyed myself much better."

"In some ways," the colonel reflected, "I can imagine it would be more awkward with a boy."

"You may well say so!" The old gentleman almost scowled as he enforced this point. "Very awkward indeed. Deuced awkward!"

"Cured—is he?"

"Oh, yes. He's cured now. But it's cost three thousand pounds and twenty months of my life."

The colonel was impressed.

"Three thousand, eh?"

"Every penny of it. You see, a boy is not a girl."

The old gentleman emphasized this; the colonel approved it with a nod of sympathetic understanding.

"No—that's true."

"You've got to keep him amused, and that costs something."

"It would."

"And besides, with a boy, you know—but this is in confidence ——"

"Certainly, certainly! Won't tell a soul." The colonel came closer and inclined an ear.

"If you can manage to get up a little rival attraction—then, you see ——" The old gentleman nodded his head and wrinkled his nose in a very significant manner.

"It's a cure—what?" The colonel looked arch.

"A cure, yes. And by the best method—the natural way. Leaves no ill effects, and tones up the system. Believe me, it's worth trying!"

"And did you ——" The colonel looked discreet.

"Well, no—not exactly. I did my best, but luck was against me. I had hopes once or twice—especially in Naples. Very suitable climate in Naples. But I'm afraid we met nothing quite in his style."

"No?"

"No. All dark. What he likes—he takes after me in that—is a blonde. Now blondes—true blondes—are surprisingly rare. I speak from experience."

"Yes, they are. But you effected a cure without—er—without assistance?"

"I did, thank heaven! Not a doubt of it. And I haven't quite given up hope of a final touch." The old gentleman looked sharply at the colonel.

"No?"

"No." The old gentleman leaned forward confidentially. "I've started him at art. He's up there now."

"A-ha! Not a bad notion."

"Mixed classes—you know."

"O-ho!"

"May as well make a good finish."

"A long job," mused the colonel, "and a thankless one. It's a hard thing that the heaviest responsibilities should come on a man when he is getting old and wants his peace and comfort. When I retired from the service I thought I had earned a little rest, but, by Jove, I'm beginning to think that when one is a father one is on duty all one's life!"

"Exactly—and thankless enough, as you say. What do they care? I don't suppose my boy has the smallest gratitude for all my trouble. And what is it all about? Here have I been wasting some of the best years of my life gallivanting through all the cafés-chantants in Europe—and what for? Why—all for a pack of nonsense!"

"Yes?" The colonel, not quite understanding him, looked very intelligent.

"That's all. Come now—between you and me—what is love?"

The colonel was illuminated.

"By Gad—I shouldn't like to say."

"No—neither should I. Why, damme, it's nothing more than John Doe—it's a legal fiction. Only no one has the pluck to say so."

"I believe you're right, sir."

"Right? I know I'm right! And I ought to know at my time of life. It's like the British Constitution. There's no such thing, though it suits us to pretend there is."

"It's a nuisance, all the same, when the pretense is carried too far."

"Ah! There you are! With young people there's no moderation. They're so fond of pretending—that, by Jove —— Hello! That's not bad." He jerked his cane toward a passing woman.

"These foreign women have a figure. No doubt about that," said the colonel critically.

"They get fat as they get on."

"No harm in that. I like a plump woman. I only wish my girl was a bit thicker."

"That's traveling." The old gentleman spoke with authority. "Traveling fines 'em down. My son has lost a stone. But there's no need to be anxious. It does 'em good."

"No doubt," the colonel nodded; "but I'll be glad to get her home again and see her with an appetite. This foreign food is all very well for foreigners—but everyone to his taste, and I don't blame her that she won't eat."

"English air is what's wanted. I'm going back soon now myself—in ten days or so. Not that I would risk it even now, but I hear the young woman's abroad, traveling with her precious parent."

"Ah! That was the trouble there, too, was it?"

"Why, yes." The old gentleman straightened his back. "That was the chief objection; in fact, she's a daughter of old—but I won't give you his name—though you'd understand what I mean at once."

"My man was a drunken blackguard," put in the colonel with a reminiscent air.

"Well, this fellow's that, and more. He's an old rake. Now there are few things worse than an old rake."

"True," agreed the colonel; "it would have been a bad connection. I'm glad your boy is safe."

"So am I. And I'm glad you've been so fortunate. Well, sir, I see my young man coming along, and so I suppose I shall have to leave you."

The colonel glanced up and remarked: "And here's my daughter, by Jove!"

He Jerked His Cane Toward a Passing Woman

In fact, a young man of somewhat melancholy bearing and a young lady who appeared more listless than was suitable for a pretty girl of her years were approaching the seat from opposite directions. The respective fathers watched them with fond anxiety.

"Yes, a good thing," breathed the colonel.

"It was worth even my hunting," sighed the old gentleman.

At this moment the young man saw the young woman. He started, gazed, and advanced almost at a run. The girl raised her eyes, dropped her umbrella, and cried: "Johnny!"

"My dearest Nell!" said the young man, seizing her in his arms. Whereupon, conforming like the colonel to the customs of the country, and quite indifferent to the horrified stare of their parents, the shameless pair kissed each other on both cheeks.

Trust Your Tire Merchant

By Barney Oldfield

In every trading center, and at many a cross-roads, is the tire merchant—at your service.

Of all your motoring reliances he is the one you use oftenest, command easiest and pay least for.

He is always ready to sell you what you want or to tell you what you need. For he knows tires.

Trust his advice. Act on it. But ponder now and then the obligation under which this expert service places you.

The tire manufacturer also owes a debt to the tire merchant. Without his help the manufacturer would never succeed. As they deserve, the tire merchant crowns kings—or dethrones them.

This company is frank in acknowledging its debt to the tire merchants of America whose enthusiastic support has made possible the record-breaking speed with which we have gained our nation-wide distribution. We appreciate our obligation. We will so guard the quality of our product that it shall always justify every word of praise he gives it.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND

Export Department: 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

DIGGING OUT

(Concluded from Page 8)

use of quarreling with it; it is a factor that we must face. This is not confined to the laboring classes. All of us find after the war that we cannot so vigorously return to our ordinary life, but find ourselves partly in a condition of relapse. This condition is curing itself and people are getting back to work all over the world. Personal initiative is being restored.

Men are returning to constructive enterprises. Each day there is a removal of restrictive measures placed upon personal initiative and a disentangling of our industrial fabric.

The effect of economic determinism is to be seen everywhere. If the people want to live they must work, and as this truth becomes increasingly apparent the number of workers will become increasingly greater. Each added day of work adds to the stocks of the world's goods and so adds to the store of the world's wealth. With the scaling down of prices that flows from increased production, there comes increased purchasing power and an opportunity for all to share—first, because more people are working and therefore have money to spend on the needs that they must fill; and, secondly, because the prices are more easily within their reach and because the scarcity of supply has been removed.

Concurrently with the demobilization of men and things, measures of a constructive nature will be adopted like the removal of excess taxation, which is killing enterprise and thrift. The removal of the blockade against Russia—no one knows why it was put on—will open up additional sources of supplies of all kinds to the world. Each day must bring peace nearer in those corners of the world where war or threats of war still are, giving an opportunity to those people to produce those things that they either want or can exchange for things they want.

Unless there is a visitation of Providence, an effort to change our present producing and distributing system for some new cure-all or nostrum, or some other unforeseen event, the world will soon be facing an increase of the things that it needs for its necessities and comfort. Whether it will result in a plenitude or not the future only can tell; but we are surely facing an increasing supply. It is wrong to assume that the froth and foam of abnormal high prices with abnormally high profits to a few constitute a really prosperous condition. Abnormal profits protracted for any considerable period would have a tendency to reduce the standard of living, which has characterized and been a corollary to hard times.

In the spring of 1919 in Paris I had occasion to say what was in the mind of every student—that the solution of the problems confronting the world did not lie in new laws or statutory enactments against high prices, but was to be found in the gospel of work. That is a natural law which is proving itself more conclusively every day. Following this we shall see a tendency toward lower prices and an increase and wider distribution of stocks. Let no one fear that the demand will not continue for years to come. The ability to meet the demand will be made possible as the peoples of the world go back on an earning basis. As the delicate processes of life and commerce are readjusted to a peace basis all, instead of the few, will share in the benefits. And in this category I place the recent enemy nations, whose recovery will not be so quick, but will be none the less certain, for I am convinced that the final application of the terms of the Peace Treaty will not be permitted to operate to the destruction of any country. There has been conclusive demonstration that the interdependence of the world is so great that no section can be injuriously affected without an unfavorable reaction upon the whole.

The breaking down of exchanges and the lack of international credits are among the results of the lack of production. When people do not produce things they cannot exchange them. If Germany, England, France, Italy and Russia were making the things that they were making before the war they would not have to buy so many things. Further, they would have things to export, thus bettering their exchange. When Europe gets back to work they will produce sufficient coal for themselves as in previous years and will not then need our coal. So with other things in part or in whole. In other words, work and saving are at the basis of the solution of the whole thing.

Let it also be remembered that the world is emerging from its troubles and not entering them. The present unrest and dislocations are but symptoms of the travail that shall give birth to a new and it is to be hoped a better order.

Sense and Nonsense

Overplaying the Synonyms

IN THE old days on the New York Herald, James Gordon Bennett had some set rules on the use of certain words that under no circumstances could be broken. For instance, a reporter was never allowed to use the word "blood." They all knew this and adopted many artifices to get round it.

A bright young reporter was sent over into New Jersey one day to write a picturesque story of a revival meeting being held by Sam Jones, the evangelist. He painted a dramatic picture up to the end of the sermon.

"Then," he concluded, "a religious fervor seemed to sweep the entire congregation as the assemblage rose and sang in chorus, There is a Fountain Filled With Crimson Stain."

Too Many Feet

AT A GATHERING of the members of the old New York Herald staff recently a former editor in discussing the high cost of living recalled the expense account of a special writer sent on a trip through the Tennessee mountains to get material for a special article.

This writer was known as an artist in checking up his expenses.

He had been out but a week when an expense bill came in charging the office three dollars for shoeing a horse all round. It passed. Two days later came another: "For shoeing horse, two front feet, one and a half dollars." That also was O. K'd. In three days appeared a charge "for shoeing horse, two rear feet, one and a half dollars." To close up the week there was another "for shoeing horse all round, three dollars."

When the special writer finally rode through to a town and went to the telegraph office he found the following message from the editor:

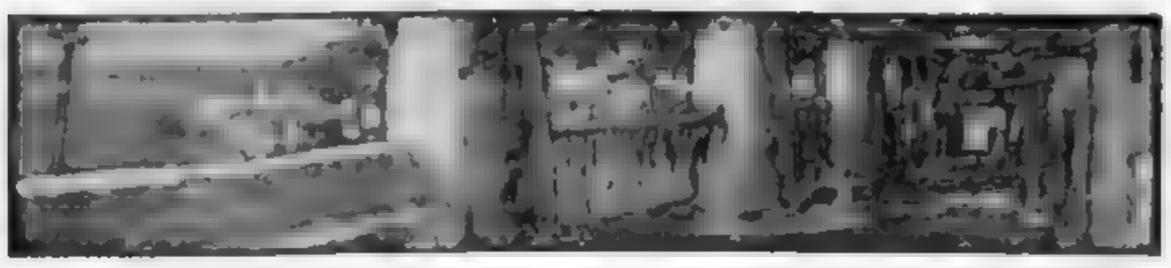
"Work good. But for the love of Mike, are you riding a centipede?"

No Place for a Lady

TWO doughboys, sight-seeing in Paris, ran into each other in the Place de la Concorde. "Have you seen the Louvre?" one asked of the other, pronouncing it "Loover."

"No, I ain't made that yet. That's where they've got all them fine pictures, ain't it?"

"Yep, and it's some place, and some pictures. Be sure and make it. But," he advised, "don't take a dame with you. There's a lot of rough stuff up on the second floor."



Many generations following the same vocation have given the Japanese an unusual skill in the production of Silk. The selection of this superior yarn has been an important factor in building the high repute of Everwear hosiery. Pure Thread Silk and Fine Lisle for men and children

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 19)

She made a gentle little sound of compassion.

"I wonder why?" she asked.

Now if it had been old Ben in his palmy days he would have answered vigorously enough: "You know darned well the reason why!" But Alpheus, limited by a classical education, had to try to be more subtle.

"Very possibly," he said, "it's because I have found a more interesting subject over here."

"Uncle is very entertaining, I know," she said.

"Uncle!" he scoffed.

"The view, then?"

He checked the disclaimer which was on the tip of his tongue and looked at her instead.

"Yes," he said at last, "I think it is partly the view."

And, indeed, she was well worth viewing. The light from the windows fell softly upon her and, as always when he watched her, Alpheus felt that he was looking at the spirit of that magical, mystical world of which he sometimes dreamed when exploring the heavens.

It wasn't alone the things she told him which produced this effect—not even her sprightly anecdotes of strange cities, nor her careless references to customs that he couldn't understand. Nor was it alone the dresses she wore. Indeed, there were times at evening when he was afraid to notice her dresses too carefully for fear that the fate of Peeping Tom might at least in some degree befall him. Nor was it her shoes, which reminded him of different-colored birds; nor her stockings, which somehow always managed to shimmer in harmonious tints with her dress and her shoes. Nor was it alone the way she did her hair, which sometimes reminded him of a vestal virgin and sometimes of the adventuress in a play he had once seen when he was a boy—a melodrama entitled A Scarlet Sin. Perhaps it was the combination of all these things, added to a tip-tilted nose, a glance like a baby's, a restlessness for adventure and that indefinable appeal which a mere man can only describe as charm.

If you are one of those men just mentioned you may wonder why a girl like Diane was ever attracted by a young professor like Alpheus, but if you are not you will know at once that it was because he was a new experience.

"Is there anything exciting going on tonight?" she had asked her uncle soon after her arrival.

"We have a young man here who is attracting much favorable comment by his—heh-heh—astronomical lectures," old Prexy had told her after a moment's thought. "To-night, I believe, he demonstrates with the spectrum."

"That sounds nice," she had said, thinking possibly of a darkened room and peeps through a telescope. "Is he—is he married?"

"I believe not," Prexy had told her, looking over his glasses with some surprise.

So Miss Lawrence had gone, ostensibly to get a lesson in spectroscopic phenomena, but in reality to pursue a study which is far more profound than any tints which were ever thrown upon a screen.

Alpheus had been at his best that night—the stars had never been more friendly nor his devotion so deep and pure—and when the lecture was over old Prexy had introduced his niece to Professor Tillotson, and a little later Alpheus had taken her home. That was how it had started.

"So you think it is partly the view?" she asked on the night to which we have now arrived.

"Partly that."

"And the other part?" she innocently asked.

She was looking at him then, he noticed, with her glance like a baby's, and every man knows very well how wistful a pretty face can look in the moonlight.

The smallest spark, if it falls just right, will sometimes cause an explosion that rocks the earth; and whether or not it was due to the moonlight, great dreams suddenly flashed across the firmament of Alpheus' mind, like comets with flaming beards. He would be rich and famous. The world would echo with the chorus of his name. Presidents and kings would dine him. And who was this who sat at his side in the golden equipage? Who walked upstairs with him in the marble mansion? Who sat at the banquet with him, more beautiful, more gloriously appareled than any other woman there? Ah, yes! Diane! Diane!

"Let's go for a walk," said Alpheus, suddenly rising.

"I'm hardly dressed for it."

"I Wonder What I'm Going to Gain by Making a Lot of Money"

"Let's go for a walk," he repeated with a newly found mastery, and held out both his hands to assist her to her feet.

She had never seen him quite like that before and possibly was curious to know more of him.

Together they went down the path and along toward the lake

"Can you guess what I've been thinking?" he asked.

"I'm not very good at guessing."

"I've been thinking that I shall go to New York and make a lot of money."

"Do you think you could?" she asked.

"Do I think I could!" he reproached her, stung by her apparent lack of confidence.

"Why, my dear Diane" –he had never called her Diane before—"I have had to laugh to myself a number of times at the obvious awe with which you regard the business of money grubbing as practiced in New York. Surely you cannot believe that it requires a very high order of intellect?"

"It's quite a trick," she said, still in her doubtful voice.

"You have well described it as a trick," he warmly answered. "Even in savage tribes, I believe, the trick is sufficiently understood so that some of the natives are better off than others. But if you were to claim that the accumulation of wealth is anywhere nearly as difficult as the accumulation, let us say, of astronomical data, then indeed I should have to laugh again."

Instead of laughing he breathed a measure of scholarly derision.

"Take New York, for instance," he continued, "with its money in every pocket simply waiting to be extracted. What could be more simple than to figure out some suitable system of extraction? Every element of the problem is close at hand. It is done on every street—on every corner. Surely, Diane, you don't begin to compare figuring like that with the well-nigh divine calculations of Halley, for instance, who studied a strange body that was moving in the heavens and presently said to mankind: 'This wanderer is about to disappear from mortal sight, but will return to astonish our children and our grandchildren in exactly seventy-six years from now!'"

"If it's so easy to make a lot of money then," she asked naturally enough, "why haven't you made some?"

"Because I have never felt till now the least desire to do so."

"I wonder why you feel it now?" she innocently asked again.

He stopped her and looked deeply into her eyes—earth, moon and stars forgotten.

"You want to know?" he asked.

She nodded, her face raised to his. He kissed her.

"That's the reason," said he.

They walked on again, though more slowly, but now in his manner Diane caught a new attitude of mingled protection and proprietorship.

"Perhaps it would be better to wait," he said at last, "until I have made the money—before we let people know. Not for my sake," he ingenuously added, "but to convince you first that I can do it."

She caught her breath at that.

"It won't take long," he calmly added.

Before he left her he kissed her again.

He did it rather well, she thought, for an astronomer.

v

YOU may remember that Alpheus had two brothers in New York—Ben and Eddie—owners of the Tillotson Table Company and sole manufacturers of the famous Tillotson's Dressmaker's Table, Patented in U. S. A. and All Foreign Countries, which, truth to tell, wasn't doing very well either at home or abroad.

They had a small shop in the Bronx, which was illustrated on their letterhead in a circle that later reminded Alpheus of a magnification of one thousand diameters, and from chance remarks written upon this same letterhead he had conceived the idea that enough of the famous Tillotson tables were manufactured every year to girdle the earth at the equator thereof and reach halfway to the moon.

As a matter of fact Ben and Eddie had reached such a low financial ebb that almost weekly destiny pitched pennies with them to decide whether the shop should go on making tables or convert itself into a storage garage for citizens who had been more successful than themselves.

Late one afternoon they sat at their desks looking over the last mail and finding it malnutritious when Eddie suddenly made a sound of suffering.

"Break it gently," said Ben, looking resigned.

"Our little Alpheus has thrown up his job," said Eddie, "and is coming to New York to set both rivers on fire."

In pantomime at first, and then with strict use of the features only, they told each other what they thought of little Alpheus and all his works.

"Four days ago this was written," said Ben, getting the details for himself.

"I wish we hadn't kidded him so much about the money we were making," said Eddie uneasily.

"Four days ago this was written," repeated Ben. "He'll be here before we know it."

He was, and would have been there sooner if he hadn't spent so much time

(Continued on Page 106)

New Youth for Old Furniture

The dullness that time puts on finest furniture, the dirt, the grime, the toddler's finger marks—even surface scratches—all vanish at the magic of

3-in-One *The High Quality Household Oil*

There is only one *right* way to clean and polish furniture with 3-in-One. Follow these directions carefully and the pride you felt when your furniture was purchased will return with the restoration of its youth.

1st. Wring out a cloth in *cold* water.

2nd. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One *to the cloth.*

3rd. Rub a small surface at a time, *with the grain*—not round and round.

4th. Polish with dry cloth.

Repeat the above, wringing out cloth and applying fresh oil frequently, until you have gone over entire surface.

Not only will the finish be bright and clean, but the resulting smooth, hard surface will not easily fingermark, dust will not stick, and all minor scratches will be gone.

To Polish Mirrors—Add a few drops of 3-in-One to wash water. Wring out cloth or chamois and wash mirror as usual. Polish with dry cloth. Mirror will be free from streaks and will shine like burnished crystal. Try also for washing windows and cut glass.

Make a 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth—Sprinkle a few drops of 3-in-One on cheese cloth or any cloth. After a short time the cloth will be thoroughly permeated and will pick up all dust and lint instead of scattering in the air. Can be shaken free of dust outdoors and used over and over.

Make a 3-in-One Polish Mop—Cut off any ordinary mop about four inches from handle. Permeate remaining portion with 3-in-One. Picks up dust and lint from floor like dustless dust cloth. Shake outdoors and use again. Very economical.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

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Large photograph: One of the big Goodyear Cord Tires used in the six months' test with solid tires conducted by Mandel Brothers, Chicago. Small photograph: The two trucks compared, No. 45 on pneumatic tires and No. 41 on solid tires

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GOODYEAR

The Advantages of Pneumatics Show Up On the Ledger

BEGINNING May 1st, 1919, a six months' test of solid versus pneumatic truck tires was conducted by Mandel Brothers, operating a large downtown dry goods store in Chicago. The test was supervised by the company's chief engineer, Mr. Alfred Johnson. Two trucks were used, No. 44 on solid tires and No. 45 with Goodyear Cord Tires on the rear wheels and other pneumatics on the front wheels. Both trucks were employed in regular city delivery work, handling similar loads over similar routes. The results of the test, given below, have caused the company to order recently several new trucks on pneumatics.

	Truck No. 44 (Completely equipped with solid tires)	Truck No. 45 (Completely equipped with pneumatic tires)	Difference in favor of pneumatic equipment
Number of days operated	130	146	12.3% increase
Miles traveled	5,388	6,719	25% increase
Miles per gallon of gasoline	5.5	7.2	31% increase
Repairs per mile	$ .0109	$ .0057	47% saving
Labor Cost per mile (Drivers)	$ .20	$ .176	12% saving
Operating Cost per mile	$ .353	$ .335	5% saving

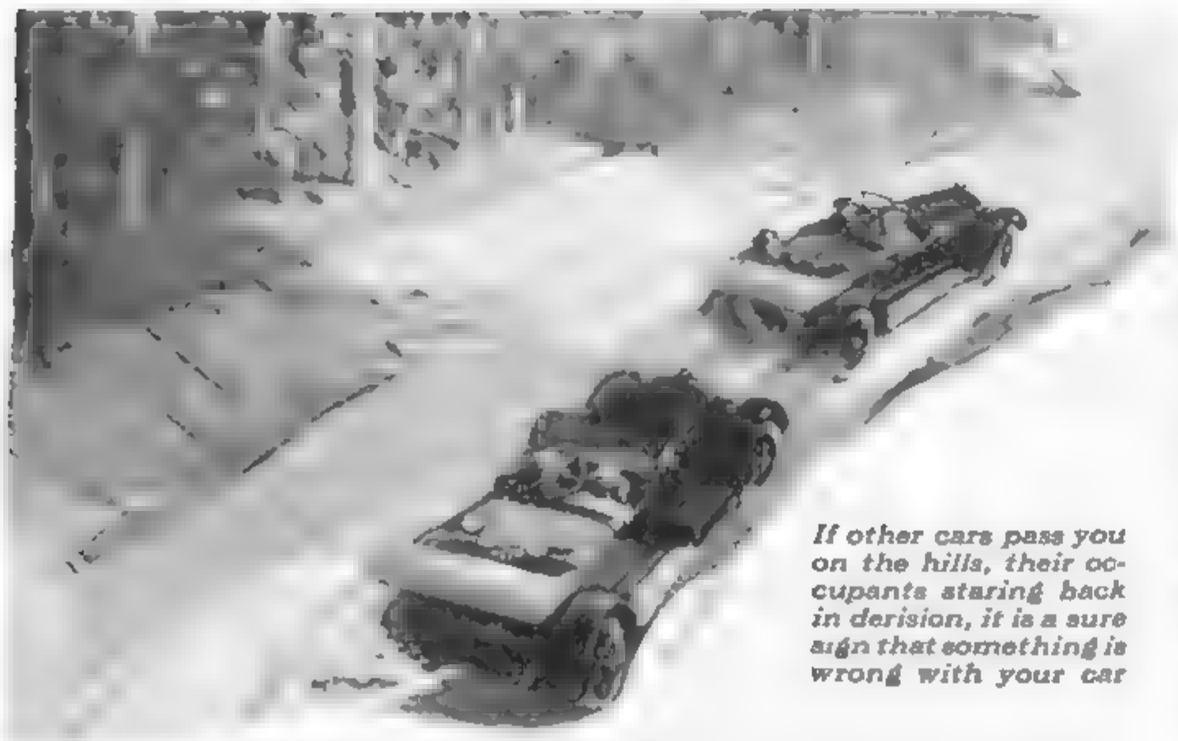
NOTE: The actual saving in operating cost amounted to 1.8 cents per mile. Such a reduction grows to a very substantial sum of money when multiplied by thousands of miles of service.

Written into cost records of this kind is incontestable evidence showing that practically every hauling improvement effected with pneumatic truck tires also represents an important hauling economy.

These transportation savings result from the combination of pneumatic traction, resilience and spryness made so practical by the strength of Goodyear Cord construction, a manufacturing accomplishment that protects our good name.

The economical advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires are proved by the time-clocks, ledgers, drivers and executives of large companies in audited reports which can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

CORD TIRES



If other cars pass you on the hills, their occupants staring back in derision, it is a sure sign that something is wrong with your car

Is your motor getting sluggish on hills ?

Do you have to shift to "second" more and more? How to get back your motor's power

HILL-CLIMBING is the acid-test of your engine's power. A motor that can't climb ordinary hills in high gear can't run well *anywhere*. It may seem all right on level roads, but it is secretly wasting gasoline and oil at every revolution.

This sluggishness may be caused by carbonized cylinders—fouled plugs—too rich a mixture—sticking valves—leaking piston rings or it may be due to back-pressure from a clogged muffler.

To know just which is at fault and to detect the trouble before it becomes serious—is the new use that thousands of motorists are making of the G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out.

The G-Piel Cut-Out will tell you instantly whether your car's lack of pep is due to motor or muffler, as you can cut the muffler out at will. It will permit you to adjust your carburetor to the powerful quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture so that hills will not bother you.

The G-Piel also makes the use of kerosene, wood alcohol or other carbon-removers a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

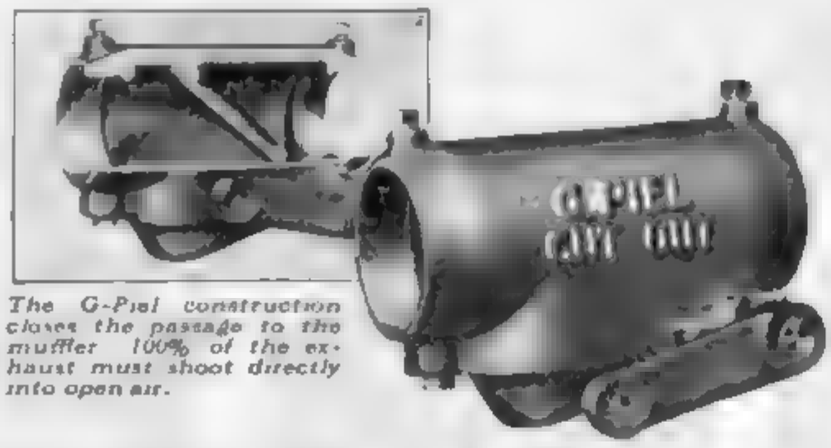
The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size Cut-Out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

Sales Department
EDWARD A. CASSIDY COMPANY
25 W. 43rd St. New York, N. Y.
G-PIEL COMPANY

The G Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any out-out easy.



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

(Continued from Page 102)

walking up and down Parkhurst Avenue looking for a building like the one on the letterhead.

"I thought I had made a mistake at first," he said, looking round as he shook hands with his brothers.

"No, no," said Ben hastily, "it's all right. So you've come to New York to look for a job, eh?"

"Well, hardly that," said Alpheus, considering. "The fact is I have come to New York to make some money—to make a lot of money, in fact."

Eddie winked at Ben, but Ben couldn't wink back because Alpheus was looking at him from between his curtains in his usual earnest manner.

"Have you any capital?" asked Eddie, speaking in sudden hope.

"A little," said Alpheus, turning to look at him.

"Ah, well, that's different. How much have you?"

"About sixty dollars."

Ben had a chance to wink then and quite began to enjoy himself.

"Aren't you afraid of being robbed?" asked Eddie.

"No," said Alpheus simply. "It is fastened with a safety pin in my inside waistcoat pocket."

"You hear that, Ben?" asked Eddie. "He's a regular visiting Vanderbilt and traveling safe-deposit vault combined."

"However that may be," said Alpheus, who had been looking round again, "I am beginning to ask myself whether sixty dollars wouldn't seem like a considerable sum of money to you, Edward."

"Is that so?" said Eddie, frowning.

Every man who has a brother will know how natural that sounds.

"The kid's no fool," thought Ben, whose enjoyment was growing. "Where are you going to stay?" he asked aloud.

"I haven't decided yet. In this and many other matters, of course, I had expected to enjoy the benefit of your advice."

"That's right," said Ben, again speaking hastily. "You'd better come home with me then. We have an extra davenport that ought to last you as long as your sixty dollars anyhow."

If Ben had taken him to a terra-cotta mansion set in a private park Alpheus wouldn't have been surprised. Instead his brother took him to a small apartment house on a side street and walked him up two flights of steps to a stout, good-natured woman, who gave Alpheus a welcome that nearly brought tears of gratitude into his eyes.

"That's the way they do in New York," she said, sympathizing with the way in which Alpheus had been misdirected and lost. "Ben has often spoken about you and the way you know the stars," she added, bustling round and setting another place at the table. "I'll get you to tell my fortune some night."

Later Alpheus was glad that he hadn't explained to her the depth of the gulf which divides the astrologer from true astronomy.

"What are you going to do to-night?" asked Ben.

"I've promised to make a call," said Alpheus. "I wonder if you could tell me where this number is on Riverside Drive."

Mrs. Tillotson glanced at the card over her husband's shoulder and looked impressed in her stout, cheerful way.

"You must have some very fashionable friends in New York," she beamed, turning to Alpheus.

"She's the niece of the president of Packer University."

This evidently had a noble sound to Ben's wife, and behind her hand she whispered loudly to her husband: "If he hasn't brought a suit of his own, why don't you lend him your evening clothes? He's just the figure you used to be before you grew your little tub."

Thus the fates conspired to make an Alphean holiday, and when they had finished their dinner and young Professor Tillotson has been dolled to the nines Ben and his wife were both so proud of his appearance that they hastily dressed themselves and piloted their guest to the house on Riverside Drive where Diane was awaiting him.

"This is it," whispered Mrs. Tillotson, more than ever impressed. "A private house, Ben. Now, professor, you go right up those steps and ring the bell—that's the way they do in New York."

As Alpheus walked up the steps the closed door at the top might have been one of those three portals of the great unknown which every man has to face at different times as he makes life's pilgrimage.

He rang the bell and the door opened. For a moment he was bathed in light, and then the door closed after him.

VI

"I HAD almost given you up," said Diane. "You should never give me up," said Alpheus. Unconsciously he spoke in the grand manner, as though conferring a boon.

Diane looked at him in growing surprise that wasn't far from admiration. His letter, which she had received that morning, had caused her more frowns than joy, and if he had arrived with a carpetbag full of crullers she wouldn't have been greatly astonished, her ideas of country visitors having been largely formed by the musical comedies. But when she looked at Alpheus—his raiment, his dignity, which was one of the gifts which the stars had given him, his curtains through which he gazed at her with a picturesque adoration that left nothing to be desired—she hastily revised her plans for the evening and crowned him with smiles instead of a hemlock branch.

"Your letter arrived so late," she said, "that I had already accepted an invitation for this evening." She half lifted the wrap that lay across her knees. "I wonder," she said, "if you would care to come with me?"

They went in a taxi, and as Alpheus sat beside Diane, rolling along a mysterious avenue under a bower of trees, with a line of stately buildings to the left of them and the queen of rivers to the right of them, gleaming with the ruby and emerald lights of passing boats, he felt indeed that he had reached that magical world of which he had often dreamed; felt that he was drinking his first deep draught of the purple wine of life.

"These are awfully nice people that we are going to see," said Diane. "Frightfully rich, but nice. I'm sure you'll like them."

The word "rich" reminded Alpheus of the secondary cause of his visit to New York.

"How did they make their money—do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, copper—or copper stocks—something like that," she carelessly answered.

He made a mental note of this and had hardly filed it away for future reference when the taxi stopped. Alpheus paid the driver and followed Diane into a deceptive-looking house—that is to say, from the outside it looked dead and dark, but inside it was warm with life and color.

With a single stroke of the eye he saw his first footman, his first page and his first private elevator. The elevator remained impassive, but it pleased Diane to see that both the footman and the page were impressed with Alpheus.

"Will you wait for me a minute?" she said. "Then we'll go up together."

He bowed, and the footman relieved him of his hat and coat. Other guests arrived, and Alpheus regarded them with a slight frown, as he was wont to gaze upon late arriving students.

"Now how did you make your money?" he wondered to himself, looking at a plump, fair-haired man who was complaining of something in tenor; and "How did you make your money?" he wondered again, looking at a suave, middle-aged cavalier who was evidently proud of his bow and his manners.

Diane returned then and they went up in the elevator together.

The top floor of the house had been converted into a combination ballroom and conservatory, and if Alpheus had drunk his first deep draught of the purple wine of life in the taxi, it might now perhaps be said that he had the full jug in his hands.

"But how do they make their money?" he frowningly asked himself.

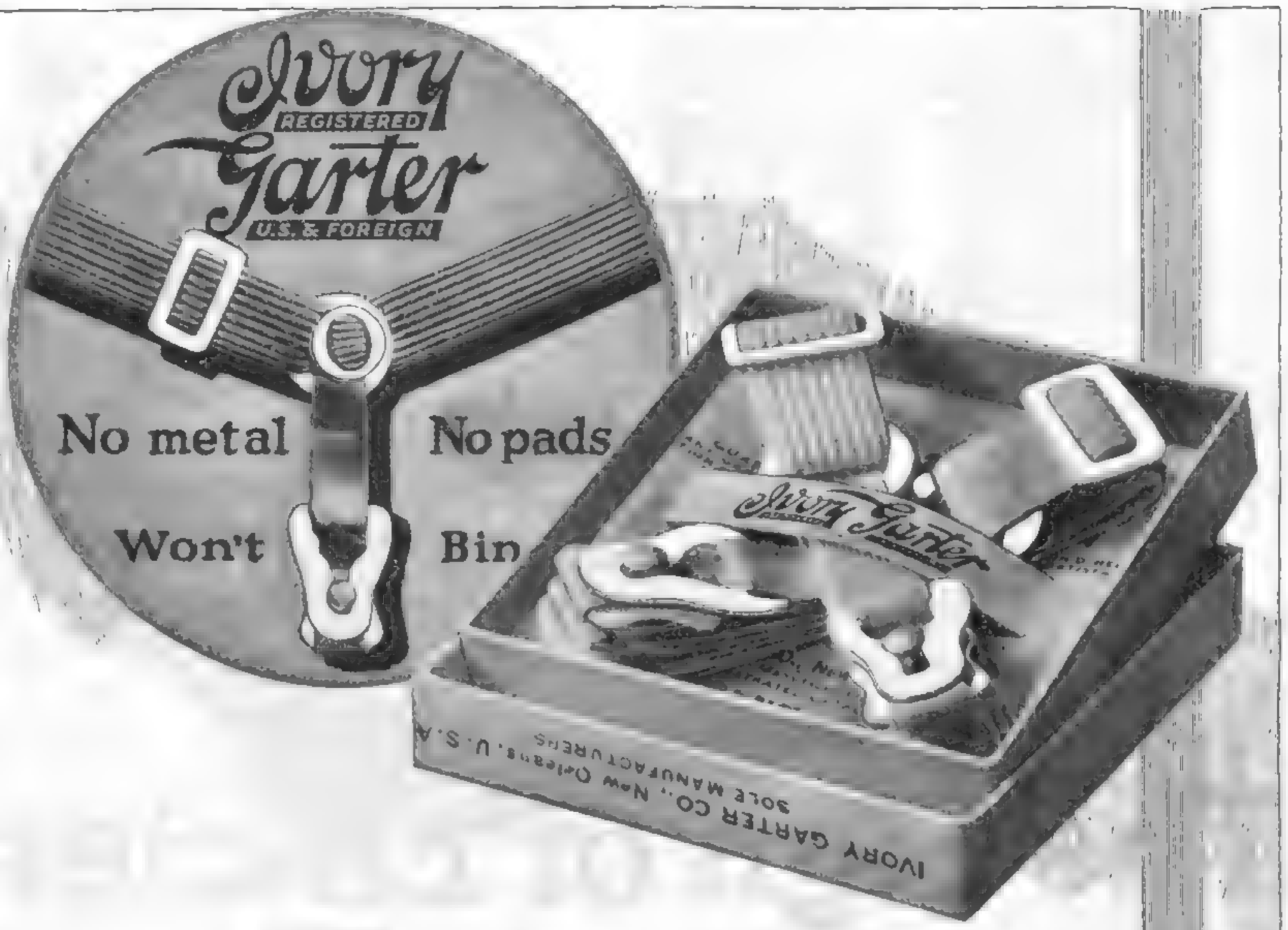
If Diane had expected that he would be nervous, she was soon undeceived. When a young man has been brought up to solve tremendous equations—to watch unmoved the birth and death of worlds—he may turn with interest to a study of the human insect, but he can hardly be expected to find it alarming.

He danced with gravity, but unless Diane were with him his thoughts were seldom with his partners.

"Now how did you make your money? And how did you make your money?" he kept thinking as he passed prosperous-looking men on the wing.

"Don't you simply love dancing?" one girl asked him as they rotated together.

(Continued on Page 109)



PUT it up to your men's wear specialist thus: "Give me a pair of Ivory Garters," and he'll hear you the first time. For there's no mistaking the earnest purpose of the man who asks for Ivory Garters. He keeps going 'til he gets the comfort his money brings back every time in Ivory Garters.

And Ivory Garters certainly are "there" with comfort and service. They're free from metal and pads, therefore light and easy on your legs.

Special attention to scientific details has produced a garter that adjusts itself naturally and securely, yet lightly and gently, without a suggestion of pull or bind.

Without weight of their own to support, Ivory Garters devote every fibre of their fabric to holding up your socks. They're as smooth and easy as sledding, and a grateful discovery to the leg-weary.

Make assurance doubly sure. Say "Ivory Garters" to your dealer, and he'll respect your choice.

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The Big Brother to the Railroads

The Sign of Efficiency

NOT only individuality of product but individuality of performance is expressed by that front. Right there Kelly-Springfield superior efficiency begins. It was designed with a wide variety of hauling problems in mind—load, loading conditions and travel, each playing its part in the consideration to save the owner's money.

First—You can't smash the radiator in restricted quarters—it's protected against accident, twists and vibration.

Second—Radiator is not in the way of the driver in making minor adjustments and necessary routine care.

Third—Engine accessibility increased by being at work bench level.

Fourth—Excess engine power is there. And it is made practical and profitable because Kelly construction permits its use.

But this is only the beginning of efficient performance. Beyond that characteristic front are other important Kelly-Springfield developments. You will find flexible construction, also Kelly-Springfield workmanship plus the guarantee of a factory which stands for complete manufacture of all important units and not mere assembly.

All of these individual factors combine to keep Kelly-Springfield trucks performing consistently and to assure slower depreciation.

We have three drives—heavy duty double chain, worm and overhead—because no one type can economically fit all kinds of conditions. Our fifteen years' truck manufacturing experience and basic studies of transportation problems are valuable to purchasers.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

(Continued from Page 108)

"It is," he gravely told her, dancing slowly backward, "the highest known form of prose gesture."

She thought this very strange.

Diane was proud of him.

"They are going to have a spiritualist or something a little later," she said. "Did you ever try the ouija board?"

"I have heard of it," he replied, smiling.

"They have one working over in the corner—getting up the proper atmosphere, I suppose. Shall we go and look?"

They went, and Alpheus saw a small, varnished board, held upon the knees of the two guests who were operating it as commuters used to support their cardboard tables when playing whist in the smoker. The board was stenciled with the letters of the alphabet, the cardinal numbers and the words "Yes," "No" and "Good-by." Resting on the board was a small sliding indicator, shaped like a heart and having in the center a glass window about as large as a silver dollar. The two operators rested their finger tips upon this sliding indicator, and an attendant spirit was supposed to move it lightly over the board so that as it stopped over the proper letters and figures it spelled a message that came direct from the other world.

"A childish toy," said Alpheus to Diane, "if indeed it would interest a child. The operators, of course, move the indicator themselves."

"No, no!" said one of the spectators. "When you're working it it often tells you things that no one could possibly know but yourself."

She was a well-dressed matron for whom prose gesture evidently had no charm, and for a moment the young professor was taken aback by her earnestness.

"Naturally, madam," he answered, "you spell things with it, even as you might write those same things with a pen."

"No; that's not it," said another with the same earnest manner. "Sometimes it tells you things that haven't happened yet."

Again Alpheus was surprised by the evident sincerity of the speaker.

"The explanation of that is perfectly natural," he said. "Take the weather, for instance, a week from to-day. It will either rain or it will not rain. If a number of ouija boards are consulted upon that question to-night, according to the law of averages half will answer 'Yes' and half 'No.' In other words, half of them are sure to be right.

"But why go to so much trouble? Why not make a mental guess and be done with it?"

If Alpheus had expected any demonstration of approval he was soon disabused of the thought. Those round the board looked upon him as a disturbing influence and with their shoulders tried to stop him from gazing at mysteries which were much too deep for such as he.

"People are going crazy over it," said Diane, leading him away and, giving him the reason which now explains everything from the wetness of water to the dark color of licorice, she added: "I suppose it's the war."

Alpheus said nothing, but a great idea began knocking gently on the door of his mind. For the next half hour it gradually pushed its way in and was only retarded by the stopping of the music and an announcement made by the hostess standing on a chair.

"We are going to try some table rapping," she said. "It won't take long. Professor Blake would like three of you to help him, but he says that he must have persons who are sympathetic—no joking, you know, or anything of that sort."

The musicians left their platform at the end of the room, a small table was lifted on the dais and the lights were dimmed. Professor Blake proved to be a dark, heavy-looking man with a domelike head—a fitting impresario for a spectral troupe. Having selected his three assistants, the four of them sat round the table, their finger tips lightly resting on its surface. Evidently by prearrangement the violin began to play the Miserere on muted strings.

"Now please concentrate," said Professor Blake, almost below his breath. The Miserere wailed on.

"If there is a spirit present," he continued in a low voice, "will it please indicate its presence by lifting this table?"

The table didn't move.

He repeated his request in a slightly louder voice—again and again—the music rising with the volume of his tone.

"If there is a spirit present," he cried at last, "I call upon it to indicate its presence by lifting this table!"

There was a moment's heavy silence, and then a half-suppressed sigh went through the room. One side of the table had slowly risen and as slowly descended to the floor.

"There is a spirit present! Will it please spell its name by rapping upon the floor, one rap indicating 'a,' two raps indicating 'b'—and so on?"

With nervous speed the table rapped out the word "Franklin."

"Does that mean anything to anybody here?" asked the professor, looking over his audience. "Does anybody here recognize the name Franklin as coming from the spirit world?"

"I do," said a woman's tremulous voice.

"Would you like to ask the spirit any question—preferably one that can be answered by a simple negative or affirmative?"

"Yes," said the other after a pause. "I would like to know whether I ought to go to Cleveland or not this month?"

"Will the spirit please answer that question," said the professor, "one rap meaning 'Yes' and two indicating 'No'?"

"Rap!" said the table leg upon the floor.

"The answer is 'Yes,'" said the professor. "Any other question, please?"

Other questions were asked; other spirits came and went; and finally at the end of the exhibition Professor Blake and his three assistants left the platform—the latter full of wonder at the strange power which had raised the table against the pressure of their finger tips. Suddenly with no one near it the table commenced to rap upon the floor like a thing possessed. Professor Blake, who had been talking to two of the guests, stepped backward in quick surprise—dark, heavy, his domelike head dominating the room, a fitting impresario for such a spectral troupe.

"What's this? What's this?" he asked. "Another spirit?"

"Yes!" rapped the table.

"Will you spell your name, please—one rap indicating 'a,' two raps indicating 'b,' and so forth?"

"Rap-rap-rap-rap!" said the table, still with no one near it.

"That's 'd,'" went a whisper through the room.

"Rap-rap-rap-rap-rap!"

"That's 'e.'"

And when the rapping was completed, "Why, that spells 'devil!'" said a woman's hysterical voice, breaking the silence.

"Devil? It must be some mistake," said Professor Blake, taking another backward step. "It means Devlin, perhaps."

The table rapped in vigorous denial.

"I cannot believe you. Come! What other name were you known by on earth?"

With the same nervous speed as before the table spelled the word "S-a-t-a-n!"

"This is something new to me," muttered Professor Blake, nervously mopping his forehead.

"Spirit," he called aloud, "I still refuse to believe. Devil—Satan—Prince of Darkness—whatever you call yourself, if you are indeed the Spirit of Evil, I call upon you to lift that table bodily and dash it upon the floor!"

The words were hardly uttered when the table seemed to leap into the air, and came down again with a crash that broke it.

In the excitement that followed Alpheus wore the same air of satisfaction that he would have displayed if he could have had a close-up view of the canals of Mars.

"I loved that; didn't you?" he smiled, turning to Diane.

"No," she said, clinging to him and trembling a little. "I think it was horrid."

"But my dear Diane, it is practically identical with the means that the priests of antiquity employed to hold their power over the ignorant and the superstitious."

"I don't care," she said. "Let's go home. I—I don't feel like dancing any more. Somehow I feel that perhaps he's here yet—watching ——"

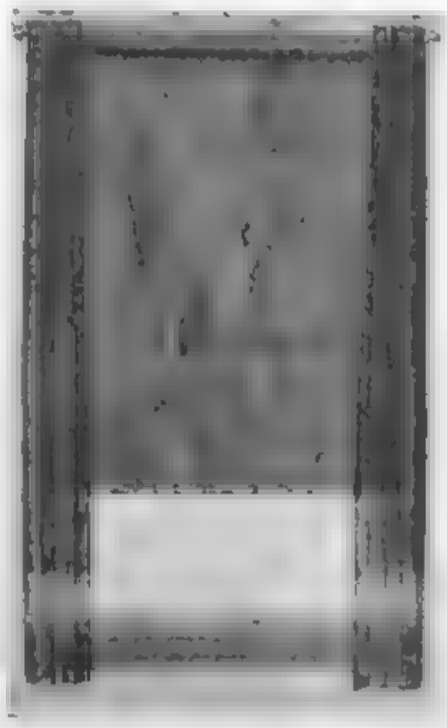
This might have been the general impression. Here and there groups of guests were talking to each other in low tones, while others drifted toward their hostess and the elevator.

In the taxi Diane was silent at first.

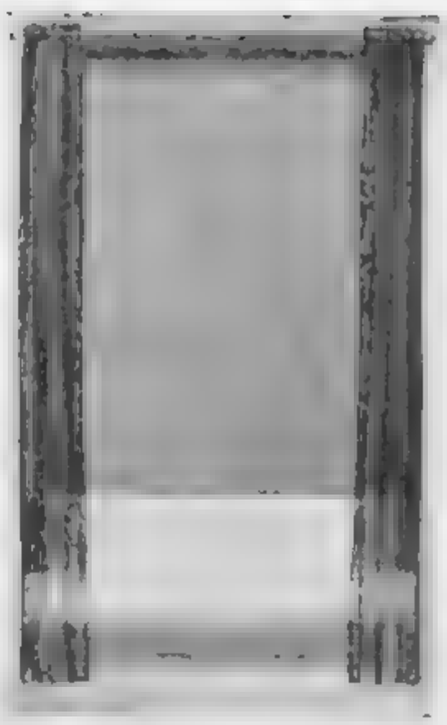
"How do you account for the table doing that when there was no one near it?" she asked at last.

"The answer was probably underneath the platform," he said, intent anew upon his great idea. Suddenly he laughed.

(Continued on Page 112)



An ordinary window shade—a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness. This brittle filling quickly loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



A Brenlin window shade—so heavy, so tightly woven, no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

They *looked* quite alike the first month—and then—

A sudden wind played havoc with one—filled it full of unsightly cracks and pinholes. The other remained like new!

And this is why.

The first shade was made as ordinary window shades are made—of a coarse and loosely woven cloth that had to be coated with a "filling" of chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness.

Ordinary material cracks when folded tight

And the "filling" was hard and brittle. It could not stand the strain and stress that came to the shade at the window. It cracked and fell out—left the shade wrinkled and sagged and full of pinhole streaks.

The other—a Brenlin—was made in an entirely different way—of a fine, heavy, tightly woven material. It contained no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind! Hanging straight and smooth and unbroken, it still remained like new.

Months and months of *extra* service are in every Brenlin shade.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, try the famous Brenlin folding test, and look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Brenlin unbroken—no cracks, no pinholes

For windows of little importance, Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

Write, today, for a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully; it's free. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

Carney Hall, Pittsburg Manual Training Normal [illegible] Pittsburg, Kans. Shaded with Brenlin by The Crosby Bros. Co., Topeka, Kans.

Hudson is Best Known

for Its Super-Six Motor

Official Proofs Established Its Supremacy; Thus Hudson Became the Largest Selling Fine Car

FEW of the 90,000 Super-Six owners have ever tried the limit of Hudson speed or power. They realize they have a vast reservoir of ability that is never called on.

Yet no one mistakes it for mere idle surplus simply because it is beyond his ordinary requirements.

For that latent capacity is Hudson's greatest value. It is the life of a car. Because of it, thousands are now getting the fullest satisfaction and service from Super-Sixes nearly five years old. They know the durability it gives. They know what it means in smooth operation. Their cars have required neither costly replacements nor constant attention to minor disorders.

Moreover it is good to know that you have at instant call greater speed, acceleration and hill-climbing ability than any other stock car has ever shown.

80% More Efficient— Within 10% of Perfect

MANY have called the Super-Six "the perfect motor." That, of course, is not accurate. Perfection would mean utter freedom from friction and vibration. No machine can ever be that. But the Super-Six comes within 10% of it. Could another type approach that close Hudson's records might be matched. But for nearly five years they have stood. None has equalled them. The possibility of their being rivalled seemed never more remote than now. Certainly the type to do it has not yet appeared.

Note These Tests Made to Prove Its Endurance

AND mark this important fact. Hudson's supremacy means no added complications, weight or size. The patented Super-Six principle applied to a standard type of motor added 72% to power. It delivers 76 H. P. where formerly 46 H. P. was the maximum. Motor efficiency is increased 80%. Endurance thus has been increased to limits yet unknown. All through nullifying the destructive effect of vibration and directing it to useful work.

Thus in its over-capacity lies Hudson's supreme advantage. What else could account for its four years of unbroken dominance?

Think that a Super-Six stock chassis set the speed record at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour. A stock Super-Six holds the acceleration record. And Hudson made the fastest time for the famous Pike's Peak hill-climb. The Super-Six principle in speedway-racing won more points than any racing team ever took in a single year. And think of Hudson's double transcontinental run of 7,000 miles in 10 days, 21 hours. No other car ever equalled its time in either direction.

For Four Years Almost a Twice-Better Car

THE advantage given Hudson by the Super-Six invention five years ago at once placed it in an unrivalled position. And today, despite all the advancements made in motor design and construction, its position remains just as far ahead of standard and conventional types as it was at the beginning. No other basic advancement has been made. None other of importance that Hudson also has not adopted. But as Hudson owns the Super-Six principle by right of invention and patent, none other can use it.

The Super-Six today is naturally a finer car than those earlier models which made its records. But isn't it encouraging to note there are no obsolete Super-Sixes? They are still in service with the same distinction of performance as when they contested against cars of an earlier period. The owner of a Hudson with four years of performance to its credit still knows his ability to dominate any situation.

That speaks for Hudson endurance—the real reason for its appeal to you today. There can be no question regarding its beauty, its completeness, its fineness—advantages patent to any observer.

You will best assure delivery when you want it by speaking for your Hudson now.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(3050)

(Continued from Page 109)

"What's the matter?" asked Diane.

"Nothing," he answered. "I have just thought of a way to get rich—that's all."

VII

NEXT morning at the breakfast table Ben and his wife listened with breathless interest to Alpheus' recital of his adventures of the night before. "Now," he concluded, "they were above the average intelligence, but it was almost pathetic—the manner in which many of them seemed to believe that the devil himself had something to do with a conjuring trick."

"That's the way they do in New York," nodded Ben's wife. "You'll find it so wherever you go."

"People have gone bughouse anyhow," said Ben, growing somber. "Now let me tell you something: You know as well as I do that Eddie and I make a dressmaker's table—a neat little affair with folding legs and yardsticks printed along the edges. We used to sell those tables by the thousands. Of course you know who bought them—women who did their own sewing; the old-fashioned kind of woman who used to be the mainstay of the family; women like my Joan here; women like our mothers used to be.

"But say! Do you think there's any call for dressmakers' tables now? Why, boy, if we get an order for a dozen at a time we think we're doing great! And you know the reason why? It's because women aren't learning to sew any more. Ah, they simply don't know how. They can't even darn a sock—most of them. I doubt if they could cut out a dish towel and hem it—not to save their lives!

"As far as I can make it out, they think it's beneath 'em to sew, or anything like that. They think they're meant for something finer—something more wonderful. That's the new word—wonderful. It's got to be wonderful!

"So if it's good and cold they put on their silk stockings and their paper-soled shoes and their Georgette waists, and if it's good and hot they put on their sweaters and their furs. And then all morning they run up and down Fifth Avenue and buy things—as long as it's something wonderful—and in the afternoon they either want to dance wonderful dances or go and hear Professor Slopski's wonderful lecture on the cosmic egg. Cosmic eggs! Cosmic nuts, they seem to me, and darned well cracked already!"

As luck would have it, this gave Alpheus the opening he wanted.

"Ben," he said, looking at his brother intently from between his curtains, "if I can show you and Edward how to make a lot of money, would you be willing to try it?"

"Sure—if you can show us," said Ben with a smile at his wife. "What are you going to do—start a college down here?"

"No; I am going to follow the first rule of mob psychology. Let us go and see Edward. I must have his agreement to this as well as yours."

They found Eddie at the factory. He, too, agreed to Alpheus' general proposition and grinned at Ben, though more in irony than hope.

"It is evident," said Alpheus, "that a wave of supernaturalism is either sweeping or is about to sweep over the country. Instead of dressmaking tables, which evidently nobody wants, I propose to change the details slightly and call it a folding spirit table. On the top I will design an improvement of the ouija board which I saw last night, adding the signs of the zodiac, for instance, and other impressive symbols of astrology. The legs of the table should be placed somewhat nearer to the center so that when pressed by the operator's fingers it will more easily tilt and rap out its message on the floor. I will draw you a sketch."

Eddie and Ben looked at each other—but this time there was more hope than irony in Eddie's eye; and then, both turning, they leaned over Alpheus' shoulder and watched his pencil.

"There!" he said, raising his head at last. "I will apply for a copyright—or whatever they call it—upon this design, to try to keep off competition; and then I would propose to give the Tillotson Company a contract to make these tables in consideration of a royalty of twenty-five cents to be paid to me on each one sold. How does that impress you?"

It was evident that the impression was a great deal more than good.

"I think we might as well draw up an agreement," said Ben, "in order to avoid possible misunderstandings."

It was Eddie's idea to include in the contract a clause to the effect that either side could terminate the arrangement on thirty days' notice.

"If it turns out to be profitable neither side will want to cancel it," he said. "But if it's a flivver either side should have a chance to draw out."

When the agreement had been signed Ben fetched a sample dressmaker's table from the workshop and they started on the changes—Ben and Eddie busy with the cabinet work and Alpheus plotting out the astrological details. The last thing he did that afternoon was to make careful drawings of the signs of the zodiac.

"What's this?" asked Ben.

"That's the Scorpion," said Alpheus.

"Looks something like a lobster."

"Sure!" said Eddie. "Lobsters are going to buy them."

"And what's this?" asked Ben.

"The Bull," said Alpheus a little more shortly.

"That's right," said Eddie. "He's the guy we're going to shoot."

Though he couldn't have told you why, Alpheus' heart went heavy at these rude jests. Perhaps the Ephesians felt that way when the Turks began to stable their horses in the Temple of Artemis. Perhaps Prometheus felt that way when first he saw the eagle flying near.

VIII

AT BEN'S suggestion they called it the Raphael Folding Spirit Table, and from the first it was a triple-starred success. Alpheus had his first taste of the romance of business on the day when Eddie set out with a beautifully varnished sample to see what the buyers thought of it. He didn't get back to the office till after six, and it only needed one glance from his brothers to see that everywhere that Edward turned he smelled roses.

"It's the quickest little seller that ever made a fortune," he said, throwing his order book over to Ben. "Read that!"

"Great work!" exclaimed Ben after he had looked it over. "Looks like a business of at least a hundred tables a day."

"A hundred!" thought Alpheus with a quickly beating heart. "Why, that means twenty-five dollars a day for me!"

"A hundred!" scoffed Eddie. "Why, you poor pickerel, I'll bet you anything you like that before the month is up we'll be getting orders for over a thousand tables a day!"

Alpheus turned pale behind his curtains and, borrowing Ben's fine raiment after dinner, he went to see Diane. He had already learned that she had other admirers as attentive as himself. One, he had discovered, was the junior partner in a firm of stockbrokers; another, with ambitions too great for the attainment of a mere individual, had incorporated himself into a real-estate company.

For looks they both had Alpheus beaten—groomed themselves better, danced better, walked better, stared better, and each had that indefinable aura which seems to mark success. But one thing Alpheus had found out: he could talk circles round them, and he pushed this one advantage at every chance he got.

On the night in question the drawing-room was full. Somehow Diane had picked up a Slav mystic who was visiting New York, and he had promised to attend with an interpreter and make a short parlor lecture on the cosmic genesis. Whether or not he had mixed his dates, he failed to attend, and Diane didn't like it.

"I feel like a little fool," she said to her friend, the young real-estate operator. "I told everyone that he was going to lecture, and there's the blackboard on the wall and everything ready for him—and, oh, it's an awful fizzle!"

At the word "lecture" Alpheus pricked up his ears. It may be that the sight of the blackboard had already warmed his blood.

"What was he going to talk about?" he asked.

"Oh, I forget! The cosmic something-or-other."

"The cosmic egg perhaps," Alpheus gravely smiled, thinking of Ben's satiric title. "If it would help you," he continued, a new thought striking him, "how would you like me to substitute and make a few remarks?"

At first Diane looked doubtful, but then she remembered Alpheus' lectures at Packer and her face brightened.

"All right, come on," she said. "I'll introduce you."

Alpheus intended his lecture to be of a classical order of humor, but his earnest appearance mitigated against that.

"I am going to make a few remarks," said he, "about the cosmic egg."

He had expected this to be greeted with well-bred laughter, but it was received with such seriousness that, though still following his first intention, he turned to the blackboard and drew a large oval.

"It may be a new thought to some of you," he continued—it was certainly a new thought to him—"that the universe may be likened to a wonderful nest floating in space. In this nest are many eggs in various states of incubation. Some, newly laid, as one might say, are still nebulous—translucent—innocent of life or being. Others, fully hatched, are worlds like ours.

"These latter worlds, for all we know, may be giving off nebulæ which—meeting other nebulæ in space—may form the nucleus of another cosmic egg—and so the wonderful cycle is completed.

"In time this world of ours may die—as smaller creatures of the air must surely die—but in the continuing life of its cosmic eggs and their cosmic offspring, who can say that the earth has not achieved an immortality equal to that of the soul?"

From the applause which rewarded the end of this question it was evident that as a cosmic poultry farmer Alpheus had already made his mark. For the next ten minutes he embroidered his theme, but you no doubt have already heard enough. His success was so pronounced that before the week was over he was lecturing in another drawing-room, and after that he was always in demand.

One night he entitled his talk The Eternal Circle—and after he had drawn a large round O and a long straight line on a sheet of cardboard tacked to the wall, he gravely gave them this to think about:

"Perhaps you are not aware that for some reason best known to ourselves we have grown to regard time as a straight line—thus. To the left this line points straight to the past. To the right it points straight to the future.

"Now to-night I am going to suggest a wonderful thought to you. Instead of following a straight line, why isn't it possible for time to follow a circle—thus—forever going round in the same path?

"If we divide this circle into a hundred centuries, for instance, when time reaches the end of the one hundredth century—like the hand of a clock reaches the figure twelve—it simply starts again at one—which is absolutely identical with the first century—and thus we have a complete revolution of time in which all our yesterdays will presently be to-morrows and all our to-morrows are really yesterdays!"

Encouraged by the gasp of admiration which greeted this wonderful thought, Alpheus grew bolder. "As with time," said he, "so with life. Here again we have always considered the line of generations as a straight one—leading straight back to our ancestors and leading straight forward to posterity. Now by substituting a circle for the straight line and dividing it again into one hundred parts, each indicating a generation, I will suggest to you another wonderful thought.

"Let us discuss it in terms of chickens and eggs, if you please. We will start with the egg. The first egg becomes a chicken. The first chicken lays an egg. That egg in turn becomes the second chicken. And so on for a hundred generations. Now—don't you see?—the circle being completed and time striking twelve upon the cosmic clock, we come at last to the one hundredth chicken. The cycle of time being simultaneously completed, the one hundredth chicken simply turns round and lays the first egg!"

From the applause which greeted this it was plain to see that Alpheus had attained a noteworthy triumph, but he clinched his vogue by adding: "In this way our ancestry ultimately becomes our posterity—did Confucius have this wonderful thought in mind?—and our children really belong to an older generation than ourselves!"

"They often seem to!" was the general response.

Among those who congratulated him was a manager of lectures, who led him into another room and after a brisk talk made him an offer for twenty-five public lectures that nearly took Alpheus' breath away.

"But, my dear sir," he protested, "surely you realize that I was only talking in satire—somewhat in the manner, let us say, of a modern Juvenal."

"What's that got to do with it," asked the other cheerfully, "so long as it's the sort of bunk that the public wants?"

Alpheus felt his whole world growing unsteady.

"I don't know," he despairingly answered as the manager grew briskly insistent. "I'll let you know later."

He hurried away, partly in fear and partly to find Diane. He found her unexpectedly.

One of the rooms opened upon a vine-covered balcony which overlooked a grass plot at the back of the house, and on this balcony he found Diane with the young real-estate operator. Neither of them saw him. They were standing closely together, apparently looking at the moon.

Alpheus was wondering whether he should cough when a movement of Diane's arrested his attention. She was dreamily rubbing her ear against her escort's shoulder. A moment later they had kissed, and Alpheus—still unperceived—had noiselessly retreated into the house. At the end of five minutes Diane found him sitting in a chair by himself and looking paler than she had ever seen him.

"There's a balcony out here," she said. "Come and look at the moon and tell me why it has rings round it."

Still in a daze, he rose. They went out together.

"There!" she said. "Isn't that wonderful?" and dreamily rubbed her ear against his shoulder. Alpheus slightly drew away, and after an awkward silence Diane went in the house and left him there.

"Common!" he muttered, still staring at the moon.

He thought of the man who had just been urging wealth upon him.

"What's that got to do with it," he had said, "so long as it's the sort of bunk that the public wants?"

"Common!" muttered Alpheus again. "Cheap and common!"

He thought of the folding spirit tables and could hardly hold back a groan.

"Common!" he muttered again. "Yes, cheapest and commonest of all!"

He looked above him then at the eternal miracle of the stars—trying as of old to wrap himself in the mantle of night and jewel himself with constellations.

"Oh, you beautiful stars!" he breathed.

But no familiar thrill passed over him; no answering tinge seemed to touch his scalp. The stars looked down upon him, cold and incurious.

"I have sold my birthright," sighed Alpheus.

He held up his arms as though in pleading, but still the stars looked down upon him, cold and incurious.

"Scorned and rejected!" whispered Alpheus. "I have shot the albatross," mourned he.

IX

AT DIANE'S suggestion Alpheus had taken bachelor apartments on Fifth Avenue the day before his parlor lecture on The Eternal Circle. He had leased two furnished rooms over a shirt-waist shop, for which he was to pay a rent that would have been more in keeping with ten rooms over a mint. As he made his way home on the night of his last lecture he noticed in the window of the shirt-waist shop a beautiful dummy with painted cheeks and lips smiling falsely at the passers-by and trying to tempt them in.

"Allegory!" said Alpheus sadly. "Thou art well sustained."

By the side of the shop was a door leading to the floors above. He let himself into a small vestibule, unlocked the inner door with his latchkey and climbed the stairs, his feet making no noise in the pile of the carpet.

At the second landing he turned to the front and unlocked another door, which opened into his apartment. The push of a button flooded the room with a subdued glow which illuminated, better than a brighter light, the gilded Japanese leathers that covered the walls—the antique pieces which Diane had admired so much.

"I liked my room at Packer better than this," he thought, his memory turning to the bookshelves, the battered couch, the flat-topped desk at the window which overlooked the lake. The comparison once started he almost unconsciously continued it.

"I wonder what I'm going to gain by making a lot of money," he thought. "I had

(Concluded on Page 116)

Clothes washed by BlueBird, wear longer.

One of the reasons why clothes washed by BlueBird last as much as five times longer than when washed on a rub-board, is the thick copper tub of BlueBird.

It is smooth as a washboiler inside. It cannot harm even a thread of the most delicate fabric. It and the BlueBird principle of washing are so wonderfully good to clothes that Bluebird pays for itself in thousands of homes just by making clothes wear longer.

BlueBird washes both delicate things and thick, in the same easy way—and its motor-driven wringer adjusts itself automatically to anything from a ribbon to a blanket.

In every way BlueBird is so amazingly good that many find it hard to believe their eyes when they see what BlueBird does.

The leading dealer in your town sells BlueBird. Ask him to demonstrate BlueBird for you—ask him about the small initial payment required to bring BlueBird into your home—and ask us for the BlueBird book.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

[illegible] with gray table top; all mechanism pro- [illegible] ge tub, can't discolor clothes. Inside per- [illegible] ear things. Washes by perfect rock-a-bye [illegible] ay. Built for a life-time of service; extra [illegible] lable mechanism. [illegible] to any position; adjusts automatically [illegible] Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful, dependable.

BlueBird Appliance Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Canadian Office, Brantford, Ontario

BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

HOW LONG SHOULD A

Prest-O-Lite

STORAGE BATTERY LAST?

WHAT wonderful stamina there is in a well-built storage battery! It is inherently strong, active, sensitive, responsive and powerful. But to become as efficient as it *can* be and to remain as efficient as it *should* be, every storage battery demands certain attentions.

All the stamina that skilled engineers can concentrate in a storage battery cannot continue to resist the combined forces of destruction—neglect, misuse, idleness and improper care—unless reinforced and protected by a strong shield of service.

Prest-O-Lite Service has raised this shield.

Based on definite knowledge of storage battery requirements, Prest-O-Lite Service is *practical*. Developed out of experience as the oldest service to motorists in America, it has learned to anticipate motorists' storage battery needs. Having anticipated them, Prest-O-Lite Service has attained its present helpful efficiency by providing new and exclusive service features of which the initial test for new cars is an example.

When you buy a new car drive it at once to the nearest Prest-O-Lite Service Station. There your storage battery and electrical system will receive the Prest-O-Lite "Standard Initial Test" which will include, if necessary, a freshening charge of the battery, without cost.

By attention such as this, in addition to the usual testing and distilled water, Prest-O-Lite Service can well add at least one-half to a storage battery's normal life.

Behind both Prest-O-Lite Service and Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries is a single ideal—to render a service and produce a battery that deserve the acknowledgment of leadership.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc., General Offices, 30 East 42nd Street, New York
Eighth and Brannan Streets, San Francisco, Calif.
In Canada, Prest-O-Lite Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

In an effort to meet, in part, the demand for Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries, we have prepared this year to produce 150% more batteries than in 1919. But the same rigid standards of quality responsible for this unprecedented demand will be kept as high as ever.

PR-7

Storage Battery

"Fastest-growing Battery business in America"

The Prest-O-Lite Company's great storage battery plant at Indianapolis. From a photograph.

Make Shaving Easier

Multiplies Efficiency of Lather

This new, simpler method removes the beard in less time, with less effort. Hot water applications, rubbing in of lather, are not needed. Shavaid keeps the skin normal and firm in tone. Find out for yourself. Mail the coupon for Free Trial Tube.

"Who has been sharpening my razor?" That is what you will feel like saying the first time you shave with Shavaid. For the ease with which your beard comes off will surprise you. That is because for the first time in your experience it will have been properly softened.

Shavaid does instantly what you have tried to accomplish with hot towels and rubbing in of lather. It is a scientific beard softener. But do not confound it with lather. Shavaid is applied first—then your favorite lather.

Keeps Skin Normal

Skin specialists agree that hot water causes wrinkles, ages the skin prematurely. Hot towels draw the blood to the surface. Rubbing in makes the skin tender. Of all times, this is most undesirable just before shaving.

Shavaid, while thoroughly softening the beard, leaves the skin normal. Even after a close shave your face feels cool and comfortable. The old drawn, smarting feeling is gone.

A Simpler Shave

Shavaid comes in a sanitary collapsible tube. Simply squeeze a little out on your fingers and rub it over the dry beard.

Then lather your face with soap and brush, as usual. But do not rub the lather in. Just put it on and then shave at once.

Note the cooling, soothing effect of Shavaid. The lather stays moist and creamy on the face. You will be surprised to find how smoothly and easily the blade cuts. Your beard comes off with new ease. Your face feels cool, clean, comfortable.

And after shaving with Shavaid, you need no lotion. No injury has been done the tender skin—there are fewer abrasions. Shavaid is itself a soothing, healing emollient. Its daily use will keep your skin clear and firm in tone.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face. Then lather with soap and brush as usual.

Saves time and trouble.
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

Find Out—Free

Men the country over have welcomed this remarkable improvement over old shaving methods. They have realized for the first time that the daily shave can be a refreshing luxury instead of a disagreeable task.

You can find out, too, without cost. This coupon will bring you a Free Trial Tube.

After you have proved to your own satisfaction that you cannot afford to do without Shavaid, your druggist will supply you, at 50c a tube.

If he hasn't it, we will be pleased to fill your order direct.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists'—50c a Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.
Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to

Name

Street Address

City State

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all I wanted to eat—I can eat no more. I had all I wanted to wear—I can wear no more. I had all the sleep I wanted—I can sleep no more. In life's essentials, therefore, what have I gained and what have I lost?" he asked himself with a sinking heart. "Ah, what have I lost?" thought he.

The morning paper lay on the table, and a headline caught his eye:

"Ouija Board Causes Theft," he read.

Frowning, he picked up the paper. It was the story of a bank clerk who had "borrowed" a thousand dollars to buy a secondhand car, which he had expected to sell the next day at five hundred dollars' profit; but through a miscalculation the young man was in jail.

"I asked the ouija board if I should do it," he had confessed, "and it said 'Yes.' I asked if there was any risk of being found out and it said 'No.' So I thought it would be all right, and I took the money, expecting to put it back the next day. I can see now that it was all bunk, but I didn't think so then."

Alpheus let the paper fall, and the phrase which he had heard that evening returned to his mind—"the sort of bunk that the public wants."

"Bunk!" he thought. "And I who used to dwell in the heavens—and dream such dreams ——"

He was still staring at the gilded paper across the room when the telephone bell rang. It was Landron, the young real-estate operator with whom he had seen Diane on the balcony that evening.

"Could I come over and see you?" he asked. "I didn't know you had gone away so soon." And perhaps in answer to the other's silence he added: "Awfully sorry to disturb you at such a late hour, but it's a little matter of business. Diane gave me your number."

"All right," said Alpheus, frowning again, "I'll wait for you."

He didn't have long to wait. In less than ten minutes the bell rang, and Alpheus pushed a button which opened the vestibule door downstairs. Outwardly Landron was as cool as ever, but perhaps if you had been there you would have noticed a slight internal laboring when the preliminaries were over and he arrived at the business in hand.

"I didn't know until to-night that you were interested in ouija boards," he began.

If he hadn't been opening a gold cigarette case he might have learned something else.

"For the last six months," he continued, "I've been trying to get options on an entire block on Broadway. I have them all except one owner's—old Mrs. Vandewater's. Perhaps you noticed her—she was there to-night—a stout old lady with gray hair and dressed in black silk and pearls. Did you meet her?"

"No."

"She was looking for you after your lecture. Thinks you're a marvel and all that, you know. The old lady plays the ouija board herself, and it was that which gave me the idea."

He stopped and drew a full breath.

"If you can see her," he continued, "and get the ouija board to tell her to sell that property—put fear into her, you know, if she doesn't sell it—I would be perfectly willing to give you, say, ten thousand dollars on the day she signed her ——"

That was as far as he got—his mouth being suddenly stopped by a fist which traveled with the speed of a meteor. It was a short engagement, for though it was Alpheus' first affair of the kind, he had that spirit in him which can conquer armies upon occasion; and when it was over Mr. Landron was retreating down the padded stairs with his nose in his handkerchief, and Alpheus, breathing hard, was already phrasing the opening of his letter to the lecture manager.

"There!" he said when he had finally polished off the epistle to his satisfaction. "He'll have something to think about!"

But that was nothing to the thought which he conveyed to Eddie and Ben in the morning.

"What!" shouted Eddie after he had read Alpheus' formal notice canceling their contract. "Stop making the tables? Have you gone crazy?"

"No," said Alpheus. "I have gone sane."

He showed them the newspaper clipping and told them of his interview the night before.

"I know that I get twenty-five cents for each one sold," he said, "but I have discovered that I don't want anybody's quarters so much as I need my self-respect."

After he had gone Ben looked at Eddie—and Eddie looked at Ben.

"Fool of the family!" said Eddie at last. "How well the old man knew him when he called him that!"

■

WHEN Alpheus left the train at Packer he started for the boarding house where he had lived before, but as he passed Prexy's residence he saw a light in the study and paused.

"I might as well find out now," he thought.

He slowly climbed the steps and rang the bell. It was nearly half an hour later when he came out, but if you had seen the grand manner in which he swung himself down the steps you might have thought that he had fallen heir to a kingdom.

"I've got you back again!" he exulted, his face turned to the sky.

The stars seemed to listen breathlessly and looked upon him with benevolent eyes as he marched along, his face still upward turned, to the street where Alice lived.

"Aldebaran!" he whispered.

The great star shot him a roseate glance of friendship—straight from the eye of Taurus.

"Procyon!" he whispered, the old thrill passing over him.

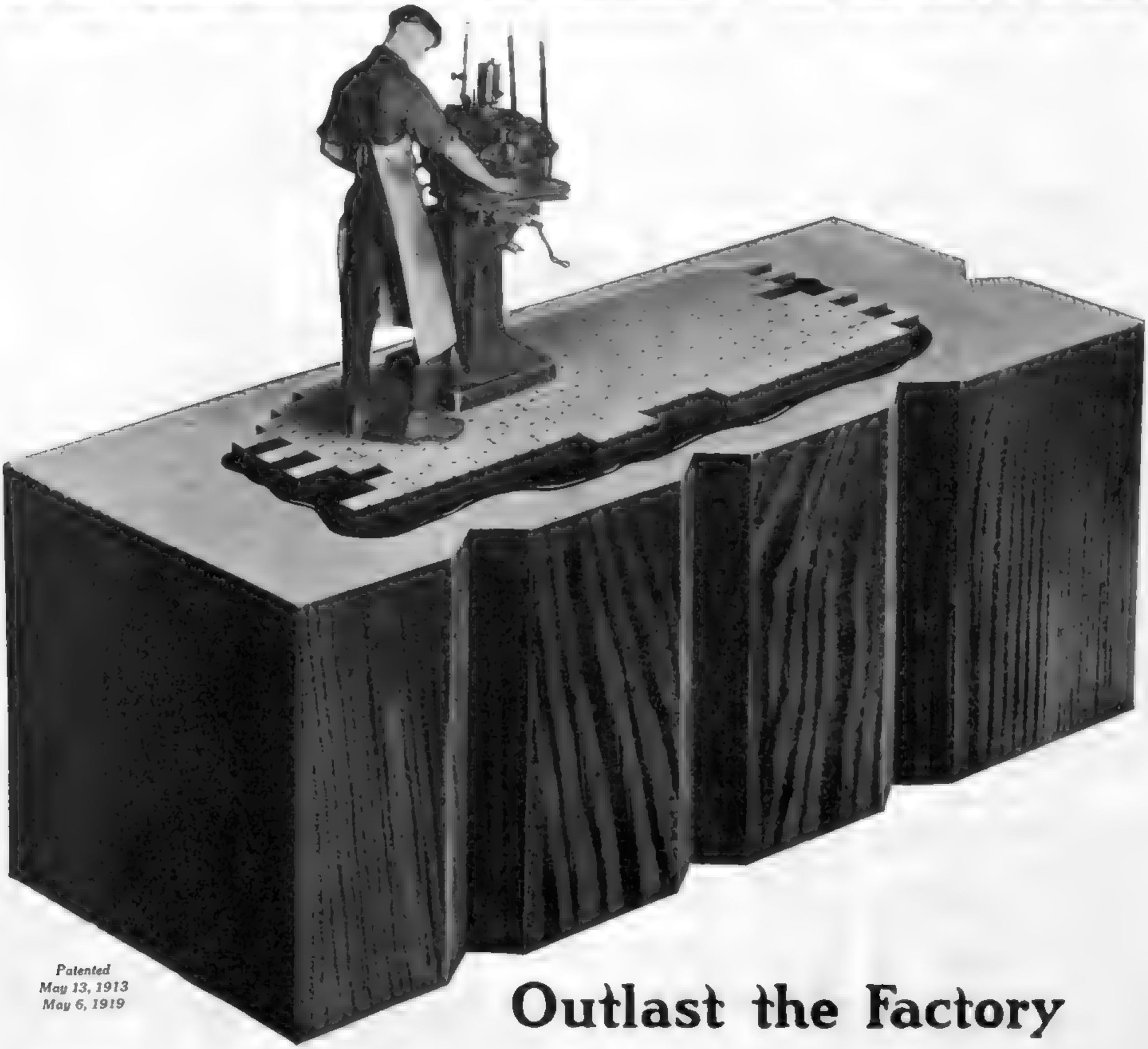
The Little Dog winked a golden eye and watched him as though it would never turn away.

"Vega!" he whispered.

The Queen of the North sent him a smile that had something of gladness and something of sadness in it too. Alpheus felt his eyes grow moist, and his thoughts went out to those eternal distances which mortal man has never yet explored.

"Oh, God," he whispered, "I've got them back again! Please never let me lose them any more."

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS



Patented
May 13, 1913
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YOUR CHECK

(Continued from Page 13)

enough to have imitations printed after a sample. All that was then needed was a signature. Business men and banks in those days were not yet awake to the danger that lurks in unwritten and canceled checks. Thus it was easy to get the check and almost as simple to find the signature of a man with money in bank. The rest was not too difficult. An expert penman was put to work and he turned out in quantities spurious checks with forged signatures.

In the beginning the forger went to banks and business houses with his falsifications and did his own presenting. Putting down, or laying down, this act is called in the criminal world. Naturally the man who comes to cash a check which later proves fraudulent is exposed to the gaze and the memory of the bank teller. He is thus readily identified and frequently convicted. In this way many of the early check men came to grief in short order and went off to prison, to emerge sadder a little and wiser a great deal.

There now grew up, between 1865 and 1890, the old-fashioned forgery organizations, the colorful and celebrated gangs which gave bankers, police and detective organizations one of the most baffling and interesting fights in the whole history of crime suppression. All the old figures of forgery belonged to this epoch—Max Shinburn, who retired to Belgium with his loot and lived out his life as a gentleman of fortune; Walter Sheridan, the celebrated bond forger and international crook; the Bidwells, who committed the million-dollar Bank of England forgeries; John Ross, who got a million dollars' worth of gold in Wall Street on forged checks; J. H. Livingston, who, in 1867, presented and got cashed a check on a large national bank in New York for $75,000, the check being made out to Henry Keep, then president of the New York Central, and being signed Cornelius Vanderbilt; the notorious Spence Pettis; Henry Wade Wilkes, the plotter and executant of the most stupendous forgery scheme on record, by which he victimized the bankers of Continental Europe from Sicily to Poland, in 1880, as the head of the only genuine international crooks' gang ever brought into actual operation; J. H. Stoddard, that incredible rascal who actually forged a pardon by which he managed his release from the Tennessee State Prison in Nashville; Charley Becker, by all odds the greatest master of forgery and check alteration that ever lived; and finally Lon Whiteman, whose death will close the old era, whose life has seen the new supersede it.

Organized Gangs

There is not space to go into the dark deeds of these old knights of flagrancy. But it is important to observe their general method of attack.

In the period to which these men belonged the gang of forgers was organized so as to give the utmost protection against detection and prosecution, to shield the criminal conspirators from one another, and to procure the greatest facility and safety in putting down forged paper. The prime mover in the gang was the capitalist, or banker, generally a confidence man or other criminal who had money to finance the operations of a forging mob. The banker always associated with him a criminal lawyer, who may or may not have known of the iniquities he was hired to shield. Next in line came the actual forger, or scratcher, an expert of long experience and proved ability. Next came the very important middleman, or steerer. This man stood between the forger and the men who were to handle the checks. He saw to it that the lower-order criminals, who did the putting down, never met the actual forger or the backer of the conspiracy. He had in charge all the ulterior arrangements. He was the general in the field. Finally came the layers down, the inferior caste, the serfs in this feudal system. These men were generally young criminals recruited from the prisons and reformatories and hired to present the forged checks. They received about fifteen per cent of the money they were able to extract from bankers. The middleman received about as much. The bulk of the takings was then divided between the forger and the capitalist, who saw to it that the attorney was properly feed.

By means of this intricate arrangement the bank teller who was led to cash bad checks never laid eyes on any but the least important members of the criminal organization. If one or more of these men came into the clutches of the law the prearranged attorney was on hand immediately to advise and defend them, to buy them off if that could be accomplished, and to keep them from squealing on the middleman, the only other member of the conspiracy they had any knowledge of.

For years the police, the bankers' organizations and all the best detective talent in the country were not able to overcome this scheme. Hundreds of putters down were caught, tried and imprisoned. Here and there a middleman was sent into durance, but the forger and his capitalist escaped in almost every case. They not only escaped but went on directly with their crimes as soon as the dust had settled a bit and they could enlist fresh putters down. With hundreds of men issuing from the prisons every week, moneyless, despondent, sullen, full of revenge, the procurement of such lieutenants was never a difficult matter. If the new crop of presenters were likewise caught, whom could they betray beyond the unsatisfactory middleman, always a thoroughly hardened close-mouthed crook from whom neither promises nor threats nor third degree extracted the names of his superiors?

No wonder the battle was long drawn out and full of reverses for the law. The exploits of the army of detectives used in running down the central figures of these old conspiracies are among the most notable in our police records. The means employed were not always the purest and loftiest, but the combination was solved and one by one the leaders went away to prison or fled to distant countries or gave up their flagrant ways. It is worth observing that though the criminal may beat the most involved protective measures the law will in time break up the best-planned conspiracy.

However, He Was a Man of Honor. He Promptly Paid the Merchant the Face of the Check and Took Possession of That Instrument to Collect From the Maker

Thus, as we approach the new century we find the strong old forces of the forgers going to pieces. The law had gained the upper hand after a long conflict. But even as the law cleared its throat to announce its victories, the sons of the old criminals, the offspring of the old crimes, stuck their leering faces into the court room and their new bad paper under the tellers' noses.

The day of forgery was dead. There was a brief night for criminals of this order, and the sun rose on the day of check raising. I have already explained the difference. It is not to be understood that forging of signatures stopped of a sudden or that the alteration of genuine checks flashed upon the police and business consciousness in an hour. Such changes are growths, adaptations. For many years forgeries became fewer in number and alterations more numerous. Finally plain forgery became almost extinct and the raised check took its place as a thorn to banking and business. In this change many new criminals played their parts, but some of the veterans also held over into the new era.

Immediately after the criminal attack shifted from the signature to the body of the check the banker and business man were forced to change their defense. Now there began the struggle between check-protective measures of one kind or another and check-raising skill of various types.

The lines of attack and defense are clearly drawn. Whereas the forger operated by getting hold of a signature and proceeded by duplicating this signature on as many wholly spurious checks as the victim's credit would seem to warrant, it was now necessary to get possession of numbers of genuine checks, signed and unpaid, for the game had become one of altering and raising the real article. The chief problem and fine art of the criminal were no longer centered in the person of the expert scratcher, or signature forger, but rather in the man who could procure by theft or scheming sufficient numbers of bona fide checks, which might then be raised and passed. Along with this change the putters down practically passed out of being as professional lower-class crooks.

It will be apparent that these changes on the part of the criminals were forced by two factors—the arrest and imprisonment of most of the really skillful forgers, and the concentrated attention of bankers on the signatures affixed to checks. The signed names were now scrutinized with the greatest care, and it became almost impossible to cash forged paper, even when the most expert hands had made the falsifications. But the criminals saw that if such minute attention were concentrated on the signature less care might be taken in examining the bodies of checks. This was their cue.

Bankers and business men were shortly aware of the new challenge, and set out to meet it in several ways. The first was an elaboration of an idea already in use against the forgers—the safety-paper check. From a mere tinted stuff that was certain to fade under acid and show erasures, safety paper was gradually evolved and complicated into the thing it is to-day, a paper with tint, water mark and often an elaborate design in the tinting and water marking, a paper nearly as carefully prepared as that used by the Government in making bank notes. The second protective idea had to do with inks. Indelible inks, chemical inks, acid-proof inks, inks said to perform reactions with the chemicals in the paper, colored inks, changeable inks, inks of every imaginable character came upon the market, and inventors of every walk and vision continued to experiment.

Finally came mechanical devices for protecting checks—machines of an almost infinite variety of manufacture designed to make check raising impossible. Without prejudice to any maker of such machines it may be said that they are all of one of four general types: There are machines which perforate the check, showing the amount for which it has been drawn; then came various types of machines for ruffling or corrugating the paper to render erasures impossible, it was hoped; next came machines for printing the amounts for which checks were drawn on the face of the paper, either in patent ink or with type which printed on both sides of the check, so that the inking permeated the paper; and the fourth type of protective machine is one which likewise prints the correct amount but which breaks the fabric of the paper in so doing and injects acid-proof ink into the porous fiber of the paper where the printing is done.

How the Law Applies

It would seem that the best of these devices ought to be utterly confounding to the criminal. The public saw these new mechanical marvels and took to them with enthusiasm. The banker, who always has retained a sneaking fondness for patent inks and a genuine faith in the safety papers which the banks themselves have been mainly instrumental in developing, was not quite so impressed. Nevertheless he saw the merit of the machines and generally adopted them. The depositor, who had suffered cruelly by the criminals' change of attack from the signature to the body of the check, breathed a sigh of relief. Let me explain:

The shift from forging to check raising involved a point at law. Where a criminal forged a wholly spurious check and got a bank to cash it there could be little question as to responsibility. The man whose name chanced to be forged to a check was certain to plead that he had not the remotest connection with the transaction and that it was plainly the bank's fault if its employees gave out money for forged checks. In this the courts generally upheld the depositor. It was necessary for the bank to prove carelessness or collusion before it could claim any standing at law. But with the criminal attacking the body of a genuine check, duly drawn and signed by the depositor, the whole aspect of the case was altered. How was a bank to know for what amount Mr. Jones had executed a check? So long as the check seemed regular and the signature was admittedly genuine Mr. Jones had only himself and the criminals to blame.

This is a rough general statement of the case. The actual law in the matter is somewhat more complicated, as is the way with law. The best talent has in recent years been employed to look up not only the body of enactments but the trend of court decisions in check-alteration controversies. It must be said that the law and the decisions as they exist at present generally favor the banker. Each case of this kind is decided on the facts, as a matter of exactness. The bank must use diligence and care in cashing checks and in protecting the depositor. The bank is responsible for identification of the signature, but it is not necessarily responsible for cashing checks altered in certain specific respects. For instance, it has become a habit with certain business men to have checks made out on the typewriter. Court decisions have held that a bank is not at fault for failure to detect an erasure or alteration of a typewritten amount. More generally, it comes down to a matter of detectability. If an

(Continued on Page 121)

For a considerable time J. C. Shumway, of the Kansas City Automobile Company, had great difficulty from spark plugs fouling. After trying various types of piston rings, he finally installed Inlands. He states that he has never since had the least bit of trouble from fouling spark plugs.

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(Continued from Page 118)

alteration is crudely and palpably made a court is likely to hold that the bank should have discerned the fraud. If a judge and jury hold that an alteration is not obvious or not detectable the bank is not the loser. In the most general aspect this matter of check raising resolves itself into deciding the major responsibility for the fraud as between the depositor and the bank.

I hope I am not cynical if I remark entirely on my own responsibility that the man whose check has been raised by a skilful operator is practically without redress.

The average man, as I find him, is none too clear on this subject and thus inclined to be a little lax as to the protection he throws about the issuance of checks. He buys and uses a protective device, generally employs safety paper and inks such as are recommended by his bank, and does not worry until something happens. But business men all realized sufficiently the dangers to which the check is subject to receive ingenious protective machines with pleasure.

But the disillusion began early. One of the most painful demonstrations of criminal resourcefulness came to the world at the hands of Charley Becker, of whom I have already spoken. He was an alchemist of subtle power. He is dead now.

Becker was a German by birth, I believe, but he was reared in this country and learned his arts here. He was first a paper maker by trade. Some indiscretion landed him in prison, and there he learned the elements of forgery. When he emerged he went back to his trade for a time and then changed his vocation. In rapid succession he studied lithography, etching, engraving and painting. Whether he mastered these various arts with criminal expertness in view is doubtful. In any event it was in his forgeries that he put his multiple accomplishments to work. He was for many years the central figure of one of the old forging organizations which I have already described, and I have it on the authority of the Pinkertons and others that the work from his hand was so fine that detection was almost impossible. His signatures often deceived the depositors whose names he misapplied, so that they recognized his forgeries as genuine and rejected their veritable handwriting as spurious. Becker was that most dangerous of all types, a free-hand forger, but he varied his work by occasionally tracing the signatures he wished to misuse. He was an ambidexter, writing with either hand. He falsified male and female handwriting with equal facility, often after the merest glance and without practice.

A Master Forger

The feats this man was able to perform with checks were not short of staggering, and a great deal of the refined lore of check altering, raising, washing, retinting, reblocking, water marking and mending has come down to modern operators from him. He tore checks into halves and turned up in a day or two with the same checks so skillfully put together that no human eye could detect the mending. Even an enlarging glass was of no use and the detectives for whom he made the demonstration were dumfounded to find that they could not tear the checks again along the original breakages. Here his paper maker's art stood him in stead.

Becker committed successful crimes against banks and financial institutions in many lands—Turkey, England, France, Germany and all parts of the United States. In 1902, when Becker was ready to be released from San Quentin prison, after serving time for a crime which I am about to describe, the story was current that the bankers were going to pension him at $500 a month to stop his depredations and to enlist his aid in defeating other forgers and check men. Whether this was ever done I cannot say. Certain smiling silence on the part of detectives and the fact that Becker ended his criminal career with this affair may mean much or nothing. His takings by means of bad checks are estimated at much more than a million dollars; or so the great detective agencies say.

In 1895 Becker sent to a small-town California bank and had bought a draft for twelve dollars on a great San Francisco financial house. The bank made out the order with great care, wrote the amounts carefully in heavy patent ink on the best safety paper known at the time and doubly fortified itself by perforating the check in two distinct places with a patent machine, so that the amount was written on the face and twice punched through the paper in small perforations. At the time it was believed in all quarters that such protection was beyond all human skill to circumvent.

Becker, who did not, of course, buy the draft in person, took this instrument to his laboratory and went to work on it. His altered draft is still shown as one of the great marvels of the forger's art—and so it was for its day.

After he had spent his gains and been pursued from one coast to the other he was finally caught. Conviction against him could never have been had save that one of his confederates turned state's evidence to protect himself. And so this man of crime went to prison, to come forth six years later and devote the rest of his fading days to placid pursuits, to enlightening detectives and bankers and to vending an ink patented by himself. He died in respectable retirement half a dozen years ago. With him the old order failed, leaving only Whiteman, of whom more again.

But if the master forgers are dead and gone why is it that thirty millions are now lost to the check men where only a million or two went their way twenty-five years ago? The answer lies in numbers. Instead of a few dozens of expert men, instead of six or eight highly organized gangs, we have today hundreds—many hundreds—of men capable of raising and altering checks. They are of all stages and degrees of criminality. And their number augments every few weeks. The responsibility for this condition will appear hereafter.

Modern Methods

Meantime we have crossed the borderland into the newer home of the check man. As I have already said, forgery has stepped far into the background and check raising technically called "alteration of the amount line," is the order of the day. Genuine checks must be procured, these must be raised and then converted into cash. This process involves the three stages of the check fraud as practiced to-day—procurement, alteration, disposition.

First of all, how are genuine checks got into the possession of alterers? The detective forces of the country wish with some devoutness that they might suddenly lay hold of a list of all the many ingenious methods used to this end by the criminals. As soon as one scheme is discovered and advertised the criminals invent another. The devices are endless, various and ingenious as falsehood itself. I mean to use only a few illustrative examples.

Many of the big check-raising coups in this country have been accomplished by means of the procurement used by Becker. The raiser or his agent goes to a bank and buys a draft drawn on another bank. Usually he takes an order for five or ten dollars, alters the draft to a high figure and cashes it. The advantage of this is that such drafts are easy to get. The disadvantage is that only an expert can alter such checks.

Most of the fellows who operate to-day want something simpler to work on, hence a few years back it was the fashion with a gang operating in the principal Eastern cities to defraud hatters, haberdashers and clothing merchants. The agents of the gang went into a shop and bought, let us say, a hat. It was for one who was not present and was taken on approval. In a day or two the customer returned the hat and asked for a refund. Would the merchant be so kind as to give him a check? He was carrying too much cash in his pocket. In three cases out of four the unsuspecting hatter complied. When he next received his canceled checks from his bank he was appalled to find that his check, drawn for three or four dollars, had been raised to twelve or fifteen hundred.

Similarly five or six years ago a band of forgers went from city to city in the Middle West and imposed on coal dealers. A member of the gang went to a coal yard and ordered two tons of anthracite for future delivery at a street number where the customer expected to lease a residence. A few days before the specified time of delivery the coal dealer received a note from his customer, who was sorry to say that he had not been able to procure the lease. Would the dealer kindly deduct a dollar or two for the trouble caused him and send the customer a check in refund of the balance? Most merchants immediately remitted the entire amount. Once more the monthly survey of canceled checks revealed dire losses. One unhappy man suffered the loss of $3300 on a single check. The raisers had somehow found that he carried a large balance. Ordinarily checks of this sort are not raised so high, for fear of overdrawing.

In the Far West three years ago a set of professionals opened grocery stores in good residential districts of various cities which they visited successively. The people they dealt with were of the sort who pay monthly by check. These checks were allowed to accumulate uncashed for several months. Then the grocers sold out and disappeared. Thereafter all the accumulated checks came back raised to ten, fifty and a hundred times their original faces.

In New York last year another gang attacked the produce men of Washington Market by an ingenious system. The criminals established themselves on Long Island and began sending small consignments of potatoes and onions to the market. They asked payment by check and some commission men promptly obliged—to their deep discomfiture.

These are, however, complications of the usual methods of check men. The commonest and oldest methods of getting possession of genuine checks are neither complex nor clever. In the older day the usual procedure was to steal a mail pouch from a railway platform or the doorway of a post office. This was what Albert Bell did in Philadelphia in 1903 when he committed perhaps the costliest single coup of check raising this country has known. In the dark of a winter evening Bell found a fat mail pouch on the floor in the Broad Street station, hastily slipped it under his big overcoat and got away into the gloom before any loss was noticed. He took the pouch to a distant spot in the woods, opened all the letters, abstracted more than two hundred checks and went to his room to work at leisure. Every check in the lot was altered in the amount line, and Philadelphia business houses lost more than $500,000 in the transaction. The means Bell used for disposing of these many checks will be explained later.

Another common method of getting checks, especially current in the great cities, is to rob the small mail boxes into which letters are delivered in the halls of apartment houses. Agents of the raisers follow the postmen about on their rounds and abstract letters from the delivery boxes as quickly as they are deposited. All checks thus got hold of are raised and cashed. Similar gangs rob the government mail boxes on street corners and especially in the foyers and corridors of big office buildings. New York City is suffering from a plague of such mail-box robbers at the moment. They work with skillfully duplicated keys and manage to open even the most complicated locks. Others use wires and hooks for fishing letters from the boxes. So many thousands of letters have been stolen in New York and other large cities recently by this system that repeated warnings have been issued by the Post-Office Department, and extra watchmen have been pressed into service.

Checks for Coal

Another coal scheme, aimed at the consumer was popular in New England, New York and adjacent states a few years ago. The conspirators rented a small office and inserted in the local papers advertisements offering standard grades of coal at a dollar or two dollar a ton under the standard price. Orders naturally flowed in. The criminals went to regular coal dealers, bought coal for cash and ordered it delivered to the residences and plants of their customers, pocketing small losses. They then billed their clients by mail and received checks in return. After enough of these had accumulated the conspirators disappeared and the checks reappeared, raised to the nth power.

But perhaps the most ingenious scheme that has come to police attention in the last few years comes from Iowa. Here a check raiser established himself in one city after another and plied this game: After he had resided for a few weeks in a neighborhood and had cultivated local merchants he appeared one day and bought a few dollars' worth of goods. In payment he offered a check made out to himself by a stranger. The merchant accepted it, indorsed it and deposited it at the end of the day. Within a day or two the check came back, refused for overdraft or marked "no account." The merchant immediately called on his customer, who was surprised to find himself duped in the matter of a check. However, he was a man of honor. He promptly paid the merchant the face of the check and took possession of that instrument to collect from the maker.

Observe, now, what he had. Here was a worthless check, returned from the bank with a ticket attached attesting its fraudulence. But on its back was the indorsement of the merchant, put there when the check was first deposited. On the strength of this signature the check might be cashed anywhere in the neighborhood. So the conspirator blithely raised the amount line to as high a figure as he dared and cashed the check. And civil actions ensued between the indorsing merchant and the persons who cashed the check.

Passing by, for a moment, the technic of check altering, a glance at the methods used for disposing of raised checks will show quite as much application of ingenuity as does check procuring. Albert Bell, who got the $500,000 out of Philadelphia depositors, used bank accounts to accomplish the cashing of his raised paper. While he was preparing his coup he deposited a considerable sum with a bank in a smaller city near Philadelphia and proceeded to deposit various checks drawn to his order, all of which were genuine. He next went to another small city and opened a second account under an assumed name and repeated the whole operation. Finally he had four or five accounts, under as many names. When he stole the mail pouch and altered the checks he either altered the payee line as well, making the check payable to one of his various aliases, or he indorsed the check with the name of the actual payee and then with his alias. He thus scattered his stolen checks among the four or five banks where he had deposits. The alterations were all skillfully made and he had been careful not to raise checks too high. The result was that every single check was paid. At the end of a few days Bell drew his money from all his banks and decamped. It was not until sometime afterward that the first payer discovered the fraud by finding a raised check among his cancellations. Bell was caught, I may add in the name of law and order. He was sentenced to a long term in McNeil's Island prison.

Raising Travelers' Checks

In Chicago a few years back another scheme for disposing of a raised check was worked. A gentleman opened a medium-size account with a bank and entered the real-estate business. His business volume was considerable and he soon gained the confidence of the bank. One day he drew a twenty-seven dollar check, which he had certified. Somewhat later he appeared at another bank with a certified order for $27,000, by which he got $16,000 in bonds and the rest in cash. However, he was almost immediately apprehended and most of the loot was recovered. Raising checks after their certification is, by the way, one of the common practices among skillful check men.

Other men have for years been able to put over raised checks on hotels. This has often been done by traveling men in need of cash. In repeated instances these men have raised even their own expense or pay checks to large figures, and, enjoying the confidence of hotels, have got the cash without trouble. One must admit, however, that this is a rather bungling practice.

The justly celebrated Christmas Keogh taught the country something slightly different in the matter of check cashing two winters ago. This polished rascal began by purchasing a Canadian-bank travelers' check for $200. This he had photographed, electrotyped and reproduced by the hundreds. With these fraudulent money orders in pocket he set out on a series of astounding adventures in the States. Just before Christmas, in the rush and tumble of the time, he appeared at various high-class shops, usually on the Saturday afternoon before the holiday. He made small purchases in each place and presented one or more of his travelers' checks. His eminently respectable appearance, his aloof manners, his British drawl and his cold superciliousness to any who dared question him readily convinced cashiers in these shops and they delivered merchandise and large amounts of change

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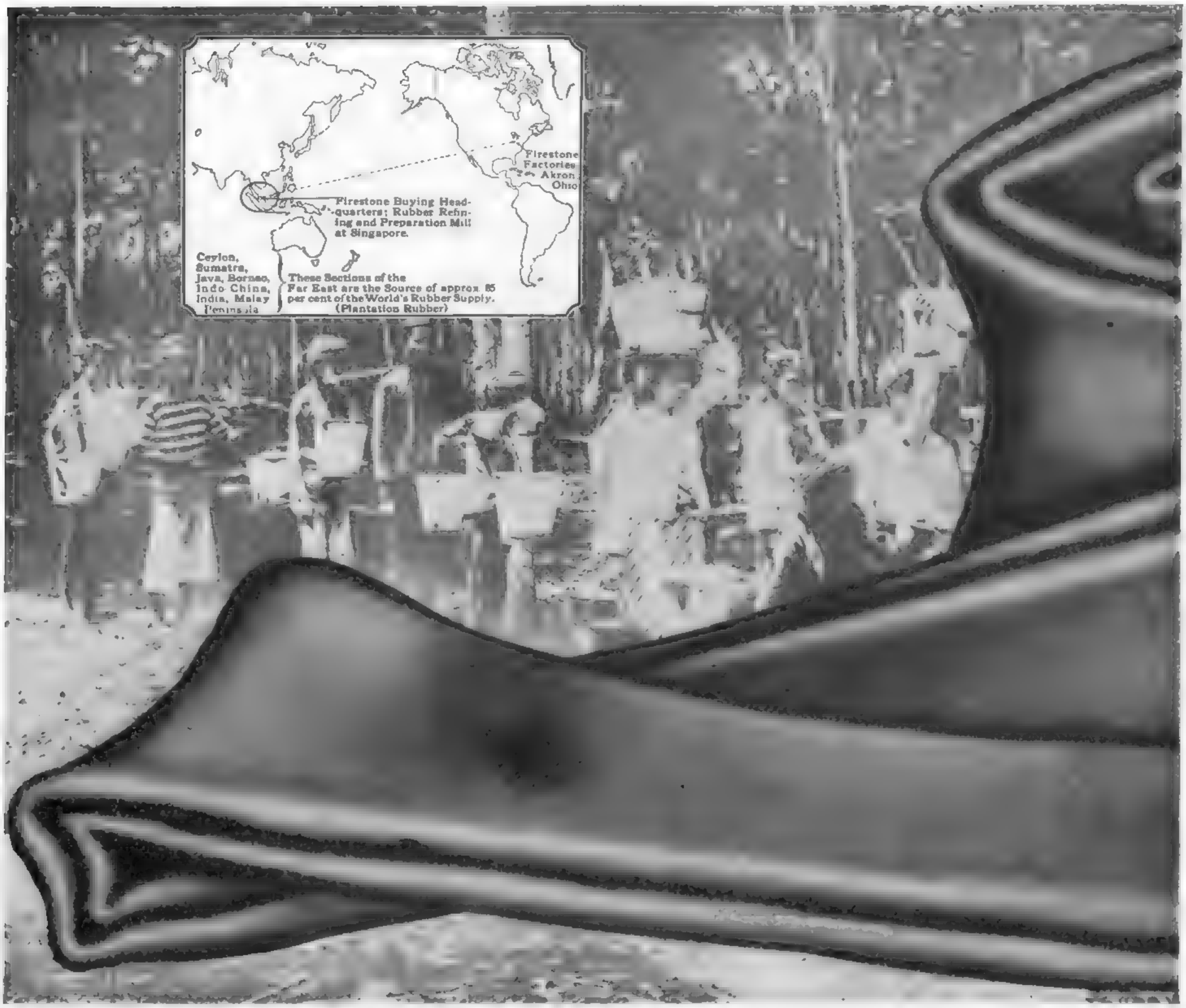
Firestone Factories Akron, Ohio
Firestone Buying Headquarters; Rubber Refining and Preparation Mill at Singapore.
Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Indo-China, India, Malay Peninsula
These Sections of the Far East are the Source of approx. 85 per cent of the World's Rubber Supply. (Plantation Rubber)

Charters Bank Chambers, Singapore, S. S. Where Firestone maintains Buying Headquarters

Saving At the Source

How Firestone is able to give you most miles per dollar in tubes by intelligent buying at the source of supply

RUBBER represents the main element of cost in a tube because the item of labor is less in proportion than in tire building. A saving in the cost of rubber, therefore, yields practically a proportionate saving in the final cost of a tube.

Intelligent buying of raw rubber is the beginning of tube value. It means not only lower price, but tubes of higher quality.

That's why Firestone purchases at the source. Buying headquarters are established at Singapore, Straits Settlement, the center of the vast acreage planted to rubber throughout the Malay Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies. This area produces 85% of the world's rubber supply.

This gives to Firestone the advantage of selecting the finest material to be had at base-of-supply price. And to secure the full measure of this advantage,

Firestone has built at Singapore a rubber refining and preparation mill, with sorting, drying and storage facilities. Firestone users pay no freight charges on waste matter.

These are the reasons back of the long life and high quality of Firestone Tubes, as well as their remarkably low price. Firestone Tubes are better because of Firestone buying.

Get the full benefit of Firestone planning for most miles per dollar. Buy Firestone Tubes.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Branches and Dealers Everywhere Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio

Firestone

(Continued from Page 121)

to him without further delay. In one afternoon in New York he victimized five firms which complained and several which did not. A few days later he also turned up in St. Louis and accomplished a similar raid. Out of this circumstance grew a singular adventure.

The defrauded New York shops set on his trail one of the big detective firms, whose assiduous sleuths soon picked up the scent of a Canadian, who did not answer the stock description of Keogh very well, it is true, but who had been in New York at about the time of the frauds and had gone thence to St. Louis. This man was arrested and dragged back to New York, where he was thrown into the Tombs. After a fight he managed his release under heavy bail and it developed that he was not Christmas Keogh but a widely known Canadian mining man, wealthy, fifteen years older than the pursued check passer, and a highly respectable person. He gained his complete freedom after a fight and promptly sued each merchant for damages of $100,000. Recently he obtained a verdict of $50,000 against the first firm whose case was heard.

The marvel of the story is, however, on the side of the actual criminal. When he read in the newspapers that he had been arrested, taken to New York and thrown into jail, he saw that someone was guilty of painful exaggeration. Without hesitation Keogh went to Chicago, where he passed several more of his worthless checks and forwarded a taunting message to the New York officers. He cleared the mining man effectively enough, but he was caught himself somewhat later, largely through his Chicago rashness, and he now reposes thoughtfully in prison.

Again, many check raisers manage to put down their bum stuff by forging on the back a guaranty of indorsement, using for that purpose an imitation of the genuine signature on the face of the check.

In New York recently one of this brotherhood provided himself with a raised check, which he had also fraudulently indorsed with the maker's guaranty. With this in his pocket he went to an important office building, and entering the rooms of a responsible firm passed himself off as a wiring inspector. He pretended to inspect the wiring and call box and pulled the signal summoning a messenger boy. After a little further pretended experimenting he departed. But in the hall outside the door he waited. As the messenger boy appeared the supposed inspector intercepted him, gave him the check and sent him to the bank on the run, with instructions to get the money and hurry back to this office. The boy presented the check, got the money and went back. His affable friend again met him in the hall, apparently just emerging from the office and impatiently looking for the boy. The messenger got a liberal tip and went his way rejoicing. So did the check raiser.

Specialists in Crime

Toronto, however, reports one of the most entertaining adventures with a check man. He opened a small account with one of the large banks and proceeded for some weeks to put in and draw out money. After a time he drew his account down to a small balance. The next day he appeared, wrote out a check and went to the bookkeeper's window to have it O. K.'d. The balance was large enough to pay the check and it was initialed by the accountant. The check man thereupon went toward the paying teller's window, but failed to stop. That afternoon, just as the bank was closing and there was a crowd about the windows and a rush to be done, the check man appeared and passed his order in at the paying teller's grille. It called for $12,000. The teller looked at it for a moment, saw the initials of the bookkeeper and paid out the money. It wasn't many hours before the bank detected the fraud, but the raiser was already on his way to parts remote.

Since the breaking up of the old-fashioned gangs the putting down of checks has grown from the task of the minor figures in a forgery conspiracy into a highly trained specialty. For a good many years the best check men have been specialists. The scratchers, men like Charley Becker, were always so considered. But after the day of the old-fashioned gangs two other types of forgers came to be just as highly trained. Henry Wilkes, already mentioned, was a master plotter. His specialty was not the preparation of spurious paper, but the subtle, intricate and devious planning of the whole conspiracy, the gathering of information, the discovery of exposed points at which to attack banks, the maturing of the whole mechanism of fraud.

And Lon Whiteman, that lone last sentinel of the tribe, was the greatest putter down of all times if the opinions of dozens of police chiefs and special detectives are to be taken as evidence. Whiteman was never a truly fine scratcher, though his accomplishments in this field were not to be sneered at. He was only an average plotter of crimes. But when it came to planning the cashing of checks, when it came to organizing the disposition of bad paper, he is said to have performed wonders. He was a bit more than a master putter down too. He was the most elusive forger the police have ever known and this ability of his to slip out of bad situations, to establish alibis, apparently to walk into the police station and chaff with the officers at the very hour when some of his bad paper was being cashed was part of his evil greatness. His record is as expressive as anything else. He was in the forgery business for upward of thirty years, was arrested about fifty-five times and convicted twice. He spent about three years in prison all told—a genuine record.

And it is in his rôle as a careful and shrewd escaper of punishment, a laugher at prison locksmiths, that he touches elbows with extreme modernity. These things make him the transitionary figure. From this man we step into the present moment.

And what of the present? How are the checks handled now? How does the criminal raise a modern, fully protected check? What men are doing the finest work of this kind to-day? I have already tried to explain the procuring and the disposing of raised checks. Nothing remains but to consider the actual feat of alteration.

Don'ts for Check Writers

Checks now issued are of two general classes—those on which a protective machine is used and those without such defensive stamping. The latter first. The average check written by the private individual, generally merely scrawled out in ink on checks furnished by the bank, can be raised by any ordinary crook. The average person writes his check so carelessly that Nine can always be raised to Ninety, Five to Fifty, Four to Forty, Six to Sixty, and so on. The numeral amount is generally so loosely written that there is no trouble putting an extra zero behind the initial figure. I have frequently seen carelessly written checks raised from such amounts as "Ten and 70-100 dollars" to "Ten Thousand 70-100 dollars." The words had been so widely spaced there was no trouble writing the "thous" before the "and." The man of business does not need to be warned against such carelessness. Nevertheless it may pay him to warn his office force. And there are thousands of bank depositors who know nothing of business.

The anecdotes of criminal methods which I give should instruct the public in the type of trick to watch for, the criminal devices to be guarded against. For the benefit of all who may need such instruction I make bold to set down some simple rules for check protection:

Do not typewrite checks.

Never permit any check to go out on which an erasure has been made or attempted.

Never write over any letter or figure in a check. All such marred checks should be destroyed and others written.

Do not give checks to strangers.

Write every letter and figure in your check clearly and carefully.

Begin your amount line at the extreme left edge of the check, write clearly and keep all letters and numerals connected; no gaps.

In writing the word "and" into checks where odd cents are drawn it is well to write the word perpendicularly or slantingly.

Safety paper and good acid-proof ink are aids, but must not be considered absolute safeguards.

A good impregnating stamping machine helps to eliminate the amateur criminal but is not always effective.

A poor protective machine may only make alteration easier.

Checks and check books should always be kept in a safe or under lock.

Remember that a clearly written check in good ink on safety paper is about as secure as anything yet devised.

Watch the writing of the payee's line in your checks.

These rules, with such ordinary precautions as sensible persons will naturally exercise as to those intrusted with checks and the depositing of money will fairly protect the average person.

We come now to the consideration of so-called protected checks, principally those stamped with one of the four types of mechanical protectors already described.

As soon as it was seen that expert check men filled perforations with disks or paper pulp there was a demand for better mechanisms. It was then that the crinklers, or corrugators, of various types came to market. The general idea was to write the amount in ink and then run or stamp over it with a crinkler which so roughened the paper that alterations seemed impossible. However, it was soon found that the check man laid such checks on a glass and smoothed down the ruffling. This done, he washed out the written amount with chemicals. If the tinting of the check was disturbed he restored it. He then resurfaced the check, wrote in the raised amount, recrinkled the paper with the same make of machine originally used—and passed the check.

Came now the amount-printing machine with the inking on both sides, which drove the ink almost through the paper. The manner of proceeding against such checks is very like that used against the ruffled check, except that fine erasers are used. By means of these the original stamped amount is erased or so blurred as to answer the same purpose. The check is next smoothed and resurfaced. It is then carefully put back into a protective machine of the same pattern as that originally used and restamped in a larger amount. Where the original printing cannot be totally rubbed out the check man cleverly raises the check to an amount reading very much like the original.

Finally come those machines which partly break the fiber of the paper as they print an amount and impregnate the very tissue of the check with patent ink. These machines are the most modern and the most difficult to beat, but they, too, are not proof against the skillful check man. I do not wish to give instruction in check alteration, so that I must beg to be excused from describing in dangerous detail the method by which such checks are altered. A general statement of fact must suffice.

The really skillful check raiser of to-day works in a laboratory with chemicals, marvelously fine erasers and an intricate mechanical equipment for the cleaning and restoration of checks. He takes the ordinary check, protected by any make of machine known to me, paints over with a protective substance the portions of the check he wishes to preserve, and then immerses the whole check in an acid bath. If one solution does not dissolve the type of ink used he tries another. Where he comes upon a fully protected check drawn upon the best safety paper, containing an intricate watermark and an even more minute design in the tinting, he either photographs the check for an electroplate or he makes an ordinary tint block whereby he restores the check to its original color and marking. Even watermarks have been removed and restored.

Tricks of Salesmen

The best check men of the day are even far in advance of the fabulous Charley Becker. They understand paper making, engraving, tinting, electroplating, coloring, chemistry, ink manufacture, paper glazing—everything that is known to the original maker of checks and check-protecting devices. These men are exceptional, to be certain.

In the era to which the old master forgers belonged all the luminaries were graduates of prisons, and so are many of the most expert men to-day. But here, too, a great change has come about. Check tampering is no longer taught exclusively inside the penitential walls.

Not long ago a friend introduced me to a salesman. I was interested in forgery, he said. When he added that my new acquaintance was a veteran salesman of check-protecting devices I caught the connection. The salesman sat down with me in the corner of a club and began to demonstrate. He drew out of his wallet checks of every imaginable description protected in every conceivable fashion. And every check was in a more or less advanced stage of alteration.

"Why these things?" I wanted to know.

"Sales," said he bluntly.

"Eh?"

"Sure, I show these checks to business men to illustrate how easy it is to alter checks protected by other makes of machines."

"And the other salesmen show how easy it is to beat yours?"

"Certainly. That's the game."

I made extensive inquiries among officials, detectives, business men and bankers, and here is what I discovered.

Men who hire out as salesmen of check-protective mechanisms often give as their first qualification their ability to alter checks protected by all other makes of machines. With this knowledge in head they go to a business house and give their canvasses. Not only do they exhibit the evidences of work done in private, but they carry with them acids, inks, erasers and other tools of the check raiser. They sit down at a moment's notice and give demonstrations. The business man is appalled at the inefficiency of the machine he is using. Without delay he buys that offered by the salesman. A month later another salesman comes along and demonstrates against the new machine.

Unwise Salesmanship

Perhaps this is fair enough as selling goes. It is, however, the basis of a great evil which needs to be corrected. In large establishments a salesman of this sort does not get to the presence of the firm head. Instead he is referred to the office manager, the head bookkeeper, the chief stenographer, even to minor employees.

"See what he has," says the busy chief.

The salesman begins his canvass. In five minutes he has out his sample checks. In ten he has begun to erase, bleach, wash, iron and raise checks. The employee watches the man with startled eyes. Perhaps other members of the office force attend the astounding exhibition. They ask questions. It is the salesman's business to make everything seem as simple and easy as possible. He exhibits his tools, explains the sorts of acids and ink removers he employs. He simply gives a lecture and demonstration in check alteration. Whether he manages to sell one of his machines or not is beside the present point. He goes his way, having sown a strange crop of dragon's teeth.

The innocent employee who has watched the demonstrations seats himself at a desk and begins idly to write and change checks. At first he does nothing more than alter Nines to Nineties and "Four and" to "Four thousand." Presently he makes out a genuine check and stamps it with the protective machine. He erases, smooths, restamps and experiments. He tries another and another. He is appalled to find that he can make a passable altered check. Be he ever so rooted in probity, strange fancies crowd his mind. He puts them aside. It is all idle fooling. The man is honest.

But a day comes when his honesty is put to the crucible. Illness and trouble have impoverished him. He has been dissipating and overspent himself. He needs money quickly, temporarily. He has no resources. He remembers the well-meaning salesman and the raised checks. The next day there is another lawbreaker. If he is caught he is ruined at best. At worst he is sent to prison, where he has time to develop his talent. And there is a new criminal in the world.

I do not know whether the manufacturers or distributers of protective devices know of this practice among salesmen but some check should be put upon the zeal of salesmen. With such practices in vogue all the police vigilance in the world will not stamp out check raisers.

A few years ago Turie Nordstrom, a young Scandinavian employed as a minor clerk in an Oregon bank, was seized with boyish wanderlust. He had no means, but distance beckoned him with a gesture so compelling that this lack did not stand in the way. The young clerk resigned his place and packed up his goods for roving. As a precaution he bought of his bank a draft for three dollars drawn on another bank in Chicago. Several weeks later

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Beech-Nut Mints

The Handy Candy

FLAVOR from fresh-picked leaves and plants—pure granulated sugar. That's all. But it's enough to give Beech-Nut Mints *real mint* flavor. Satisfy your candy-craving feeling with a pack of these handy little ovals, packed full of flavor. At the nearest candy stand, choose your *flavor*—Mint, Wintergreen, Clove, Licorice or Cinnamon.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

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Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread

You'll Appreciate the Security of These Cord Tires

IT is undeniable that the motorist is more care-free when driving with Horse-Shoe Cord Tires. He knows his tires will not skid. The little shoes in the distinctive Horse-Shoe tread grip the road so stubbornly that bad weather causes him no anxiety either on wet pavements or in making sharp turns.

He knows that the Horse-Shoe tread is practically as anti-skid as chains, except in deep snow or mud.

Aside from this security, the Horse-Shoe Tire user has the satisfaction of knowing that tires like his are used exclusively by many great business corporations, states and municipalities because they have proved that they give more miles of service at a lower cost per mile.

The nearest Horse-Shoe dealer will be glad to demonstrate the safety of the Horse-Shoe Cord Tire on a slippery pavement. He can tell you other reasons why more than a million motorists recommend Horse-Shoe Tires.

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

EXPORT DEPARTMENT, 144 WEST 65th STREET, NEW YORK

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Nordstrom appeared in the metropolitan bank, presented credentials and the usual references given to faithful employees when they leave the service of a bank. When he asked the Chicago bankers to cash a draft for $15,000 they did not hesitate. He took the cash, thanked the teller politely for the accommodation and went his way. It was weeks later before a settlement between the Chicago bank and the Oregon bank discovered the fraud. The usual detectives were put on the track of the missing boy. After eighteen months they found him off the coast of Brunswick, Georgia, where he had bought a small cruising yacht and was enjoying life. He confessed that he had raised the check. He had learned the art from men who had given demonstrations in the bank.

Within the memory of every detective who specializes in check games a man named H. D. Bliss disappeared from San Francisco. Not long afterward it was discovered that he had made a raid on a bank there before his departure. He had obtained two checks, one for $400 and the other for $3.50. These he had had certified. Shortly afterward he appeared at a second bank. The $400 check had been raised to $1400 by merely inserting a figure 1 before the 400 and by crowding in the syllable "teen" after the "Four" in the written amount. This was, to be sure, simple enough, but the smaller check had suffered more complex alteration. Bliss had washed out the original figures and written over the amount with an ink remover, had dried and ironed the check and then written in $5500. The bank cashed these certified checks without hesitation and Bliss disappeared into Canada, where he died while fighting extradition. He, too, had learned the check raiser's art in an office, it was said.

At the moment the police are looking for another engaging check expert, known in the reports as N. L. Massey. Last summer this devotee dropped down to North Carolina on a visit. While there he stopped in at a country bank and bought three small drafts drawn on a New York financial house—one for six dollars, one for three and one for two. These checks were handed him written in patent ink on safety paper which had been stamped with a protective machine. Mr. Massey, or whatever his correct name may be, stuck these tokens of fiduciary affection into his wallet and went his way. This was on June 9th.

Operations Shifted

About three weeks later Mr. Massey presented himself at the New York bank with what seemed proper introductory credentials and shoved over the counter three drafts calling for $8,470.50, $12,903 and $15,000. After some delay and investigation the drafts were paid and Mr. Massey disappeared. He is still, as I say, in eclipse somewhere, and a very powerful organization of banking gentlemen is waiting for him to shine forth. The work done on these three drafts has been carefully examined by experts and is said to differ in character from that of any known professionals. In other words, this man, too, is believed to be a self-taught raiser. So far as is known he is not a prison product. He has borrowed his dangerous lore from someone. Whom?

But even check raising, with all the modern devices that must be beaten and all the modern scientific knowledge of papers, inks and chemicals the expert must possess, is growing passé with the nonprofessional, the man in the office or the bank who is tempted to take a flyer. First, as you will remember, the signature was attacked by the forger; more recently the amount line has been raised. Long ago the banks learned to be extremely careful of the signature: lately they have been paying close attention to the amount line. So the check brotherhood shifts its attack once more. The latest development is the alteration of the payee's line.

Not many months ago a prominent insurance broker in New York was astonished to find a great discrepancy in his books. He began to struggle with his accounts. Certain claims for which he was sure checks had been written proved unpaid. Yet the bank balance was correct. It was baffling. Finally a strange thing was discovered. The returned or canceled checks showed that the firm had drawn out an inordinate amount of cash in the last few months. How did this happen? The president of the concern studied and puzzled. There were the checks, made out absolutely as he always made out checks for office cash. There they were, with his indubitable signature. There they were, obviously unraised. But something was wrong here. An accountant was called in. He too wondered and floundered. Finally he began a minute examination of the canceled checks—and the mystery was solved.

Eight or ten checks had been altered in the payee's line. The bookkeeper of the concern—a man who had been employed steadily for many years and had the absolute confidence of the firm—had finally, through some circumstance in his private life, been tempted from virtue. He had needed money and seen that the way to get it was to change the checks of his firm, with the delivery of which he was intrusted, after they had been drawn and signed. He had seen salesmen and others make changes in checks. However, he did not trust himself to experiment with the amount line. He did not know raising well enough to attempt the complex operations required to alter a protected check. But he found another method much simpler and even more effective. He washed out the name of the payee in each instance and substituted the words "Even Exchange." He represented to the bank that he was drawing cash for office use or for the pay roll. The bank knew him well and passed out the cash, more than $6000 in all.

With the first money he drew he met some emergency. But it had all been too easy. He took more and spent it in riotous living. When he saw the collapse coming he fled, only to be brought back and sent to Sing Sing for two years and a half.

Witherout's Exploit

A final anecdote: Not too many years ago there appeared in the sabbatical city of Brooklyn a young and prosperous-looking man, provided with much ready cash. To those who chanced to be introduced to him he said his name was E. M. Witherout. He had been born and reared in Brooklyn, he said, but his career had taken him afar. Now, though he was still young, he had made his pile and had come back to the placidities and urbanities of his home place to settle down and grow richly old among the scenes and sounds of his youth. To begin right, he wished to buy a home.

A gentleman of the real-estate coloration who chanced to be near by was at once uncommonly interested in the returned wanderer and took him in tow. Mr. Witherout was in no haste, however. He wanted to entertain a bit, spend a little money, look the town over. His new friend and he might as well please themselves with innocent dissipations while they sought a house worth buying. So the realty agent went round day after day in the wake of the amiable Witherout. They looked at houses here and there. Witherout liked some of the places, but none suited exactly. Well, there were many homes for sale in Brooklyn. They went on seeking.

One morning when the salesman met his prospective client again Witherout asked him casually if he would refer him to a reliable bank. Witherout wished to make rather a heavy deposit. The salesman took his client to the real-estate office, and the head of the firm went in person with the prospect and presented him to a bank cashier. Witherout talked pleasantly with the banker, explaining that he had been long absent and that he had come back to stay. He had considerable property in the West, he said, and would gradually transfer it East, mainly by draft. Meantime he was also planning to buy a home and he might wish to deposit, withdraw and redeposit frequently. So saying he presented a draft for $5000 drawn by a bank in a city in Michigan upon one in New York City. It was made out in the most scrupulous manner on the best safety paper and with banker's ink. It was doubly protected with a stamping machine. Obviously it was such a check as banks draw and issue. The cashier took it, gave Witherout a bankbook and check book and sent him blithely on his way.

The next morning a check for thirty-seven dollars showed up in the hands of a stranger, who wanted it cashed. It was issued by Witherout. The careful cashier would not give the cash, as the caller could not identify himself satisfactorily, but he immediately certified the check and asked the caller to get the cash elsewhere. Later in the day Witherout appeared in person and drew out $2000.

At the same time he deposited a second draft, similar to the first, and likewise for $5000. Just before closing time he came back and withdrew another $2500. After two or three days he returned to the bank and deposited two additional drafts, one for $5000 and one for $4000. At the same time he checked out more of the money. By the end of the week he had drawn his account down to $200, the minimum balance required by the institution. He had taken down $18,800 of his $19,000 deposits.

Weeks passed. Nothing more was seen of the unctuous Witherout. But one morning there was consternation in the bank. The four drafts had been reported on. They were frauds. The bank in Michigan had issued them, it was true, but when they left its counters three of them had called for five dollars each and the last for four dollars. The raiser had merely expanded their value a thousand times in each case.

First of all there was a bitter controversy among the banks. The Brooklyn institution disclaimed all responsibility in the matter.

The checks were so skillfully raised that no man might detect the fraud. If the bank which had issued them was not responsible, then the loss must be charged to the New York bank against which the drafts were issued. If this bank was not responsible then the matter was up to an intermediate bank which had delayed forwarding the drafts for collection.

Meantime the detectives were hunting for the charming Mr. Witherout. After five or six months they found him, living placidly in Buffalo with his wife and children. With some rudeness he was dragged back to Brooklyn, where he made the bankers prove it. They did eventually and he departed for Sing Sing, where he abode for several years.

This is, however, not the point of the story. To the practiced eye this little conspiracy of Witherout's bears all those delicate touches and tracings which bespeak the creation of a master. Who was it that had altered these four drafts with such ineffable technic? The detectives who are connoisseurs in these matters looked long and admiringly, and thought they had a deep suspicion. Who was it that knew the intricacies of banking so well as to dare the bold game Witherout had played in Brooklyn? The novice would suppose that a draft for $5000 drawn against a New York bank and deposited in Brooklyn would be sent for collection the same day and adversely reported on if spurious. It took a man of nefandous science to know that such a draft might not be forwarded to the New York bank for several days and that even then no one would know if it had been raised.

Did Whiteman Do It?

The detectives laughed softly at the notion. Witherout? His real name was Harry Irvings Andrews. He was a fellow with some spots on his past, they said, but a master! Common sense forfend! They saw in Witherout-Andrews only the common instrument.

There were numbers of men extant who could make such delicate alterations. Even the princely Becker was then in the flesh. But who could have planned this sensitive enormity?

With remarkable one-mindedness the officers turned over the pages of their Rogues' Galleries and paused before the lean visage of the last old master—Alonzo Whiteman.

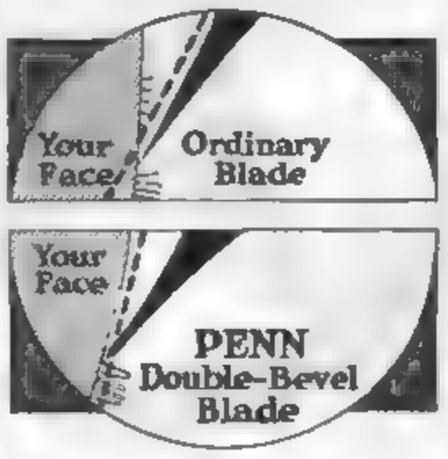
Whiteman put it up, said the officers, and Knox fixed the checks. They grilled and sweated Witherout to no avail.

Somewhere out in the provinces they found Whiteman, doing nothing in particular. They took him to the station and questioned him. The king of putters down smiled at them wanly from his tired eyes and suffering mouth, and said he was blameless as the dawn. Bob Knox? Oh, Whiteman hadn't seen him in ages. Knox wasn't scratching any work for him any more; in fact he never had, as the officers well knew, since they had never proved it.

So Witherout went to prison and Whiteman went his way, leaving the officers their imaginations, their romance and their poignant regrets.

Did Whiteman do it? He is not given to confessions. He sits placidly in the sun up there in his almshouse, smiling dubious answers to all inquiries, waiting for sleep—the only survivor of the check men of old.

Makes Your Face Feel Fine



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I am willing to give you thirty days of shaving satisfaction—free—because I believe that it will induce you to buy that shaving satisfaction for the rest of your life.

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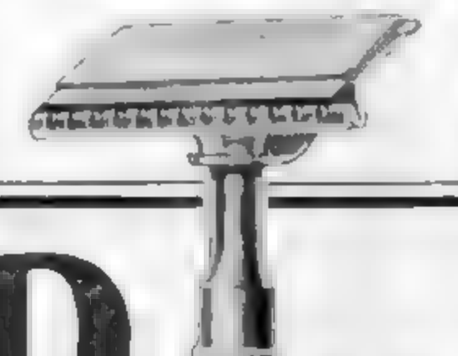

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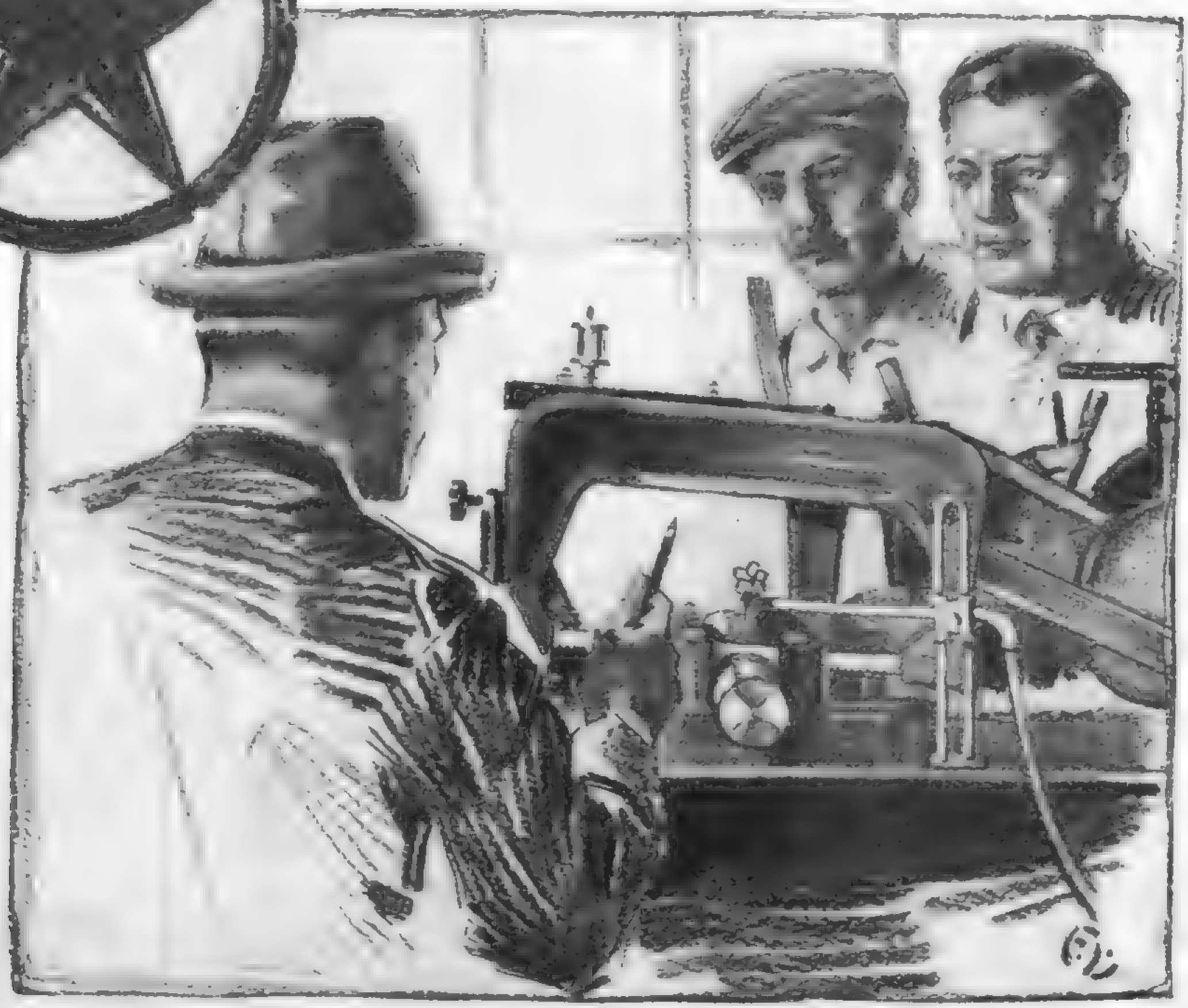

Whether you run one saw or many, we shall be very glad to have one of our service men call on you, and show you how to obtain maximum results at lowest cost on your hack-saw work.

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The cost of such an apparently simple operation as cutting metal with a hack saw is in many plants unknown. Too little thought has been given to the subject.

Over and over again our service men in the field report cases where no attempt has ever been made to check hack sawing costs. They have been able to explain, often in large and well-known plants, that in most particulars are highly efficient, how to arrive at these costs. Better still, they have been able to show how to reduce them, often from one-third to one-half.

Just the other day one of our field service men showed a very large company how to get five times as good results as they were getting on cutting chrome nickel steel. The bars they were cutting were so hard that they had been using up five or six blades on a single cut. A single Star blade made one cut and sometimes two.

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SAW BLADES

THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

(Continued from Page 27)

big dot. Whatever they may say, men can never feel the same toward each other when one marries the girl the other has a tender sentiment for. Now if I were to trot in some rank outsider it would be a different thing."

"Then you don't think Suzy is attached to Len?" asked Mrs. Hobart frigidly.

I suppressed a smile. Here was a very worthy woman who, though not content that her son should marry an unknown heiress, resented her preference to some other, and I fancy it irked her a little to see this considerable fortune pass into alien hands. The Hobarts, like many old American families of their sort, no doubt had their fortune invested in sound securities, municipal bonds and the like, which would never pay a greater income, and now the decreased purchasing power of the dollar had made them poorer, while the cost of their establishment had trebled, so that they found their entire income scarcely adequate to keep up their way of living.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Hobart, "that there should be no such desperate hurry."

"There is no particular hurry. It is simply that Malluc is a man of many interests and apt to bolt off at any moment. Would you care to talk to him?"

"You seem to be a sort of emissary," said Martha.

The remark irritated me. Knowing as she did my relation to Malluc it seemed to me she should have understood my interest and felt a certain sympathy for it.

"Quite so," I answered. "It struck me that it would be a very good thing for Len. He told me the other day that he had half a mind to go back with me to France in the autumn to occupy himself in reconstruction work. France at this moment is not the best of places for a young chap of his temperament. There are too many attractive unattached women."

Mrs. Hobart looked a little scared.

"I think I had better talk to my husband," said she. "I appreciate your good intention, Dick, but, of course, it is a very serious matter and requires a good deal of consideration. I shall have to talk to Leonard too. Then perhaps it can do no harm for me to discuss the matter with Mr. Malluc."

This finished the conversation and I could not help but feel that my hostess was secretly pleased at being given such authority in the affair, which is not often vouchsafed the American mother.

Martha's manner toward me appeared to relax that afternoon for some reason or other. She took me out for a spin in her runabout and after we had gone a little way said: "You are incomprehensible, Dick—rather like your father. Don't you think you ought to tell mother of the relationship?"

"Perhaps I ought, but I don't want to. I'd rather the acknowledgment came from Malluc. But why incomprehensible?"

"Well, this morning you talked about flirting with Suzy, and then this afternoon you come as a deputy to propose her hand in marriage with Len."

"Well," I answered, "you see I'm not a dog in a manger."

"Who is?" she snapped.

"I decline to answer."

"You'd better." She stiffened in her seat. "Sometimes I feel like slapping you."

"Then slap," I answered, "but do it with your hand."

"I really think Len's crazy about her," said she.

"At certain moments he shows signs of madness," I agreed. "It must be rather nice to be in love."

"Were you never in love yourself?"

"Not long enough to need a doctor," I answered. "Were you?"

"Never!" she answered hotly. "And I don't think that I ever shall be."

"It's a great pity to think of so much lovely girl going to waste," I complained. "Does it never strike you that way when you look in the mirror?"

She blushed hotly.

"Of course it doesn't. I'm afraid you have an Oriental mind, Dick."

"The repressed instincts of my Puritan ancestors uncorked by a Continental education," I said.

"Don't say such horrid things. I suppose you've been perfectly dreadful."

"No," I answered, "I've always been too busy. Science and athletics. The laboratory and the salle d'armes were my favorite recreations. But after all I'm a man."

"Yes," she said softly, "you're a man, Dick. Why do you suppose Malluc is so anxious to get rid of Suzy?"

"I don't know," I answered, "but I've got an idea that it is for the same reason that he doesn't wish to acknowledge me. I think he feels some danger hanging over him."

"From the law?"

"I'm afraid so—something in his past that he feels he might have to pay the penalty for almost any day. It would be no kindness for a man to claim a long-neglected son and then be tried for murder or collusion with criminals. Think how he'd feel to do so and then inflict on his son the stigma of a parent sent to the gallows! And I must say I shouldn't care for it myself."

"It would be pretty bad for Suzy too."

"Well, that's different. She's merely his daughter by adoption—his ward. Her actual father was a Danish nobleman. However, let's hope it's not going to happen."

We talked of lighter things and when we got back Martha said: "I think I'll change my mind about not swimming in the morning, Dick. I'd be apt to miss it. Unless I take a lot of exercise I get the jumps and sleep badly."

So I agreed, little thinking what that next morning's swim was going to be like.

"Why Not Marry Her Yourself?" Said Martha. "You Will Probably Want to Marry Before Long and You Seem Much Interested in Her"

XI

ACCORDING to our usual custom, Len and I played billiards after dinner, and as was also customary he began to show symptoms of restlessness toward the end of the string. I beat him without much difficulty, for he was in bad form, and as we replaced our cues he said, "Well, what's the verdict, Dick?"

"Not yet rendered, Your Royal Highness," I answered. "The question of the consort needs due deliberation."

"I feel like a fool," he said. "I'm going to find out where I stand and if she turns me down I'll go back to France with you."

"I may not go back," I answered.

"You'll soon get enough of this. Over there I felt like a real live nephew of me Uncle Sam and over here I feel like a niece of my Aunt Samantha."

"Oh, dry up!" I said. "Let's go call on the magician and his daughter."

"Now you've said something," said Len. "Come on."

We went out and took the little path. There was no moon and the night felt thundery. Reaching the boundary between the two estates, we saw the lights from the laboratory windows. "I'll go talk to Malluc," I said, "and you have it out with Suzy. Treat her rough."

Len grumbled something and held on his course, disappearing presently in the scrub, while I went on to the laboratory, where I found Malluc engaged in writing. He greeted me in his friendly casual way, saying that he was glad I'd come as his day's work was over. After I had told him about my interview with Mrs. Hobart, which he dismissed with a nod and a word of thanks, we entered into conversation, Malluc telling me a good deal about his many travels and his work as an engineer before having struck it rich after some years of prospecting.

"Once I had the capital to back some of my inventions, the money seemed to roll in," said he. "It's only that first start that keeps the intelligent person from getting rich. The rest is easy, provided you're careful never to stake your whole fortune."

We did not touch on personal matters at all except for some brief mention I made of my technical studies. The conversation was brought to a close by a loud peal of thunder which had been muttering for some time, followed immediately by a spatter of rain on the corrugated iron roof.

"I'd better bolt for it," I said to Malluc; "it's going to pour."

"All right," said he. "I'll be getting back too." He reached for an Inverness cape with a high collar. "You've got on a dinner coat. Take this."

As he was in light tweeds rather shabby and stained with acids, I consented, hooking the collar up over my nose and pulling down the rim of my cloth cap, for the rain was now hammering hard. Malluc handed me a heavy stick and an electric torch.

"You'll have to feel your way," said he.

"Thanks. Good night," I answered, and went to the door and opened it and stood for a moment looking at the downpour. Malluc switched off the lights and followed me out, closing and locking the door.

"Have you got a torch for yourself?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "but it's all open going to the drive, and there's the lightning. Good night. Mind your step."

He went round the corner of the laboratory and I started down the slope. The lightning was vivid but infrequent, and left me so blind that I kept my pocket torch lighted, noting with curiosity how the flashes seemed to quench it for a second or two afterward.

The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind just beginning to rise. I groped my way down the slope with the aid of the stout stick which Malluc had loaned me, and striking presently a depression already boggy this stuck in the turf when the handle slipped out of it and I discovered a little to my surprise that it was a sword stick, but not until I had gone a hundred yards, when I decided to leave the scabbard part until the following day.

Reaching the spot where the path debouched from the grove, I was about to enter when there came a particularly vivid glare, and at the junction of the thoroughfare and the path leading down to Malluc's boathouse two dark figures seemed to materialize out of the murk and bar the way. Some eyes are quick to catch and register an impression, and my own besides being of this sort were trained and accustomed to precisely such conditions as were here. I had done a good bit of night flying in the alternating darkness and glare of bursting shells and Very lights and star shell and the sort; so that if the flash had been prolonged for several seconds I should scarcely have got a more complete visualization.

These two men were in ordinary dark clothes, with felt hats, and their attitude and positions were such as to leave no doubt as to some hostile purpose.

There was only one conclusion to be drawn, and this as instantaneous as though I had been forced to land inside the enemy lines and come upon a German outpost. They were after Malluc, and took me for him. They had seen me standing in the brightly lighted doorway of the laboratory about two hundred yards away before Malluc switched off the lights, and they had not seen him come out and pass round the building. Then they had watched the

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

bright disk of my torch coming down the slope and seen my figure in his cape illumined by the quivering lightning and now got this cinematographic tableau of me as I stood facing them with the naked blade of the sword stick.

In that mortal fraction of a second it never occurred to me to declare my true identity. I doubt if I should have done so, even if I had thought these men to be of the police, which for some reason I knew that they were not. Of course I did not stop to reason out their motive or tell myself that detectives on the trail of Malluc would on locating him have gone differently about his apprehension.

There was something more subtle than this. My flair seemed to tell me without question that here was a pair who wanted not his person but his life, deadly enemies of perhaps the Bolton sort and their errand one of vengeance, and as this knowledge gripped me it woke a powerful instinct which up to this moment had been latent—the filial one. It did not matter that Malluc had broken with my mother and had made no effort to know or interest himself in the life which he had germinated. I was driven by a single impulse, a deeper one than like or dislike or love or duty. I became in a second a sort of embodied impulse, a protective one. Here were assassins come in the night, stealthy and sinister, to make way with my father, and it did not need their swift attack to explode the destructive passion which their presence had already detonated.

For an interval so brief and scarcely to be taken note of we stood face to face, two disks of light glowing at each other in a way to mask what was behind, just as the searchlights of approaching motor cars serve to blind instead of to illuminate. Then they sprang at me and I thrust out with the sword stick. It passed through the skirt of a coat, I think, and was wrenched out of my hand. A man grappled with me and I struck him on the head with my torch, the long round kind, which shattered and went out. I tore myself loose, letting drive with my fist and hitting nothing.

There came another glare of lightning and I took advantage of it to leap on the man nearest, but was hampered by my cape. We went down together and I fumbled for his throat and got it and would quickly have strangled him if his mate had not come sprawling down atop of me. For a moment or two we lashed about in the deluge, the odds if anything with me, as I could not confuse friend with enemy. They must have got locked into each other, for I found myself free, and slipped out of the cape and sprang to my feet.

Another glare of lightning blazed out and I saw the sword stick lying on the ground some paces away and made a dive for it. Here no doubt was the danger to which Malluc had referred, and it was not from the law which I had feared, but a private feud, and here also seemed the opportunity for removing it. Then as I leaned over, fumbling for the weapon, the tricky lightning—precisely like that of bursting bombs—played into the hands of the enemy, for with the deafening report which showed the storm to be sitting right upon us there came a blaze which played in palpitating sheets of rosy light, and as I straightened up to finish the business a ruddy tongue shot out from the ground and my world came suddenly to an end.

The next thing of which I became aware was a peculiar rocking, swaying motion and a hissing and seething sound which was undertoned by a distant roar. I did not recover consciousness by degrees, but with a sort of violent abruptness and in full possession of all my faculties, as might happen to a man knocked senseless by a sharp concussion received in the stress of violent action.

Fighters on terra firma have told me of witnessing this—a soldier bowled over by a glancing bullet wound of the head sitting up suddenly, then springing to his feet and running on after the advance. Something of this sort now happened to me. There was a moment of bewilderment, then I hauled myself up and stared about to discover that I was in a rowboat which was being driven through the darkness before a violent wind with the white water seething and foaming all about. Overhead the sky was clear and the stars glittering in the rush of air.

At some distance a few lights twinkled out against the broken background of the shore. This was not so far distant but that I quickly got my bearings, to discover that I had been whirled seaward through the inlet at the head of which was Malluc's boathouse. I was in one of his rowboats—without oars. Then I discovered that my left foot was attached to something, and examining this found it to be an anchor of about fifty pounds' weight, possibly that carried on the bow of his launch.

The situation then became sufficiently clear for me to make a fair guess at what had happened. Something had knocked me senseless, when the assassins, thinking me to have been killed, had carried my body down and placed it in the rowboat, attached the anchor to my foot and cast off the boat, counting on the squall to drive it out to sea, probably to be swamped in going through the tide rip, when the anchor would have carried me to bottom. As a matter of fact no such thing would have happened and such a supposition proved them to be no seamen. For even if the boat had filled awash it would have floated the anchor. Besides, so buoyant a little craft would neither have filled nor capsized with a dead weight in its bottom.

At any rate, this measure would have given them time to get far from the locality before the possible discovery of what had happened. They might or might not have found out that I was not Malluc, but even in this case their action would probably have been the same. What now most immediately concerned me was how to get out of the fix. Beyond the slight pain and humming in my head I felt quite fit, and it occurred to me that I must have been stunned by a thunderbolt striking close by, perhaps the tree against the trunk of which I was groping for the sword stick.

I cleared my foot from the anchor, which I made fast to the boat's painter and threw overboard. This brought the boat's bow to the wind, but the painter was not long enough to reach bottom. It checked the speed with which the boat was being driven along, but I could not see that this was going to help me much, as a few hours of such drifting would certainly carry me well to sea. There was always the chance, of course, that some passing vessel would see me and pick me up, but there was also the equal chance that one might not, or at least not in time to do me any good. For some reason I was intolerably thirsty, and I scooped up handfuls of the rain water washing about me and tried to drink it, but found it too briny from the spray which had splashed aboard.

Looking back toward the shore, I judged it to be not more than two or three miles away, and it struck me then that my best chance would be to strip and swim to the beach. I felt strong enough, though a little lightheaded, and this seemed preferable to being cast adrift and possibly perishing of thirst. The flaws of wind, too, were lightening and I thought it probable that it was merely a squall following the storm and would soon blow out.

Meanwhile the distance was constantly increasing. So I stripped to my shirt and drawers and flopped overboard. The whitecaps bothered me a little at first, but I found that, swimming easily on my side and breathing with judgment, I could make fair progress. It was nearly midnight when I had left Malluc, and I did not think that the daylight could be very far away at that season and with the sky so clear. Altogether my chances looked pretty good, as I am a tireless if somewhat clumsy swimmer and the offshore squall would have flattened the swell on the beach to a considerable extent.

Plodding along in this way I lost all track of the flight of time. The tide must have turned flood, I thought, as it had been full high that morning at six when Martha and I had gone to bathe. Then after a lapse of time of which I could form no estimate I discovered that the sky was growing lighter and the shore line more distinct, though still a good way off. I could see the old-fashioned windmill of Malluc's place and the roof of the Hobarts' house, to which I was about opposite.

The sea was now quite smooth, the wind had dropped and I was undoubtedly making progress, though very slowly. That which troubled me most was an almost overpowering sleepiness. I thought with great indulgence of Jeannot's mortal offense and how odd it was that I should now be struggling in from the sea just as he had done, and wished that my father could be there to help me with the final lap. The chances were that I had not yet been missed. Len might have gone home before I left the laboratory and it would be taken for granted that I had come in and gone to bed. Even if the assassins had discovered their mistake, I doubted if they would try to get into Malluc's house, thinking that he would take all precautions for his safety.

But my intolerable sleepiness was dreadful. I did not feel tired muscularly—merely sleepy and so desperately sleepy that I began to wonder if I might not drop off and drown without wakening. Several times I actually believe I lost consciousness whilst still breathing and swimming automatically, for the whitecaps had smoothed out.

Meanwhile the day was rapidly growing brighter and presently the sun thrust its big red disk up over the horizon and swept the beach and its fringe of trees with a soft but brilliant glow. A little later I heard the roar of the surf and put forth every effort to rouse myself for the final effort, which I knew must tax all of my remaining strength.

This proved actually less difficult than I had expected. The tide was so high that there were no breakers over the bar, nor until I had got almost within my depth. Fighting back my drowsiness, I came wallowing in, roused a little by the effort of getting my breath, struggled up above high-water mark, then pitched forward in the deep sand and fell immediately into a state of profound delicious sleep.

The wakening from this was attended with the most peculiar yet pleasant sensations I had ever felt. Something deep within me seemed to be struggling for consciousness against an angry reluctance on my part to rouse. I could hear myself muttering: "Let me alone. I'm sleepy. It's not yet time. I'll get up in a minute," precisely like a drowsy schoolboy the morning after a football game or some other strenuous athletic event. Then I would lapse off again, only to have this repeated, while there persisted that confounded sense of obligation such as the collegian feels subconsciously when under the necessity of getting to a recitation or chapel, or for that matter the army flyer who is in arrears of rest.

I was being tormented, yet in some curiously pleasant way that seemed to carry with it the anticipation of something delightful immediately ahead, when one could get sufficiently awake to appreciate it. There was also a soothing, caressing influence at work, an effort to make the rupture with oblivion agreeable. And I felt so deliciously comfortable, as though resting on a fleecy cloud and my head pillowed in the lap of an angel. This vague idea seized hold of my somnolent brain in some way, then suggested another so outrageous as to give a fresh impetus to the drowsing mental machine.

For I began to remember piecemeal what had happened, and the conviction slowly formed that I had died of exhaustion and was now laboriously wakening in some different sphere, such a heaven world as conscientious efforts to live decently and do my part might entitle me. This was a gratifying thought and I was so contented with it that I composed myself for sleep again, a good deal as might a youngster drowsily conscious of a happy day ahead for the enjoyment of which there is no particular hurry.

"I'll get up in a minute," I murmured. "But do let me alone for heaven's sake! I was never so sleepy in my life."

The response to this supplication was astonishing. I appeared to be getting violently kissed on the lips, cheeks, eyes—a perfect deluge of kisses showered on me from some angelic source—an invisible source, but invisible because I was too lazy to open my eyes like a little boy being kissed into wakefulness by an adoring mother. Yet these caresses, comforting as they were, impressed even my contented somnolence as not precisely maternal.

"Do you understand what I'm saying, Dick?" asked a soft voice directly in my ear. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, of course," I muttered, quite willing to admit anything for the sake of being left in peace.

It is probable that I did know without quite realizing it or caring at all. I have never been under the influence of a drug, but I can imagine precisely how a deeply narcotized person must feel at being hauled insistently back to consciousness.

But this coherent answer of mine had its desired result. I felt something stirring

(Continued on Page 137)

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Duratex is a genuine industrial achievement of faith in the ability to do better that which has been done before; of courage to develop new processes; of skill that has been handed down through more than two generations of making fine leathers.

The superiority of Duratex is particularly evidenced in the more artistic treatment and the longer life of over-stuffed furniture.

If you are thoughtful of the beauty and utility of your home furnishings, you owe it to yourself to look into the advantages of Duratex.

To dealers and makers of furniture and automobile bodies we will gladly submit samples and estimates for future requirements.

The DURATEX COMPANY

President

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS NEWARK, N.J.

DURATEX

BRANCH OFFICES DETROIT-MICH. CHICAGO-ILL.

Furniture Upholstery Sales Office, 123 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
EDUCATOR SHOE
Educators for a little miss of eight years

Your Feet Ought to be Healthy and Tireless—Like These

MOTHERS and Fathers:—Your feet *should* be healthy as a child's—straight-boned and free from corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, callouses and all other foot ills.

And they *would* be healthy and free and painless today, if you had never made the mistake of wearing pointed, unnatural shoes.

It is not too late to mend. Discard your narrow pointed shoes today. Put on natural, good-looking Educators, the shoes shaped like *real feet*, the shoes that "*let the feet grow as they should!*"

Then see how Nature will help restore your feet to normal health and freedom from corns, bunions, etc.

When you *understand* the Educator, you'll never let your children wear any other shoe. You'll never let them get into the kind of shoes that bring on the foot tortures you have experienced.

See and examine the Educator—get acquainted. Ask at your shoe store. For your protection, remember, when buying, that unless the shoe is branded Educator on the sole it is not an Educator.

Write us for the free booklet "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet". You'll find out some things you really want to know.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC , 14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 133)

under my head like an animated pillow wriggling about. Then it sank to a lower angle and either the movement or the change of position, which brought more blood to the brain, roused me for an instant. My head was resting on its left side and I opened my eyes a fraction of an inch and saw Martha in her bathing suit speeding off along the hard sand close to the water's edge with a rapidity that suggested the fleeing of a figure in an animated cartoon. Perhaps it was owing to the comparative sluggishness of my mental process, but she seemed to dwindle and become attenuated as quickly as though on a motorcycle, and I watched the small speck of her disappear between the dunes on a path which led to Malluc's house. Her behavior struck me as very singular, but I did not bother my head about it. With a sigh of relief I fell asleep again.

The murmur of voices roused me after what seemed a very long time, also an intolerable thirst—a thirst which it needs a special experience and faculty to express, that of a person who has bled profusely and then been pickled in brine. I felt like a patent desiccated food or a hygroscopic salt. My water affinity was a sort of chemical passion which would have wakened me even if the voices had not. I wanted to be dissolved in a large reservoir of limpid water, not only to drink it but absorb it like a piece of blotting paper.

I opened my eyes and saw Malluc bending over me, but scarcely noticed him for the bottle which was approaching my lips as if drawn by a magnetic force. The force in the willow wand was nothing to it. My mouth opened like that of a young bird to receive its pabulum from the mother's beak. No kisses past, present or future could ever quite equal the sensation which immediately followed.

It was water—sweetened and infused with America's forbidden distillation, and as it trickled down my throat it appeared to disperse itself into myriad separate molecules which shook hands with every cell and fiber in my body. This flood was arrested discomfortingly.

"More," I gurgled. Malluc patted my shoulder.

"If he can drink like that he can pull through," said he, and took a bandage off my head. "Good Lord," said he under his breath.

"But he's shot through the brain," said Martha's voice.

Malluc's fingers seemed to do a sort of piano exercise on the top of my head.

"No," he answered, "the ball glanced and passed round under the scalp." He touched me on the back of the crown. "It came out here."

"I was fighting with two thugs," I said, "and got struck by lightning."

"You were shot too," Malluc answered. "How did you get here?"

"They dumped me into a boat and set me adrift and there were no oars, so I got overboard and swam ashore. I've been swimming half the night."

I heard Malluc say, "Here come my lads with the stretcher." Then I was picked up and borne along with a pleasant swaying motion like a magic carpet swinging among clouds. I went to sleep again.

Each wakening seemed accompanied by new and delightful sensations. This time I was in bed, between strange walls and with the soft air fanning in through the open window. I stirred a little, then opened my eyes to look into a pair of gray ones which seemed to be spraying me with some sort of delicate essence.

"How do you feel now?" Martha asked.

"Words fail to describe it," I answered. "But there seems to be something lacking. I've been off somewhere, Martha, and I've come back from there, loving you nearly to death."

"Have you been dreaming about me, Dick?"

"More than that," I answered. "You have a wonderful way of going with a fellow to that lovely place."

"Oh, dear," she said, "I hope your mind is not wandering!"

"Not now," I answered. "It seems to be amazingly clear. How long have I been off on my little trip?"

"About ten hours," she answered.

"Where have I landed?"

"At Malluc's," she answered. "I'll call the doctor."

"Wait a minute," I said. "A little more of the restorative first."

"Are you thirsty?"

"Yes, but that can wait. I'm referring to what you gave me before Malluc got there with his freshet."

"Oh, so you remember that, do you?"

"I have never forgotten it. I don't think I shall ever be able to manage very long without it again. There's nothing like a jolt on the head to arrange the thoughts inside a thick one. Right away, please."

She bent lower.

"I suppose a wounded man has got to be humored," said she, and pressed her lips against mine, then slipped away.

A nice-looking doctor came in and gave me a bit of going over.

"He's all right," said this discerning man of science. "Do you remember what happened, old chap?"

"Every detail, sir," I answered.

"Well, then, you might describe it to these people who want your deposition," and he beckoned to somebody outside.

Two square-jawed men wearing sort of cast-iron clothes came in, followed by a third who looked like an undertaker. I described what had happened as though reporting to my major. They gave me the statement to sign, then went out.

"Nothing the matter with your headpiece," said the doctor.

He gave me a cheerful nod and left the room, followed by Martha. I took it for granted that she was coming back at once, and when some minutes passed and she did not I began to get impatient. There was really no reason for my staying any longer in bed. I was thoroughly slept out and rested, while the damage from a clip on the head is practically over as soon as one regains consciousness if nothing inside the skullcap has been injured. The loss of blood had done me good. Wherefore, nobody hindering, I got up, finding myself steady enough after the first slight giddiness, and was about to shave and otherwise police myself when the door opened and Malluc came in.

"Here, what's this?" he exclaimed. "Get back in bed. You're not fit to be up. Besides, I want to talk to you."

I compromised by stretching out in a morris chair. Malluc remained standing. It struck me that he looked older. There were lines in his face which I had not observed before. For the first time in our acquaintance he seemed to show his actual age and the imprint of harsh experience.

"Sit down, Mr. Malluc," I said.

"I'd rather stand, thanks," said he. "It's a habit of mine."

It occurred to me then that I had never seen him sit except when at a desk or in social conversation with others. Oddly enough, I had the same peculiarity. Malluc seemed to be under some sort of strong inward emotion.

"Nobody has told me yet what happened after I got bowled over," I said. "Did those thugs get away?"

"No," Malluc answered. "They are dead."

"They attacked you after all?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. When I got back to the house I found Len on the side porch waiting for the rain to stop. Suzy had gone to bed. Leonard told me that they loved each other and asked my permission to marry her. As he was doing so there came a lightning flash and I saw two men at the foot of the steps."

"Then you did not hear the pistol shot?" I said.

"No, it must have been drowned by a clap of thunder. These men apparently discovered their mistake and after disposing of you crept up under the break of the porch. When they saw themselves discovered they made a rush."

"They didn't shoot?"

"No. One had a knife and the other had picked up the swordstick. They wanted to do their job quietly so as to get away before the alarm was given. Len had seen them, too, and struck out with his fist. The man with the swordstick ran him through the thigh."

"What?" I cried. "Is he badly hurt?"

"The doctor says not. The blade was clean and just missed the big nerve and vessels. I knew at once what was up and took no chances. The man who leaped on me dropped his knife and drew a pistol. I tore it from his hand and shot them both."

"A good job," I muttered. "What were they?"

"Two escaped criminals who had sworn to kill me. You see, Dick, my chickens have been coming home to roost. These were the last of the flock. It was the result of my dangerous practice of interfering with the law. Some time ago I served a term in a Western penitentiary—a sentence of five years commuted to three. I was justly convicted of manslaughter. A big brute of a lumberman was tormenting a puma which had been trapped and put in a cage, prodding it with a peavey. I interfered and we had a fight. As I said the other day, my strength is of an uncommon sort. I struck him a blow over the heart, which stopped it."

"They shouldn't have jailed you for that," I said.

"Well, they did. I was so horrified and filled with remorse that I made no defense. Besides, I struck the first blow."

Malluc began to stride up and down.

"Those three years in prison gave me a horror of penal institutions which I shall never get over—but less for myself than for others. I managed to get my mind under control in the first month so that I could project it beyond my body. But I understood what prison meant for others of intellectual scope without mental discipline. It is far worse than capital punishment. That kills the body but merely retards the soul, which a term in prison might utterly destroy. It was then that I determined to devote a good part of my life to helping ex-convicts."

He appeared for the moment to have forgotten the case in hand. So I asked why these men had wanted to kill him.

"An old feud," he answered. "It was a South American affair. I got wind of a plot to ambush a gold shipment and murder the guards and get off with the bullion. There was no time to get help, so I let them think I was one of them, and when the trap was sprung I stalled it. These men were captured and given long terms. They both swore to kill me when they got out, and from what I knew of them I felt fairly certain that they would keep their oath."

"Then that is what you meant when you told me of some danger hanging over you?"

"Yes. I told the Hobarts all about it this morning."

"What did they say?" I asked.

"They were very kind. They quite exonerated me, which was only fair, as I had no intention to kill the lumberman. I doubt if I would have been sentenced if I had made any defense. Strength like mine and yours, Dick, for you have the same sort, can be a very terrible thing. It is like going always armed with a deadly weapon. You must remember this, my boy, and be very careful if ever tempted to get into a fight."

"I know it, sir," I answered. "Boxing once in a gymnasium I knocked out the instructor so that he did not come round for hours. It gave me the fright of my life."

"Well," said Malluc, "then you are already warned."

He changed his tone suddenly in his characteristic way to one of brisk cheerfulness.

"Martha has told me about you and herself. I am overjoyed, my dear boy."

"Did she tell you anything else?" I asked.

"No, nothing particularly."

"Then you must be tremendously relieved," I said, "to feel that the old scores are now settled and Suzy's future provided for and that you have no more outstanding obligations."

He gave me a penetrating look, then nodded.

"No more that I can ever pay," he muttered.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes. There are some debts which one can never cancel."

"One can always try," I said.

"Yes, of course. But for me to do so I should have to ask for privileges to which I am not entitled. It would put me in the position of the one really to be benefited by my very fault."

"That sounds to me obscure."

"Well," said Malluc, "think of it in this way. Suppose that a man had changed his name in early youth because he felt that he had made a grave mistake which had blighted the happiness of another, and then saw no means of repairing this wrong. Then what if in later years he were to discover, that this wronged person had left him a great fortune? Do you think that he would be acting very nobly to establish his true identity in order to become the beneficiary?"

"I think it would all depend on the use to which he put his inheritance," I answered.

Malluc shook his head.

"What if his doing so were to injure the fair name of the next heir?" he asked. "What if he had brought a stain upon that name?"

"I do not consider that you have," I answered.

The perspiration stood out in a rime on Malluc's forehead.

"There is my criminal record," he said, "my portrait and finger prints. I am not eligible for the public service of my country. This is wrong, but it is the law, and henceforth the law must be my guide and censor."

I rose from the chair and for a moment we stood facing each other. My eyes were fixed on his and as I stared into them their pupils began slowly to dilate. The color left his bronzed face and its lines deepened. Up to this moment he had looked his age, but now as I stared at him one might have said that all of the stress of what he had ever suffered was being drawn from the deeper recesses of his soul and stamped upon his tortured features. The inner spirituality of the man seemed to come out beneath my stare like the detail of a photographic plate under the developer, and I saw nothing which was not strong and clean and infinitely kind.

"Very well," I said slowly, "you may be right as you see it in refusing to advance your claim. But there are other claims on which you have no option and one of them is mine. I have now the honor to present it."

He stared at me with a set face. I had not expected any emotional outburst from a man so strongly contained, but nevertheless I was bitterly disappointed. It did not seem the moment for the weighing of obligations but for trying to discharge them, at least in so far as one might be able.

Then as he still stood staring at me dumbly I began to feel myself in the grip of an overwhelming embarrassment. Of all human relations there is probably none so delicate as that of father and son, and as such it is the one most easily disrupted—sometimes beyond repair. As the child is father of the man, so also is the father in a sense the child of his grown son, an earlier phase in his evolution. We are all older than our ancestors, not younger, just as anything is older to-day than it was yesterday.

So now as I looked at Malluc it flashed suddenly across my mind that I was actually his senior and that he realized this and was himself filled with the same constraint toward me that I felt for him. We were almost strangers, while yet I had my source from him not only physically but in quality of soul. Neither of us could ignore the fact that he was responsible for me whether we liked it or not, though we were strongly independent entities which were not united by any liens of love or even friendship.

It occurred to me that he might be trying his best to feel a paternal affection and tenderness which he could not achieve and that any demonstration of such would be a sham and a mockery.

In that psychological crisis it would have needed very little to have set us permanently apart. His hesitation had strained my rush of sentiment to the point of snapping and if this had happened I should have wished never to see him again. He must have felt this instinctively, for he cried, "Dick!" And his voice arrested the verdict I was about to pronounce in my heart.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"I have been terribly wrong," said Malluc. "This is the moment that I wanted to spare you, no matter at what cost to myself. I have done you the greatest wrong that it is possible for one human being to do another, which is to compel an existence in this world and then ignore all responsibility for it. There is no thing in life that is better than a devoted father, and nothing more contemptible than a neglectful one."

"I do not blame you," I answered.

"I acted like a fool," said Malluc. "I was a sort of spiritual anarchist, a disciple of those arch neophilosophers, Nietzsche and Haeckel, who argued in circles to arrive at nothing, like a snake swallowing its tail."

He broke off with a sudden gesture of savage self-disgust.

"Oh, what's the use of trying to excuse myself? You are already past any possible danger of being the sort of imbecile I was.

(Continued on Page 140)

Will Your Papers

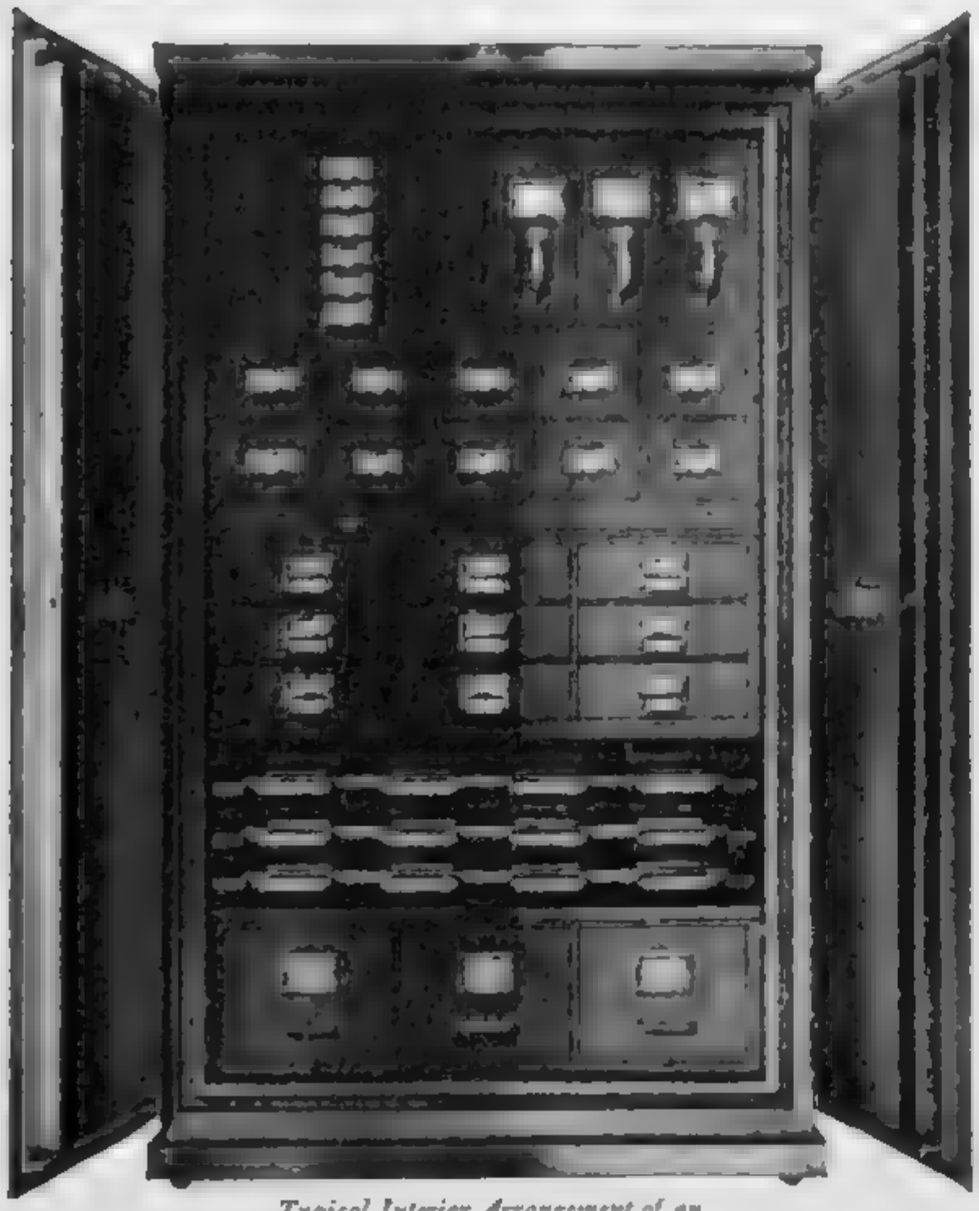
Ruins of McCoy Hall, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md

Allsteel *Safe as found in the ruins of Johns Hopkins fire.*

Same Allsteel Safe after being opened, with even the Liberty Bonds unharmed.

THE million-dollar fire at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, last Thanksgiving Day, totally destroyed McCoy Hall, in which was an *Allsteel* safe containing papers of great value. It was five days before the ruins cooled sufficiently to make a search of the débris. An old-fashioned cast-iron safe was found, burst open, with its contents entirely burned up. A large adding machine was a barely recognizable mass of metal. Beside the adding machine was the *Allsteel* Safe that had lain five days entombed in a bed of hot embers. Steel girders and timbers had fallen on top of it. Yet the *Allsteel* Safe was in such condition that it was possible to open the doors without the use of force. Its contents, absolutely uninjured, included $5,500 worth of Liberty Bonds, currency, and invaluable records. The *Allsteel* Safe again proved its perfect protection and came through this terrific fire intact.

GF Allsteel



Typical Interior Arrangement of an Allsteel *Underwriters' Class B Safe*

CURIOUSLY enough, many men who have built up a fine business by their brains do not use their brains to protect their business. It is always "the other fellow" whose building burns. But it is "the other fellow" who says it when your valuable papers go up in smoke.

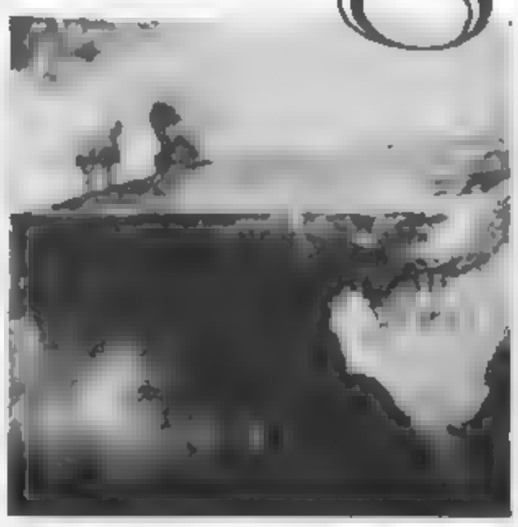
Yet records are the life-blood of a business, and they are not insurable. Contracts, price lists, cost sheets, mailing lists, the organized data and information that you have spent years in gathering — such things are priceless, and they are inflammable. Every minute of every day in the year someone's building burns down.

Nor is it necessary to run such a risk in this age of steel. In an *Allsteel* Safe your papers will be secure and unharmed through the fire that may visit you. The *Allsteel* Class B Safe passes the Underwriters' gruelling test, a far harder ordeal than it is likely to be subjected to if your place burns down.

In this scientific test the safe is heated for one hour to a temperature of 1700° F., then when red hot is dropped 30 feet to a heavy concrete bed covered with piles of broken bricks. It is then allowed to cool, after

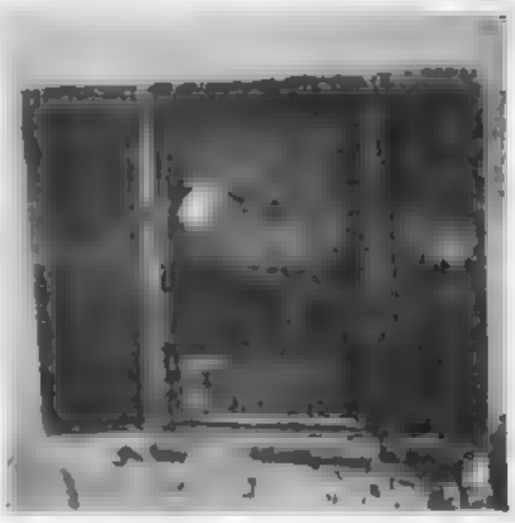
Live through Fire?

Ruins of Georges Creek-Parker Coal Co., Frostburg, Md.



Same Allsteel *Safe after being opened, with contents intact.*

Allsteel Safe after falling from second floor of building.



SUDDENLY fire broke out on a December night in the city of Frostburg, Md. A whole block was destroyed, including the Shea Building, the second floor of which was occupied by the Georges Creek-Parker Coal Co. In this office was an *Allsteel* Safe, containing records and money. The safe fell 27 feet to the basement, where falling walls buried it to a depth of nine feet. It was subjected to the direct heat of the fire for three hours and then lay in a smoldering mass for thirty hours. Notwithstanding the terrific heat, the fall, and the water, when the doors were thrown back all contents were found in perfect condition. Even all the interior sections, except one dented by a falling object, were in such good shape that they were put into the new *Allsteel* Safe which the coal company ordered at once. Every other occupant of the building lost everything.

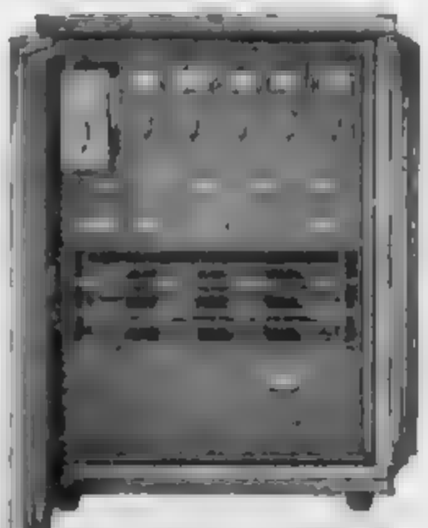
Safes for Modern Protection

which it is again put in the testing furnace bottom side up and heated for another hour. When finally cooled, it is opened and the contents must be found in good condition.

Notwithstanding its perfect protection, the *Allsteel* Class B is the lightest safe of this type made. It has greater interior capacity than any other safe of similar type, and you can select the interior arrangement to suit your own particular needs.

Whereas the old cast-iron safe was heavy and bulky, the electrically welded *Allsteel* Safe not only affords protection in the modern sense, but is an article of real beauty to grace any office. See the new *Allsteel* Class B Safe at your dealer's, and you will agree that it is the most modern, most moderately priced and highest-grade safe you can buy. Do not run risks that are very great and wholly needless, but take a modern man's pride in being adequately protected. If you cannot visit your dealer right away, write us today for our illustrated catalogue of the entire *Allsteel* line.

Because *Allsteel* filing cabinets, desks, tables and shelving are permanent, beautiful and efficient, they are fitting symbols of success. Some of the most prominent firms in the nation have *Allsteel* equipment—firms like the Guaranty Trust Company, Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., J. P. Morgan & Co., Prudential Insurance Co., Great Northern Railroad Co. You will take added pride in your office with *Allsteel* furniture. It is really worth a call at the *Allsteel* store in your town or a letter for our 88-page illustrated catalogue.



When the door of an Allsteel *Class B Safe is opened at right angles the drawers can be pulled out, a great convenience that makes it possible to keep the safe in a corner. Or the door can be opened way back, as shown above.*

The scientific construction of the door prevents it from bursting open as the result of a fall.

The General Fireproofing Company

Youngstown, Ohio.

New York Chicago Boston Washington Atlanta Seattle

Dealers in All Principal Cities

UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES INSURED SAFE CLASS B

Every Allsteel *Class B Safe bears this label of the Underwriters' Laboratories, an independent fire-testing organization, recognized by the Government.*

Are Your Arms among the 6,000,000?

The 6,000,000 arms belong to the drivers of light cars—"unstabilized" light cars.

They are the arms that Balcrank Stabilizers are made to serve.

The Balcrank Stabilizer is a stanchly-made device for light cars that attaches to the front axle and the tie rod. It receives the jars and jounces that come from the front wheels and prevents their reaching the steering wheel.

It isn't necessary for the driver of a "stabilized" car to use a vise-like grip—he rests his hands naturally; he is saved the arm strain attendant on "unstabilized" driving; he experiences the same ease as drivers of heavier machines.

Write for this booklet. Simply send name and address.

Added safety is another advantage enjoyed by the owner of a "stabilized" machine.

On turning a corner, the motorist isn't required to right the car, because it rights itself, resuming its straightaway progress of its own accord. The danger of slewing, or skidding, is materially lessened.

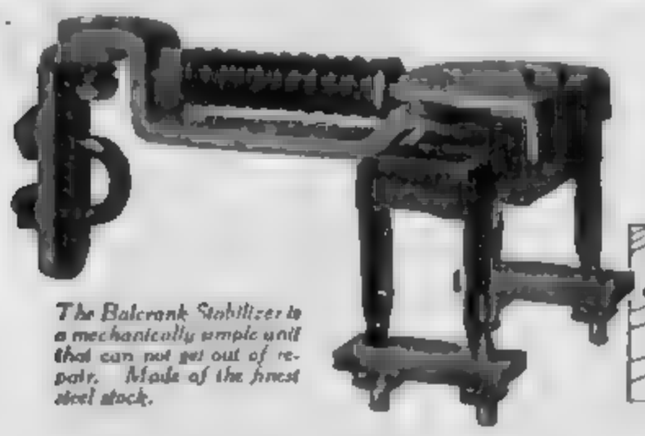
The "stabilized" car holds its course—holds it as smoothly on a high-crowned road as on a flat one. Other cars can be passed with safety in the country, or anywhere. The light automobile is made as safe for the feminine driver, as for the man.

Then, too, the minimizing of front wheel wobble saves tires, bearings, and bushings.

Experience the larger enjoyment and ease that attend "stabilized" steering. Compared with the return in ease of steering, safety, and comfort, the cost, $6.75, is trifling. Call on any accessory dealer—he can supply you with a Balcrank Stabilizer. Or if you prefer, write us direct.

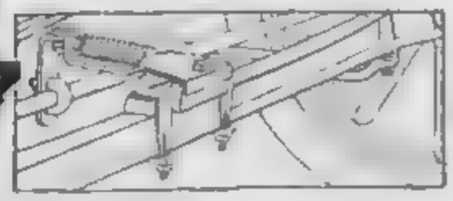
The Cincinnati Ball Crank Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Drag Links, Starting Cranks, and Ball Joints



The Balcrank Stabilizer is a mechanically simple unit that can not get out of repair. Made of the finest steel stock.

It attaches to the front axle and tie rod, strengthening the entire steering mechanism. Can be fitted to car with wrench, in ten minutes. No holes to bore, or machine work to do.



BALCRANK STABILIZER

FOR FORDS AND OTHER LIGHT CARS

(Continued from Page 137)

You will marry soon and have children and adore them and they will adore you and you shall mold their lives, and in so doing your own shall become as great a part of theirs as their very own. It is the splicing of love through succeeding generations that carries on the soul. The man who begets a child and goes on his way regardless of it is a horror—a sort of vampire. And a stupid society ordains that there be no great stigma attached to his act, provided it is committed in accordance with established conventions. I was that sort of beast, Dick, without realizing it, and now it seems to me that I should prove myself even more contemptible if I were to claim you as my beloved son."

"You would—unless you felt it," I said.

"But I do feel it!" he cried. "How can I help but feel it? You come walking into my silly erratic life when I am dodging about trying to make some sort of spasmodic misfit reparation for its failure and my heart drops all these other makeshifts and goes straight out to you. Dick, I would rather have had my mistaken philosophies do us both harm, with love, than have done you good by my neglect, without it."

"Do you think there can ever be very much real harm where there is love?" I asked.

"No," Malluc muttered, "I don't. The harm comes only when the love goes."

"The lack of a father has not hurt me much so far," I said. "But from now on it might. I am not yet very old."

Malluc stepped toward me, stooped a little and let fall his hand on my shoulders.

"Dick," said he, "tell me truly, man to man. Do you really feel in your heart any actual need of me?"

I reached back and took his two wrists in my hands. I brought them down against my chest, then tightened my grip until I could feel his bones creaking under my tightening fingers.

"Let's see if you can break that hold, father," I said. "Man to man now, try to get away."

He stared at me questioningly, puzzled for a moment and trying to read my meaning. It must have been plain to him that I was not trifling. The tone of my voice must certainly have proved that I was in earnest. Besides, I was putting out a muscular force which could not have helped but hurt him.

Perhaps then he read a sort of symbolic message in my challenge and the pressure, which I was tightening more and more as one might screw up a vise with a fine thread. It may be that he meant to put me to the fullest physical test, or read in the crushing force which I was gradually exerting the cryptic signification of a will that was taking this bizarre form of expression rather than the tedious interpretation of a string of words. The very violence of my act—for it was actually no less, though quietly employed—could not help but rouse a reflex resistance, and I think he knew that even a cry of pain on his part would not have freed him immediately.

At any rate I felt his tendons begin to tug and tighten and expand. My short, squarely shaped fingers sank deeper. He did not try any trick or sudden wrench to free himself, but put out his strength slowly and with gathering power of contraction as I had done. Mechanically the advantage was possibly with him, but it did not seem to help him much. Man for man, I was the bigger of the two and heavier of bone and younger, though I do not think that mattered much. The sweat broke out on his face and the vessels on his temples distended dangerously.

For a minute or two this strange silent test continued. I knew that I was hurting him a good deal. It could not have been otherwise with his resistance to my grip, which must have been rather like trying to wring one's wrists from stocks that were too small screwed slowly together. I put out my strength in waves and expected at any instant to feel one of his bones break. The skin of his wrists split and I felt a warm stream trickling down my own under the sleeves. The crimson flush of his face darkened and his strong white teeth shone through his parted lips.

Then suddenly he relaxed completely and I held him a helpless, unresisting prisoner. Without easing the pressure appreciably I looked at him with a triumphant smile, and if he failed to read the love in my eyes it was his own fault.

"There, father," I said, "that is the way I shall hold you henceforth, not only in my hands but in my heart. You may talk until you are as blue in the face as you are at this moment, and you may argue and philosophize and expound, but you can never get away."

And I loosed him and looked with a rush of repentance at what my grip had done to him. But I do not think he felt it. His eyes were swimming in tears. My lesson had been driven home with a sort of ruthless, passionate, loving cruelty. It said to Malluc that he was my father to me, if I had crushed him to squeeze out the last of his German-born philosophies and self-denying sophistries.

"I've hurt you," I said, "and I'm glad of it. I'd kill you rather than see you argue yourself out of my life again. I accepted you as my father when I tried to slaughter those assassins, and then here you come and try to prove to me that it's all wrong for you to acknowledge me. We've had enough of that rot. You seem to have philosophized yourself out of most of the happiness of life and tried your hardest to analyze me out of your heart, and you have failed as completely as Haeckel did in trying to prove that God did not make us. Now you had better chuck that sort of drivel and make the best of what you can't help. You can call it a new force, which will let you out without letting you down. You may assume that such a force was flowing through me during the past few moments."

"God bless us, Dick, I believe you," he muttered. "No man living could have held me like that."

"Then accept it as something stronger than yourself," I said. "If it will ease your exaggerated sense of self-denial, then assume it to be the stuff that goes through divining rods or tips tables or tells a strayed hound where to find his master when the scent is cold—one of the many things in heaven and earth that are not contained in thy philosophies. Say what you will, there is a force between father and son which is not amenable to argument. And now"—I raised my arms to the shaken man—"having thrashed this thing out in our separate ways, you had better be a sport and admit that I am right and give your son a good hug."

His bleeding wrists went round my neck and I drew him close. Pent-up emotions broke their dam and in their rush I had more than an intuition that mother was very close to us, and loving both.

Later in the day I looked into the room where Len was lying snugly splinted, and surprised Suzy in the act of giving him the treatment which Martha had used so beneficially in my own case. They really ought to consider the value of this in first-aid service, and some day I propose to write a monograph about it, though no doubt the secret is already known to many intelligent nurses.

"Look out, Suzy," I said, "that's strong stimulant for a badly wounded man and should be used with discretion."

"Oh, dry up, Dick," said Len. "It's the very pith and marrow of Christian Science." He looked at me with a grin. "I say, Dicky, this darn country isn't so dull after all!"

"Then you don't want to go back to France?" I said.

"No, not since I've been awarded this decoration." And he drew Suzy against his big chest. "I shall wear it right here."

"I've got a couple myself," I said, "and I believe that the second carries yours with it."

"Of course it does," cried Suzy, and decorated me.

The next time that Martha and I went down to the beach for our morning swim we stopped on the edge of the dunes and looked expectantly at the ocean, then at each other and laughed.

"I wonder what he's got in store for us next?" Martha asked.

"Nothing bad," I answered. "If he'd wanted us he would have got us already. There's been plenty of chance."

"Yes," she agreed, "it's a friendly old Neptune. But he's given me some hard shocks along this beach. I first met Mr. Malluc here and we attempted our gallant rescue and were nearly drowned, and helped haul out Jeannot and I found what I thought was your murdered corpse."

"Which was anything but," I interrupted. "I don't think we have much to fear from Neptune. He brought me in gently enough and he eradicated Bolton,

(Concluded on Page 143)

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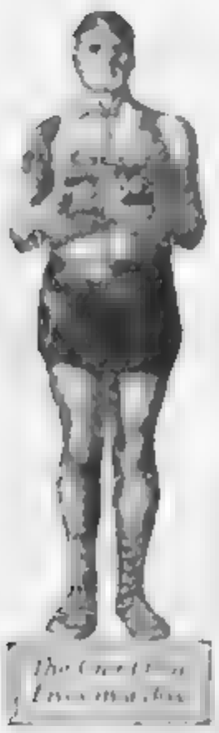

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that make boilers and pipe joints steam tight

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that outlast the rafters they cover

PACKINGS
that save power and time

LININGS
that make brakes safe

FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Concluded from Page 140)

which was perhaps the greatest service of all, not only to ourselves but to society at large, not to mention father."

"I like to hear you say that word," Martha murmured.

"I love to say it, Martha," I answered.

She looked out thoughtfully at the sea, which this morning wore a most benevolent expression.

"It is all very wonderful, Dick. If I were a pagan I should build a little sea temple and offer hymns and gifts to Oceanus. I first kissed you within sound of his voice."

"Old Ocean has no cause for complaint," I said. "Every morning I confide to his arms the person of my lovely bride-elect. I could scarcely do more than that."

Martha looked at me with a smile, then drew back a little.

"Look out, Dick! You'd better wait. We mustn't make him jealous."

"It's all right," I assured her. "He has a softness for lovers. Aphrodite was his daughter, wasn't she?"

Martha nodded.

"Perhaps such rites are the proper ones," she admitted.

We plunged in then and had our swim and on coming out sat for a few moments to watch the sleepy surf. Martha appeared to have something on her mind. She glanced at me once or twice as if about to speak, then looked away with a delicate flush on her face. Suddenly she asked, "How does it feel to have a father, Dick?"

"It supplies a long-felt want, dear," I answered. "The odd part about it is that it does not seem like a new relationship."

"He told me of your extraordinary way of pressing your filial claim," said Martha. "Whatever put such a thing into your head?"

"Words are sometimes inadequate," I answered. "I never have been much of a talker, and Malluc—I mean, father—would analyze the soul out of the body if you let him run on. There's nothing so fatal to human emotion as analysis. He's not yet entirely broken of his early mental training. That Heidelberg rot doesn't jibe with warm human instincts, and the two things have pulled against each other to give his natural eccentricity a dangerous trend."

"Would you call him an eccentric?" Martha asked. "Everything that he does seems very sane and purposeful."

"That's in spite of, not because of, his logic," I said. "He's eccentric as the term is used in mechanics. He rotates in a regularly irregular way to achieve a preconceived result. He does not revolve in the arc of the perfect circle. His impulse is applied coördinately, but at the perihelion of the parabola."

"'Nuff! 'Nuff!" cried Martha. "Can't you see how much you're like him, Dick? But there, of course you can't! Well, he may be an eccentric, but he's a dear."

"A dear eccentric," I agreed. "That just describes him. Under all his scientific duffel he's got the heart of an impulsive, warm-hearted boy. I love him, sweetheart."

"He adores you," said Martha. "He told me that he thought his heart would burst the day he first saw you, when Uncle Abner was doddering round with his divining rod. But he's still horribly upset at his long years of neglect."

"We're not yet so terribly old," I said.

"That's what I told him," said Martha, "and I think I shall have to tell you what he said."

Her voice faltered a little and as I glanced at her face the crimson rays of the early morning sun appeared to focus on it mischievously. I laughed.

"You needn't, Miss Gray-eyes," I said. "I can guess. He said that he now hoped to catch up with his arrears of paternal duty by means of the new draft—or words to that effect."

"A double draft," Martha murmured.

"That's so," I agreed. "We mustn't ignore Len's and Suzy's duty to the state. Well, that sounds entirely reasonable. A conscientious grandfather as young as he should have a splendid opportunity to acquire merit."

"There he is now," said Martha a little breathlessly.

My father had come out between the dunes about four hundred yards away, and he gave us a wave of his hand. I leaped up and raised Martha to her feet and we went to meet him. Martha had slipped on her long white peignoir and she walked along in a serene way which made me feel like her squire again—or less than that, her page. I toddled at her side with a sense of insignificance, wondering at the ease with which she put on her cloak of superiority. But then she was much older than myself—eighteen days, to be exact.

My father took the hand she offered him and raised it to his lips, then looked at me with a mistiness in his eyes.

"Dick," said he, "how are we ever going to deserve a daughter and wife like this sweet and tender lady?"

"We never are, sir," I answered. "But if we start right now and keep on trying throughout the ages we might begin to get somewhere sometime."

Malluc nodded.

"You are right, son," said he. "After all, that's the best that anybody can ever do. Just to try and try, and then keep on trying."

(THE END)

Mysterious Duck

A GENTLEMAN now living in California rises to ask for information regarding a certain species of duck which he has observed, but which he cannot now find, and which does not seem to be identified by the naturalists of the country.

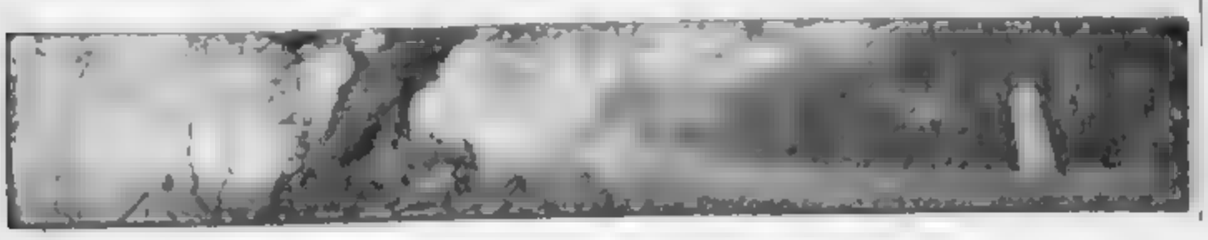
"I shot on the lakes and elsewhere round Madison, Wisconsin, and every year from 1893 to 1899 bagged several specimens of a species of blue-bill duck which did not have webbed feet, but had lobed toes almost identical in shape and color with those of the mud hen.

"When the illustrated article in the Geographic Magazine by Dr. Henry W. Henshaw was published it was noticed that this species was not listed. Upon writing to Doctor Henshaw about it I received a letter from his chief clerk advising that I must be confused in my memory, as they could find no record of such a species and were confident that it could not have existed. One or two other authorities on birds whom I have consulted have the same opinion as the office of Doctor Henshaw. I have, however, by inquiring among the older sportsmen found a number of them who were familiar with this bird and who would be much pleased to see it properly established in the records of the United States Biological Survey. I also found that one was shot in the vicinity of Los Angeles in 1916 and another in 1917, each of these two having been shown to several people as a freak bird.

"In 1917 I was in Wisconsin for a short time during the open season and confidently expected to secure a specimen. I was surprised to find that they were unknown to many shooters in the same territory in which I formerly procured them. It has occurred to me that you may very likely have personal knowledge of this species of duck. At any rate you will probably feel keenly that a species should not become extinct without some record of it being left behind.

"It is requested that you suggest to the large number of sportsmen whose acquaintance you must enjoy that they seize the first opportunity offered to have specimens of this species stuffed and preserved, and notice of same sent to the chief of the United States Biological Survey."

I must confess that I do not recall ever having seen the bird above described. We used in our shooting country to classify the mud hens in two sizes, locally calling the smaller sort "rice hens," and fancying them better to eat or more nearly edible than the larger species. I don't suppose there was any division of the species at all. Neither does this species have the gray back of the blue-bill duck. Can our friend possibly have some sort of grebe in his mind? Is there anyone who knows of any such bird?



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You will find that it is the poorer hats which have increased most in price, with their quality even poorer than ever.

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We have been making Mallory Hats for nearly a hundred years. We've experienced war prices several times before—and that experience is helping us tremendously in keeping Mallory quality unchanged through the present price situation.

We make over a million hats a year—which means that, in spite of the vastly increased price of fur and silk and dyes, we can get better material than the hatter who can't buy in such quantities or maintain great reserves.

If you cannot shop around and compare other hats with Mallory Hats, take our word for it—buy a hat with a Mallory name in it. There never *was* a time when a good name meant so much in a man's hat as it does right *now*.

New Spring styles now showing at smart hatters' everywhere; and remember, the Mallory is the only hat with the famous "Cravenette" finish.

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These tires are scientifically correct; that's why they deliver more mileage

THE one thing you want in a good tire is longer life—more miles. And the reason you get longer life in the Gates Super Tread tire is a very simple one.

Our engineers spent years studying tire wear. They proved that if the tread is scientifically correct, the whole tire will last much longer, the secret of longer life depending upon how the tread makes its contact with the road.

A broad, short contact gives your tire a substantial support; prevents excessive bending of the side-walls. This relieves the strain and stress on the whole tire body. You can readily understand that this kind of scientific road contact immediately reduces the bending and flexing that break down your tire.

This Gates Super Tread principle is really so simple it seems strange that it wasn't discovered long ago. But now that it has come, car owners are very quick to recognize the value of it. It means so much to them in more miles and in trouble-free travel.

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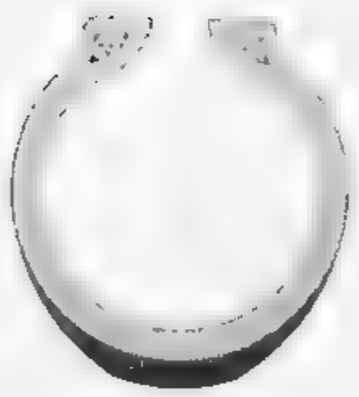

Compare the cross section of the ordinary tire at the left with the Gates Super Tread cross section at the right. Note the difference in curvature and breadth of the tread. The ordinary tire lays down only a narrow section of the tread affording a less substantial road-grip, while the Gates Super Tread lays down a broad, sure-footed, substantial section of its sturdy, oversize tread. The Gates Super Tread scientific design is what makes the difference in road contact.

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Emerson Records "measure up"—a full 10 inches—and "every inch a hit."

WALT SCANLAN'S been a singer ever since he was knee high—an' when it comes to ballads, Lord love ye, he's th' bye! He has a way of singin' which I'm thinkin' can't be wrong—for he puts a heap o' feelin' into each an' iv'ry song. He knows jist when to make ye weep and when to make ye laugh; he sings upon th' stage, does Walt, an' for th' phonograph. His ringin' Irish tenor takes me back to old Killarney—so full o' sentiment it is, an' Irish brogue an' blarney!

★

Walter Scanlan now becomes an *exclusive Emerson star.* His ballads and heart songs will hereafter be available only through Emerson Records.

Walter Scanlan's stage career has made him widely known as an Irish tenor. He was the only *featured* singer in Victor Herbert's musical comedy, "Eileen." He starred in "Somebody's Sweetheart," and is now being heard in the tuneful production, "Always You."

Ask any Emerson dealer to play the Emerson-Scanlan song numbers below.

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You're a Million Miles from Nowhere
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Somebody, *Tenor Solo*.....Walter Scanlan

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Sunny Florida, *Tenor Solo*.....Walter Scanlan
When You're Alone, *Tenor Solo*.Walter Scanlan

10129
It's a Small World After All
Tenor Solo.....Walter Scanlan
I've Found the Nesting Place of the Blue Bird
Male Trio.....Sterling Trio

10114
Good Night, Dearie, *Tenor Solo*...Walter Scanlan
Bless My Swanee River Home
Baritone Solo.....Arthur Fields

10104
When Two Hearts Discover
Tenor Solo.....Walter Scanlan
Now I Know, *Tenor Solo*.....Walter Scanlan

1035
Mother Machree, *Tenor Solo*.....Walter Scanlan
Little Grey Home in the West
Tenor Solo.....Walter Scanlan

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Standard 10-inch Gold Seal Records
Also records in foreign languages

Emerson Records

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BED ROCK

(Continued from Page 11)

nothing going heavy except the River Bridge foundation drawings, and they won't be ready to sign for a week."

Ross rode east as far as the Soo and then headed south along the west shore of Lake Michigan. He spent half a day in Chicago, during which time he saw with his own eyes three hundred tons of half-inch tank plates, which lay in one of the yards.

"Somebody owns it, and cash will buy anything."

He made his way to an attorney's office in a building on Michigan Avenue.

"My name is Ross," he said. "I would like to have you wire Springfield for incorporation papers. The firm name is Ross & Conway; the business general construction, bridges and bridge foundations. As soon as you get the articles of incorporation from Springfield with the seal on them mail them to me at Fort William, Canada. Keep the corporation books here. Sign the office boy up as secretary. Make me president and Arthur King Conway treasurer."

That afternoon he left his hotel. He returned directly to Fort William. Before he went to his hotel in Fort William he called at the Trans-Pacific offices, where he met the division engineer.

"As far as the bridges go on this line," he said, "everything is in the clear. I want to thank you, chief, for everything you have done for me. I will check the River Bridge foundation drawings before I leave, but herewith and now please accept my resignation."

The division engineer looked at him.

"I didn't think we could keep you. Some other outfit round you up with a better job?"

"Nobody that has been working for you could have a better job," Ross replied. "I can't tell you about it yet, except that I landed here on bed rock, and a shoe-string career has never made a hit with me."

"Go to it," the division engineer replied. "Good luck, and if you go broke remember Old Home Week and come and see me. As long as I've got a job you've got one."

Ross found Conway at the hotel.

"Merry Christmas! Come with me," he said. He led the way to a lawyer's office. "Confidential service first is what I want," he said to the attorney. "Mr. Conway and I wish to engage in the contracting business. Ross & Conway, Ltd. I would like to have papers ready for signature to-night. Here is twenty dollars—which is all the job is worth."

The pair left the lawyer's office.

"What kind of a deal am I drug into now?" Conway inquired.

"Watch and pray," Ross replied. "How much money have you got?"

"There's seventy-five left out of that hundred that I started with a week ago."

"Let me have it. You ought to be able to rustle expenses by this time. You've been in town a week."

Conway turned his roll over to Ross. At five o'clock that evening the pair returned to the lawyer's office, where they signed duplicate copies of a partnership agreement.

"It may surprise you to know that you are also a partner in an American contracting firm which I launched during my half day in Chicago. To-night I leave for Montreal."

"Nothing surprises me," Conway returned. "But on the strength of my various business interests I would like to borrow a few dollars to eat on while you're in Montreal."

Ross returned two bank notes to their original owner.

"I begrudge this to beat hell," he said. "Your only function is to look wise. As far as you know I am dead and buried if any of the bridge gang get curious about me."

"There is clam blood in me," Conway returned. "I use my mouth mostly to eat with. When is Thanksgiving?"

"If Thanksgiving drops she'll drop quick," Ross replied.

That night he left for Montreal. Three days later he entered the office of the chief engineer of the Trans-Pacific in that city. He gave his card to a two-legged fender in the outside office.

"Tell the chief I would like to see him for about five minutes. I am Frank Ross, of Ross & Conway, U. S. A., and managing director of Ross & Conway, Ltd., of Canada."

The boy returned.

"The chief would like to have you come into his office," he said.

A moment later Ross faced Donald Kirk, chief engineer of the Trans-Pacific.

"The foundation plans for the River Bridge at Fort William call for wood caissons," Ross began abruptly. "You can save a hundred thousand dollars by using steel for them."

"Sit down," the chief said. "There is no steel available, Mr. Ross. I wired that information to the division engineer at Fort William several days ago."

"There is enough steel plate lying in Chicago to complete the job. I found it. Using timber caissons, the job will cost you three hundred and fifty thousand. It can be built for a hundred thousand less if you use my steel."

"Where do you get your figures?"

"Until last week I was your bridge engineer at Fort William," Ross replied. "There are a dozen contractors waiting for the job in Fort William. I thought I would come and sign the contract and put them out of their misery."

The chief engineer's face darkened.

"You mean you are using information obtained while you were an employee of the company to further your own interests?"

Ross looked at him.

"Not in any improper way. The company and I got a divorce as soon as I found that steel for this job was available. Steel is available. Timber caissons may cost you a year's interest on your bonds. This bridge is the key to next year's wheat traffic, and wheat is about all that will ever show on your annual balance sheets."

The chief looked at him.

"How long were you with us?"

"I am with you a million yet," Ross replied. "I worked for you for five months."

"Where were you before you worked for us?"

"East, west and south," Ross replied. "Building things, making money and losing it."

For a space of thirty seconds the chief was silent. Then he smiled slowly. He extended his hand to Ross.

"I will speak with the vice president," he said. "Where can I reach you?"

Ross named his hotel.

"Until I hear from you I will be at my hotel with the telephone in one hand and a rabbit's foot in the other."

"Good luck," the chief said.

The interview was ended. Ross smiled in parting.

"The annual interest on your bonds is over three million dollars. You can't make time with timber caissons through the northern ice."

He returned to his hotel. He wrote a telegram to Conway.

"Wire five hundred. We are about to pin a span." He smiled as he signed the telegram. "He will probably have to sandbag somebody, but he'll get it. That's the kind of a squirrel he is."

Ross returned to his hotel and for three days he remained in his room waiting for a telephone message from the Trans-Pacific office. On the fourth day he made a careful analysis of the daily program followed by the chief engineer of a transcontinental railway system.

"He will be carrying a peak load about eleven o'clock," he summarized. "His dictation will be in the clear by eleven forty-five, and for fifteen minutes his brain will ride west over the line. It will collide with the bridge problem sometime before he eats his lunch. By two o'clock in the afternoon he will have read a bunch of memoranda from the vice president's office. I will slam a little thrill through the ether at two-thirty and a bridge brain storm will hit him one second later. If I don't get a telephone message from his office by three o'clock the mental-suggestion stuff is bunk."

At two-forty that afternoon Ross answered the telephone. A voice from the other end of the line coughed in his ear.

"This is the chief engineer's secretary. Mr. Kirk would like to see you in his office."

"I will be there in ten minutes," Ross answered. He hung up the receiver. He walked to a mirror and looked squarely at the reflection of his own eyes. "We win, boy!" he said aloud.

The chief engineer met him with a smile.

"Come with me," he invited. "I would like to have you meet our general counsel."

They walked to the elevators. Two floors below they traversed a long corridor until they faced the entrance to the offices of the legal department of the railway.

"This is Mr. Ross," the chief said in introducing him. "He is interested in the River Bridge foundation job at Fort William." The general counsel rang for one of his clerks.

"The River Bridge at Fort William," he directed. In a moment the man returned carrying two bound documents of a hundred typewritten pages. The general counsel handed one of them to Ross.

"You might glance through this, Mr. Ross," he suggested. "Tell me of any revisions that occur to you."

Ross looked at the first page of the document.

"This agreement," he read. Further down the page his eye encountered "Trans-Pacific Railway, party of the first part," and below it "Ross & Conway, Ltd." The page before his eyes blurred for an instant. Then he commanded the experience of his poker training, and a normal mask replaced the emotion which had suffused his face. He shuffled rapidly through the document until he came to that section of the contract covering payments for work performed.

"There is nothing here on the subject of payments for material delivered," he said. "I would like to have that included; otherwise I shall have to carry the cost of all materials until the job is completed."

"How would you like to have the payments?" the general attorney asked.

"Ninety per cent of the cost of material delivered could be included in my monthly estimates," Ross replied.

"That is allowable and usual," the chief engineer advised.

In a little while the suggested changes were incorporated in the contract. Ten minutes later the chief engineer escorted Ross to the office of the vice president. Ross looked across a wide table covered with documents. He faced a man in whose cold gray eyes experience had kindled the light of wisdom.

"This is Mr. Ross," the chief engineer said. "We are ready to sign the contract for the River Bridge foundations."

The vice president's secretary opened two rolls of blue prints on the wide table. The vice president reached for a pen and rapidly signed his name on each sheet of the blue prints. He reached for the two copies of the contract before him, which lay open at the signature pages. He dipped his pen in the ink. Then he hesitated and looked intently at Ross.

"Of course, Mr. Ross, you can give us a guaranty as to your firm's ability to complete this work to our satisfaction?"

"I think so," Ross replied. "What kind of a guaranty do you want?"

"Suppose you deposit twenty per cent of the amount of the contract in cash with one of our Canadian banks."

Ross smiled slowly at the vice president.

"If I had that much cash I would be bidding on the Panama Canal."

(Continued on Page 150)

"Of Course, Mr. Ross, You Can Give Us a Guaranty as to Your Firm's Ability to Complete This Work to Our Satisfaction?"

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80% Tractor

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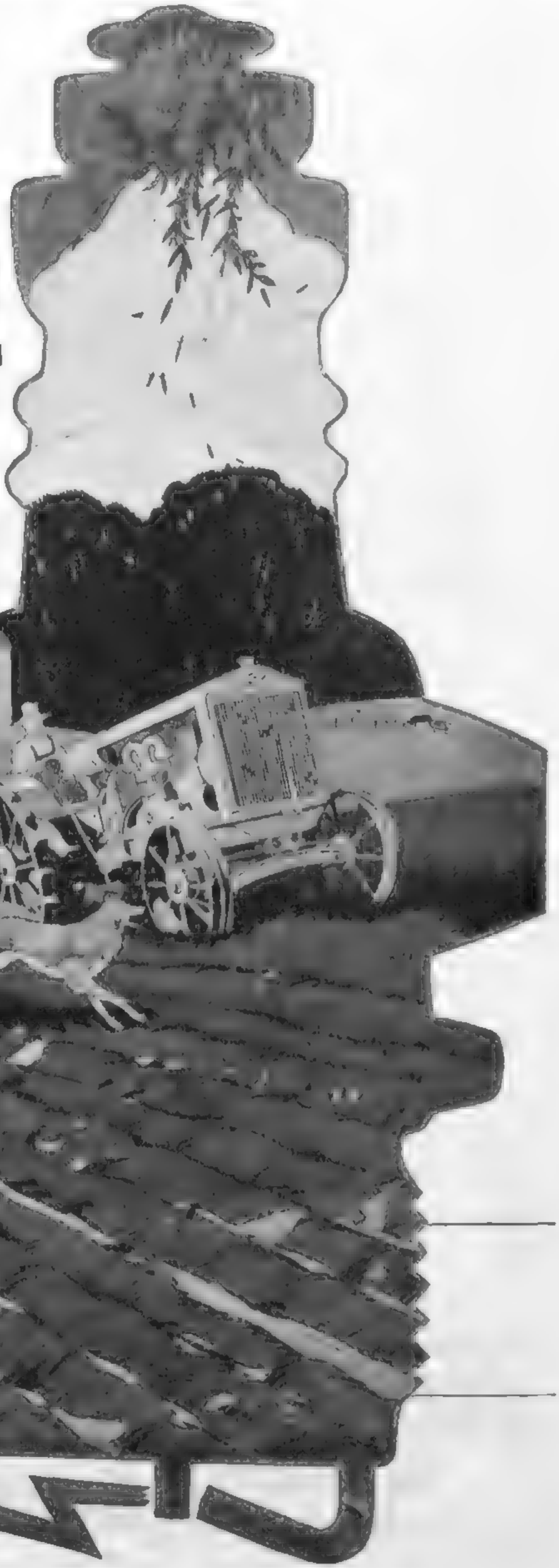

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No one thinks of using an old style razor without stropping it. Why should you expect more of a safety blade than you would of an old style razor?

The edge of every razor blade is composed of infinitesimal teeth. If these teeth are perfectly aligned, the razor has a smooth cutting edge. If they are out of alignment, the razor pulls. These little teeth are very sensitive. Contact with the beard forces them out of alignment. Even changes in temperature affect them. That is why stropping is necessary even with new blades.

If you will strop your double edge blades with a Twinplex Stropper, you will notice a wonderful difference in the quality of the shave you get. The best way is to start with a new blade. Strop it before the first shave, and both before and after each succeeding shave—just as a barber does.

One blade, if stropped regularly, will give you delightfully smooth shaves almost indefinitely.

Twinplex operates with the accuracy of a watch. It strops both edges at once, turns the blade over and strops the other side—the correct principle of stropping.

Twinplex is sold on 30 days' trial and a 10 year service guarantee. Price—$5.00, in satin lined, nickel, or leather case. Sold also in variety of cases holding Stropper and razor; also Stropper, razor, brush and soap.

Nearly a million men have found shaving comfort with Twinplex. Write for free booklet.

Twinplex Sales Company
1653 Locust St., St. Louis
241 Fulton St., New York
591 St. Catherine St., Montreal

Twinplex Stropper

(Continued from Page 147)

The shadow of a smile traversed the vice president's face.

"Can you give us a surety bond?"

"I think that can be arranged," Ross answered.

His gaze fixed on the pen in the vice president's hand. The pen made a few rapid movements. Ross in turn signed his name vigorously. The contract was accomplished. Two minutes later he was on the front steps of the office building. Under his arm was a roll of signed blue prints, and in his pocket, gripped close in his left hand, was a copy of the signed contract for the River Bridge foundations. He walked to a telegraph office and addressed a wire to Conway.

"Contract signed," he said in his telegram. "Two hundred sixty-seven thousand dollars. Drink hearty."

At his hotel he found a money wire from Conway waiting for him. He cashed it at the telegraph office. That night he left for Chicago. He registered at the best hotel in the city. He sent for a representative of the steel company in whose plant he had seen the tank plates which he required for the foundation work.

"I have the contract for the River Bridge foundations at Fort William from the Trans-Pacific," he said. "I need five hundred tons of half-inch plate for immediate shipment before lake navigation closes."

"Sure glad to get that order, Mr. Ross," the steel man acknowledged. "I didn't know that contract was to come up for another month yet."

"Nobody else did," Ross replied. "When can you give me shipment on that material?"

"I suppose you want us to bend it and punch it here?" the steel man asked.

"Plain plates," Ross replied. "I will handle it with my own bending rolls and punches on the job."

There followed a brief talk about lunches and cards to clubs. Ross skillfully evaded all invitations.

"Now if you will have a few cheering words with our credit man," the steel man concluded, "and then if you will sign this order sheet everything will be in the clear." He walked to the telephone and a moment later turned to Ross. "I have Mr. Gordon on the wire," he said. "Mr. Gordon is our credit man."

One minute later Ross hung up the telephone. He turned to the steel man.

"My financial status did not satisfy Mr. Gordon. I guess the only man who can buy forty thousand dollars' worth of steel from him without cash is a J. P. Crœsus. All he wanted was money. Good-by. Sorry. Glad to have met you."

Ross talked with the sales manager of his second best bet.

"I am in the market for five hundred tons of steel," he said. "Will you come down to my hotel for a few minutes?"

In a little while the representative of the second steel company appeared. Ross greeted him and turned to the file of blue prints which lay open upon the table.

"Your competitors have the steel. I have the contract. The Trans-Pacific is good for whatever goes into it. I want immediate shipment and I want you to buy the plate from your competitors and carry me for ninety days until I can cash an estimate or two. The contract provides for monthly payments of ninety per cent of the value of material delivered. You get yours when I get mine."

The steel man smiled.

"I will say one thing," he said as he turned to the telephone. "If pure nerve were negotiable you could be a millionaire in ten minutes."

He spoke for a little while over the telephone. He hung up and turned to Ross.

"It's all right," he smiled. "We will carry you. How do you want it routed?"

"Across the lake. The ten-cent lake rate beats the all-rail tariff four to one."

The steel man wrote for a moment.

"Sign this memorandum," he said to Ross.

Ross signed an order for forty thousand dollars' worth of steel, on which payments were to be made at intervals of sixty, ninety and one hundred and twenty days, with interest at eight per cent.

He left his room at the hotel and twenty minutes later he was in the offices of a contracting firm which had completed the construction of two grain elevators near Fort William.

"I want to lease your bending rolls and punches to handle five hundred tons of plate which I am using in the caissons of the River Bridge foundations at Fort William," he said. "I will pay you a dollar a ton for the use of your plant, and furnish my own labor. Here is a memorandum covering the details."

"When was that contract let?" the contractor inquired. "I've had my man at Fort William for six weeks ready to figure the job when it came up."

"The contract was signed two days ago in Montreal," Ross replied.

He returned to his hotel. He paid his bill and bought a ticket to Fort William, via a detour which included stops at Detroit and Toronto. In Toronto he was delayed one day in arranging the purchase of thirty thousand dollars' worth of cement, which he bought on the same terms as he had effected in buying his steel plate.

"Sixty, ninety and one hundred and twenty. You get yours when I get mine. The roadbed is good for the material that goes into it. Patriotic duty to help your own railroads."

Two days later he arrived at Fort William. Conway met him at the hotel. Conway listened to a rapid-fire summary of pertinent events.

"I'll say you're a whirlwind," he commented.

"How much money have you got?" the whirlwind returned.

Conway counted a handful of silver.

"Grand total, four dollars and eighty cents," he said. "How do you stand?"

"Me—exactly two dollars, which I neglected to give the boy on the train. I suggest we have one drink."

"I suggest we have six," Conway amended. "I'm a mental wreck. This bridge gang round here has been on my trail day and night ever since they knew you and me were mixed up together."

"Ring for a boy. I crave internal stimulants. I'm tired. This is a holiday. You can issue a bulletin to the steel crowd downstairs. Tell them the job is locked up and that Ross & Conway, Ltd., signed the contract last week."

Ross drank one strenuous drink of whisky. He drank it slowly. He set his glass down.

"That will be my last one for a while," he said. "That will be my last one until the final estimates come through on this job." He looked at Conway.

"Me neither! I'm with you! Not that it makes much difference in my checkered career, but if I'm on the job I'm on the job."

The telephone rang. Ross answered it. He listened for a moment, and then, "Not for sale," he said. He hung up.

"Old Bear-Face Glazer offers us twenty-five thousand for the contract. Let's go out and look at Gordon's rolls and punches. We'll have that first shipment of the plate in here next week and we want to get a crew busy on it as quick as it lands. The plant is stored near the big elevator that Gordon finished last month. Northwest A, they call it."

The pair journeyed to the site of the recently completed grain elevator. They found the bending rolls and punches in a shed in the shadow of the great structure. In one corner of the shed a dormant watchman reclined on a rudely constructed bench.

"What are you lookin' for?" he growled.

"We have leased these rolls and punches to handle the plate work on the River Bridge foundations," Ross answered. "Just looking the plant over is all."

"Help yourself, but it won't do you any good," the watchman returned. "Old Gordon didn't pay but about half of his bills. This stuff is tied up under a court order. Nobody can touch it until three or four lawsuits are settled."

Ross smiled at Conway.

"Let's go! We must stop that plate shipment before it leaves Chicago, and have the work done on the south side of the lake. The nearest set of bending rolls and punches in Canada is at Winnipeg. There's a forty-cent freight rate between us and that city."

They returned to the town and wired Chicago to hold the steel shipment. That night they received an answer to their wire.

"Shipment made two days ago," they read.

"Meaning we lose four thousand dollars on luxurious freight bills," Conway reflected.

"Meaning I am a nut to trust any bird with an eye in him like old Gordon has," Ross commented. "Score the first one on

(Continued on Page 153)

"Quality, Service and Honest Weight

are the three factors to be considered when buying food. The merchant alone is responsible for quality and service; but his scale must determine the weight; and as nearly all food is sold by weight, you should know what kind of scales are used in the store where you deal.

"I use Toledo Scales because they contain no springs, and are not affected, as spring scales are, by changes in temperature. They automatically give honest weight, and calculate and clearly show the exact money value of your purchase, safeguarding both you and me against costly mistakes. They guarantee an exactly measured square deal on both sides of the counter."

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

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NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

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Some experiences with Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils

THE bugbear of every turbine operator is Sludge. Sludge is commonly caused by emulsification of an incorrect oil with water and other impurities.

Sludge chokes oil pipes, preventing sufficient circulation of oil.

Sludge is responsible for more shutdowns than is generally realized.

Turbine manufacturers know the damage, bother and expense caused by Sludge. That is why practically all of them today endorse the use of Gargoyle D.T. E. Oils.

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils, if properly used, will not form Sludge. This is due to their outstanding ability to separate readily from moisture and other impurities.

FOR EXAMPLE:

A turbine-driven Wisconsin plant experienced frequent clogging of the oil pipes. Change of oil was frequently necessary. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils were substituted. Formation of Sludge stopped and continuous operation resulted.

The oil used by a Minnesota miller in his turbine showed heavy oxidation. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils were substituted. Undue oxidation stopped. Gargoyle D.T. E. Oils were used for fourteen months without replacement. Bearing temperature dropped 25°.

A power plant turbine was subjected to excessive water leakage. The emulsification of the oil caused frequent shut-downs. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils eliminated this trouble.

A metallurgical plant complained about their excessive bearing temperature — 180°. They were frankly worried. On using Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils the temperature dropped 40°.

Results like these are not accidental. They come only through the use of the right oil in the right place and in the right way.

Records of 15,000 hours or more have been made with Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils without the necessity of recharging the system — only small addition of "make-up" oil being necessary.

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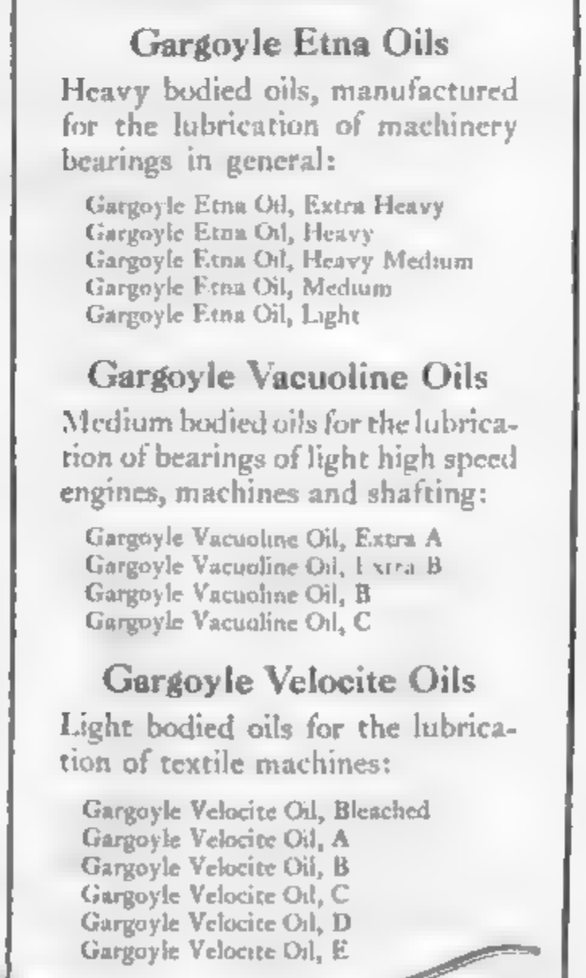
Gargoyle D.T. E. Oils have earned the same world-wide recognition for correct turbine lubrication as Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W has for steam cylinders.

Write our nearest branch for the book on Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils and our paper "The Horizontal Steam Turbine."



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Light bodied oils for the lubrication of textile machines:

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Gargoyle Velocite Oil, A
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, B
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, C
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, D
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NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 150)

me. Think how much good you could do with four thousand dollars spent judiciously on T-bone steaks."

"T'hell with it!" Conway returned. "We've got three dollars left. Let's eat. You had better see the bank to-morrow."

"I intend to. What day is this?"

"Thursday."

"To-morrow's my lucky day."

On Friday Ross made a business call on his friend, the manager of the First Canadian Bank.

"I need money," he stated.

"You always need money."

"I have the River Bridge foundation job. I need a fifty-thousand-dollar credit; ten now and two twenties at thirty and sixty."

"Congratulations. My authority stops at twenty-five thousand."

"Use it twice and I'll be satisfied," Ross suggested.

"Orders is orders. I'll have to submit the loan application to the Montreal office for approval. I'll wire them, but there will be a three-day delay. The loan committee meets on Monday."

Ross returned to the hotel.

"We will know about the loan on Monday," he said to Conway. "Meanwhile let's run off a layout of the plant that we need."

For three days they were busy with the design of the plant by means of which the job was to be handled.

"First of all we must round up six derricks and six hoisting engines," Ross summarized. "A pair of eight-inch motor-driven centrifugals will take care of the water in the two abutments. Too cold next winter for long steam lines. We ought to have three four-inch sinking pumps and a couple of portable boilers for the pivot pier and the south pier. We shall need three concrete mixers. We can handle that clay in the north pier with a clam shell if we jolt it up with some forty per cent dynamite," he said.

"I don't think it's a good scheme to shake that stuff up too much," Conway advised. "If it starts moving we're gone."

"It won't slide. That same clay formation is standing on a vertical face in the old brickyard a thousand feet from the job. It has stood that way for ten years now. We had better start the piling in the south pier with a pair of skid drivers. I don't think there is a floating driver on the north shore with a reach that will cover the job."

With the summary of the plant requirements completed they spent Sunday afternoon writing telegrams to various equipment companies throughout the United States. On Monday morning they read the several replies.

"That outfit near International Falls is what we want," Conway suggested.

"I'll say so," Ross agreed. "It's on this side of the line and we won't have to bother with the business of bringing it in under bond and all that rot. Beat it up there and round it up. Get a lease for a year if you can."

Conway left that night for International Falls, bent on procuring a flock of derricks and hoisting engines, concrete mixers and pumps and the rest of the plant which the job required.

At two o'clock Monday afternoon Ross called on the manager of the First Canadian Bank. That gentleman greeted him without smiling.

"Montreal turned down your application for the loan."

"Showing the conservative Scotch blood. Many thanks, old boy. I know you recommended it."

He left the bank. Five minutes later he was engaged in conversation with the manager of the Second Canadian Bank. There was no delay in this instance.

"Nothing doing," the manager said. "We need all our money for wheat."

At the third bank he listened to the same story.

"Your associate Shylocks gave me the gate," he said to the manager of the Fourth Canadian Bank. "I have the River Bridge foundation job. I want a fifty-thousand-dollar credit—ten to-day and two twenties at thirty and sixty."

The manager of the bank looked at him intently for a moment. He called one of his clerks and asked for a deposit book.

"The gang told me about you," he said. "I have been expecting you." He entered a credit of fifty thousand dollars in a deposit book. "I'll take a chance. This will cost you seven per cent. Sign this note."

Ross drew a long breath.

"I'll say you're a bear," he said. "This is a life-saver. Come out and look us over when we get started."

"I will," the manager of the bank promised. "When I sit into a game I generally watch the cut. Some day I will tell you why this bank is back of you."

Ross returned to his hotel.

"The steamship people have been calling you," the clerk informed him. Ross rang them up.

"We have five hundred tons of steel plate for you on board. As soon as the freight bill is paid it will be unloaded."

Ross wrote his first check for two thousand dollars and sent it to the dock by a messenger.

"Tell them to keep the blasted stuff on board," he ordered. "It's got to go back across the lake to Duluth to be bent and punched."

He made a few figures on the back of an envelope.

"Four thousand dollars gone to the devil in case we're lucky enough to get it back here before navigation closes. Two weeks' delay can cost us eight thousand more in freight bills alone. I'll say cash is a handy thing to have."

He reached his hand quickly into his coat pocket. The substantial bulk of his little check book reassured him. An hour later Conway walked into the hotel. Ross met him.

"What luck?" Conway asked.

"My old friend at the First Canadian turned me down. The second bank turned me down. The third bank threw me out. The fourth bank"—he hesitated—"the fourth bank took a chance."

"How much?" Conway asked.

"Fifty thousand."

"Noble work! We'll need it."

"Break it quick about the derricks and the rest of the junk you went after. What luck?"

"They refused to lease the plant," Conway reported.

"T'hell!"

"There was a clerk in charge of it, and a watchman," Conway continued. "I hired the clerk at twice the salary he was getting. As far as I know the watchman is still drunk. The plant is over in the yard now—eight carloads of it. I subsidized the yard crew and the cars will be spotted on the spur at the job to-night."

"Perfectly noble work! Where did you get the money?"

"I won the money from the watchman playing poker with him before I got him drunk," Conway said. "I've got four dollars left—let's eat."

The foundations for the River Bridge included a pivot pier on which the draw span rested, another river pier to which one end of the draw span swung and the abutments on the north and south banks of the river. The plans called for piling to be driven in the bottom of the foundations of the north abutment twenty feet below water level. From the water's edge the clay bank sloped upward for thirty feet. By the middle of October two derricks were working on this excavation, while across the river two pile drivers were smashing at the foundation piling of the south abutment. The clay of the north bank was hard, and to loosen it so that it could be excavated with a clam-shell bucket Ross started a dynamite man at his work. The dynamite did the work, but with the first shot Old Man Jonah camped on the job. In spite of the fact that the clay was standing in a vertical face in the abandoned brickyard a thousand feet away a great area of the material at the site of the north abutment began to slide toward the river. The ground back of it for a distance of three hundred feet began to move. In the emergency it appeared that it would be necessary to handle twenty-five thousand yards of material instead of the estimated five thousand. To expedite this excavation Ross leased a dredge which cost him three hundred dollars a day.

"I'll say it's a luxury," Conway commented. "Score another fifteen thousand in the red."

Before work on the north abutment was completed it cost twenty thousand dollars more than Ross had estimated.

Two months after work had started, and after the job had been frozen in ten feet of ice and covered with three feet of snow, Ross journeyed to town. He made his way to the office of the division engineer.

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BLABON
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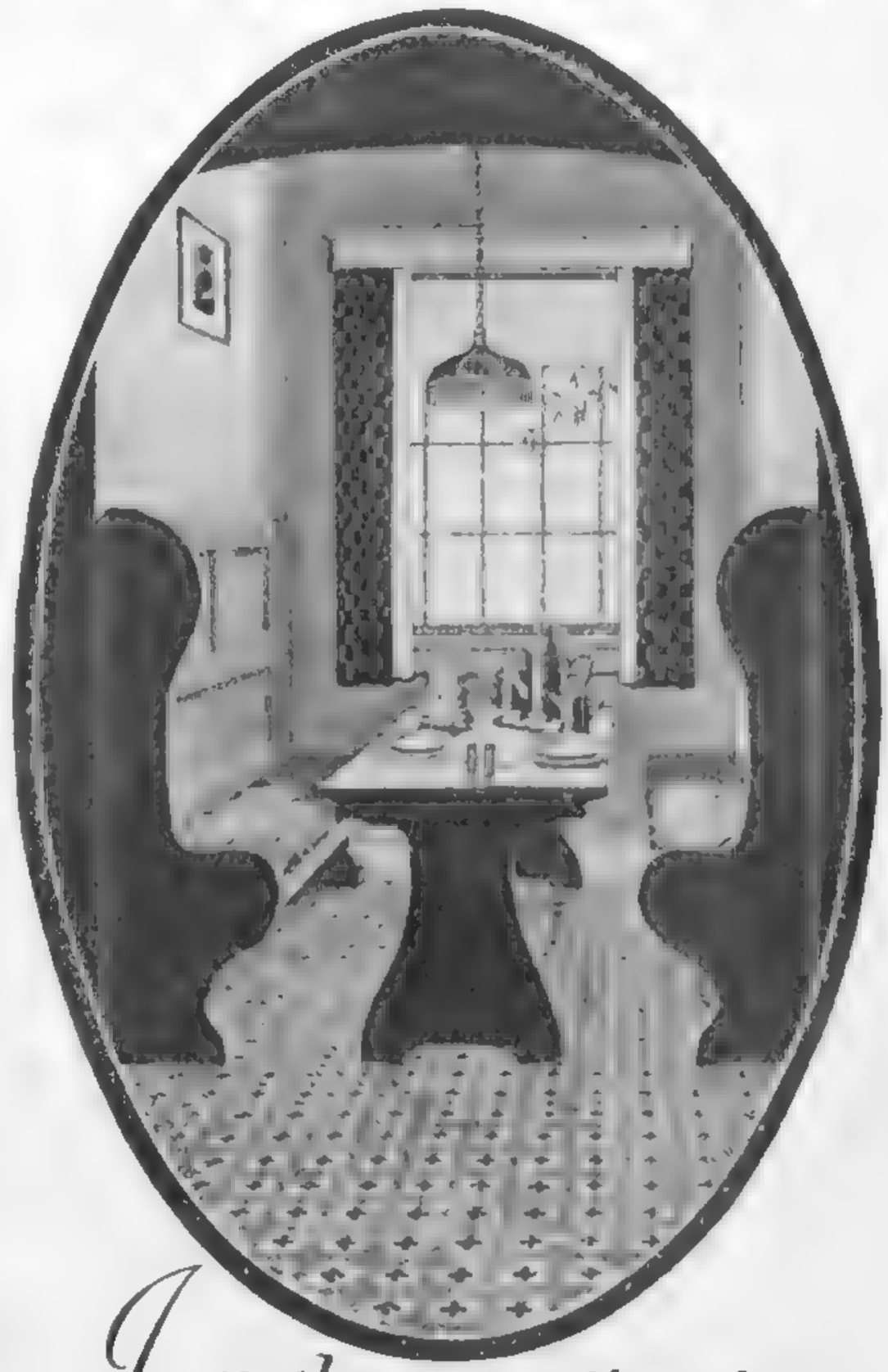

Isn't this an attractive breakfast corner?

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(Concluded from Page 153)

"The guard cribs call for half a million feet of British Columbia fir," he said. "Three-fourths of it is under water. Hemlock will last as long as fir under water. I would like permission to use hemlock on the subsurface work."

The difference in the cost of the two varieties of timber exceeded thirty thousand dollars. Permission to use hemlock instead of fir under water was granted. On his way back to the job Ross stopped at the freight office.

"Any word of that steel shipment that you wired about yesterday?"

The freight agent handed him a telegram. Ross read it. He drew a long breath.

"Number twenty-eight piled up!" he repeated. He looked at the freight agent. "Meaning what?"

"Meaning that your steel is under forty feet of water at Duluth—mixed up in the worst train wreck that ever happened in the history of Minnesota railroading. There were ten carloads of it in that train. A hundred tons of the shipment followed out on the next train. It's due in here this week."

"I'm finished!" Ross commented.

"Where can our claim agent find you?"

Ross hesitated, half tempted to side-step the sudden stress of responsibilities which had settled upon him.

"You can find me—on the job."

He returned to the work, where he announced to Conway the loss of the steel.

"That fixes us. This job is tied up for a year, or at least until we can get an order through the steel mills."

The manager of the bank came into the field office ten minutes later.

"I heard about your losing the steel shipment," he said. "Hard luck, boy. When the claim agent shows up bring him down and let me have a swing at him. Nail him for estimated profits and loss due to delay."

"I suppose this winds us up as far as our credit at the bank is concerned."

The manager of the bank smiled.

"You suppose too much. Whenever we get tired of carrying you I will let you know. Your balance is about thirty thousand now, and if you need another thirty I think it can be arranged."

The manager of the Fourth Canadian Bank left the office.

"Busted higher'n a kite," Ross commented.

Conway looked at him.

"We have a hundred tons of that steel coming. What's the matter with sheathing the lower thirty feet of the piers with steel and letting the rest of the pier slip down through movable forms as fast as we build it. Covering a man-size hunk of concrete with steel to protect it always did look like foolishness to me."

Ross studied for a moment.

"Get some sketches out," he finally said. "That looks like it might be a life-saver—if it works."

"It will work," Conway said. "I've got some sketches in my junk somewhere. I doped them out for a job in Mexico. Somebody else was low bidder and I never got a chance to try it."

That night Ross called up the manager of the Fourth Canadian Bank at his residence.

"I forgot to tell you that the division engineer has allowed us to use hemlock instead of fir in the guard cribs," he said. "It means a thirty-thousand-dollar saving. Conway has worked out a scheme that I think will beat the loss of the steel. The day gets brighter as the sun sets." He hung up.

"What did I hear you say about this hemlock stuff?" Conway inquired.

"Fir don't last any longer than hemlock under water. It costs five times as much. I thought we needed the money."

"Noble work! Maybe this job will show daylight yet."

Conway worked all night. By the next day he had completed a detail plan whereby the first few courses of concrete in the river piers would be deposited in forms slung from piling falsework. On top of this concrete additional courses would be deposited in wood forms which could be loosened after the concrete had set. Excavation carried on within the pier would produce a settlement, and as the pier sank through the clay toward bed rock additional courses of concrete could be added until the pier touched bed rock. Ross looked at the plans.

"This movable-form idea is something new in the foundation game," he said.

"It was new to me four years ago," Conway replied.

Two days later word came to the field office that the hundred-ton shipment of steel plate was in the freight yards and would be spotted for unloading that afternoon.

"Please let me have a check for the freight this afternoon," the freight agent requested. "She's an even eight hundred dollars."

"Mr. Conway is going to town. He will bring it." Ross signed the check and gave it to Conway. "You had better round up that steel and ride it out here so that it won't get lost in the yards," he suggested.

Conway went downtown. An hour later he telephoned to Ross.

"Telephone the bank to let me have some more money," he said. "The Canadian Government craves to collect a forty per cent duty on that steel. They call it manufactured structural steel because it has been punched full of rivet holes."

"Cheer up! This is the life—but ain't it hell?" Ross replied. "Go over to the Fourth Canadian and tell them to give you what you need. It won't run over a million dollars."

When Conway returned that night Ross spent an hour figuring a balance sheet.

"If the railroad company settles for the steel, and if Old Man Jonah stays away from this job from now on, we can still clean up about twenty thousand apiece."

On the next day Ross was considerably cheered by the prompt delivery of a certified check from the claim agent of the railroad. The check covered in full the net cost of the steel which had been lost in the wreck. It did not include the original freight expenditures or the cost of the work performed in bending and punching the plates.

"They hedged a trifling ten thousand," Ross said.

"It might be a good thing to start suit in the United States courts," Conway suggested.

"Then again it might not," Ross countered. "We would probably get judgment in time to buy baby clothes for our grandchildren. Never monkey with the United States courts. You get more action out of a pair of dice."

Two weeks after work started on the pivot pier Conway's designs and methods for carrying on the work proved successful.

"I think I'll patent this movable-form idea," he said to Ross. "We might want to use it on another job."

Ross had returned from a battle with a flood in the pivot pier.

"As far as I'm concerned I hope there never is another job. Number Three just filled up, and it took an hour to thaw out the steam lines and get the pumps working. A foundation man is a natural-born fool."

Two months from that day the cutting edges of the piers were near rock-bottom. They had penetrated the forty-foot stratum of clay.

"The engineer's borings show that bed rock slopes a little to the north about a foot in thirty," Ross said. "As soon as the cutting edge touches on the high side we will take out the rest of the clay, clean off the rock and begin pouring concrete."

Conway busied himself with the design of a concrete plant to accomplish this subaqueous work. Ross watched him carefully, making an occasional suggestion. While the two were working one of their foremen burst into the office.

"The pivot pier is filling up again!" he announced. "The whole blasted works inside of it is a wreck!"

Forty seconds later Ross and Conway stood beside the rim of the pivot pier. Thirty feet below them through the steam in the interior of the pier they saw a rapidly rising flood of water.

"The pier is solid enough," Conway said. "She's broke in under the edge again."

"The pier is solid enough," Ross agreed, "but the borings that the blasted engineers made tell a lie. The cutting edge is sealed tight. There is gravel on top of that bed rock and it's carrying artesian water."

Conway looked blankly at Ross.

"That means a hydrostatic hell and an air job," he said. "Another fifty thousand for compressors and plant and air locks."

"Not on your life! Don't even suggest it! An air job is too luxurious for our bank roll. We'll clean up the excavation under water and shoot the concrete into her under water through a pipe."

The water inside the pier had risen until it was level with the surface of the surrounding ice which lay on the river. It did not stop rising until it had overflowed the perimeter of the pier ten feet above the surface of the ice. In an hour it had flooded the site of the job.

Within a week for a mile upstream and down the normal surface ice was sinking under a freezing load of water which poured incessantly from the depths of the pier. Working three crews day and night for ten days, Ross fought the flood in an effort to seal its source. He succeeded. The flood was ended. Seventy feet below the surface a concrete seal had set. Ross summoned one of his foremen.

"Rig a couple of pumps and get the water out of this damn thing before it freezes solid. Clean up the pier. Finish the concrete. I'm going to sleep."

For eighty hours he and Conway had been without sleep. They staggered up the frozen slope of the river bank and made their way to a little shack beside the office.

"If we have any calls," Ross said to his material man in the office, "present my hard-boiled compliments and say that Conway and I are asleep. Ten years from now wake us up and feed us."

Beside his bed in the little shack, where the frost bloomed thick on the nail heads in the wall, Ross removed his fur cap and his Mackinaw coat.

"Seven months, boy!" he said to Conway. "I hope I never see another foundation job."

Conway was asleep where he sat on the edge of his bed. Ross rolled him over and covered him with a dozen blankets.

"Good old pal!" he said.

Five days later Ross telephoned the division engineer's office.

"This job is completed," he said. "The foundations for the River Bridge are finished. We are ready for our final estimate. We will have our plant off the job to-day."

He made a few figures on a sheet of paper.

"We owe the bank eighteen thousand dollars and a little interest," he said to Conway. "We have forty-four thousand coming from the Trans-Pacific. Taking luck as it came, we clean up more than twelve thousand apiece. I'm going downtown to assign our estimate to the bank. I'll bring our profits back with me."

"Where do we go from here?" Conway asked.

"Me for the Southwest—mebbe Mexico. I've had all the cold I need for the rest of my life. I crave to get warmed up."

Ross went downtown. Conway busied himself in cleaning up the office records.

"Get these books and records boxed up," he said to the material man. "Store them downtown some place. We had better keep them for a year or two in case any suits develop."

At eleven o'clock the office messenger came with the mail. Conway opened a handful of business letters and laid them on Ross' desk. From an envelope addressed to himself he removed a check and a two-page document bound in heavy blue paper. He looked at the check. His hand trembled for three seconds as he opened the document in the blue covers. He read it through carefully and put it in his pocket. He folded the check and stowed it away carefully in his worn-out cardcase. He took three deep drags at a cigarette. He turned to the material man beside him.

"You never can tell, can you?" he said to that individual.

The material man looked at him with a question in his eyes.

"Tell what?"

"Nothing, boy," Conway said. "Mebbe I'm to be Queen of the May. Once after I went hungry five days I found a straight flush in a poker game at a little joint in El Paso. But why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Answer me that."

"What kind of a cigarette is that?" the material man asked.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" Conway returned. "If I'm not crazy I ought to be."

Ross came back from the division engineer's office at two o'clock. Conway saw him walk across the wide expanse of snow which lay between the car tracks and the little office on the river bank.

"That bird walks like he is drunk. Good old kid, I wouldn't blame him f'r getting pickled to the gills. A bed-rock dime one day and a twelve-thousand-dollar clean-up the next."

Ross came into the office. About his lips was the suggestion of a sorry smile. Conway read the signs of disaster in his heavy eyes.

"Spring it," he said. "Is the railroad in the hands of a receiver?"

Ross drew a long breath.

"We owe the bank eighteen thousand and some interest. There is less than that coming from the job. I forgot to subtract that eight carloads of lost steel from the final estimate. I'm busted forty ways. The net clean-up is a fifteen-thousand-dollar debt. I wouldn't give a damn if it was me, but the Fourth Canadian boy is the goat, and he's been white from the start."

"We're fifteen thousand to the bad, are we?" Conway repeated.

"I am fifteen thousand under bed rock. It's my debt."

"How do you get that way? I thought you were a fifty-fifty guy."

"Not with the Jonah stuff."

"Only with velvet? That's your style, is it?"

Ross looked at him in silence. Conway reached in his pocket and produced the two-page document in the heavy blue covers. He handed it to Ross.

"Read that."

Ross unfolded the document. From his worn-out cardcase Conway retrieved the check which had accompanied it.

"Then read this."

He got to his feet. He handed the check to Ross.

Ross glanced at the check.

"What the blazes—a hundred thousand!"

"That's what she reads! I patented our foundation system. The International offered me a hundred thousand flat for the assignment of all patents. Their check reads a hundred thousand, don't it? You claim to be a fifty-fifty partner—well, you'll take half of this or I'll beat you to death. A steel guy bounces when he hits bed rock. Let's eat!"

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FIRE will thrive so long as it has property to feed on. America's staggering losses will continue so long as carelessness prevails.

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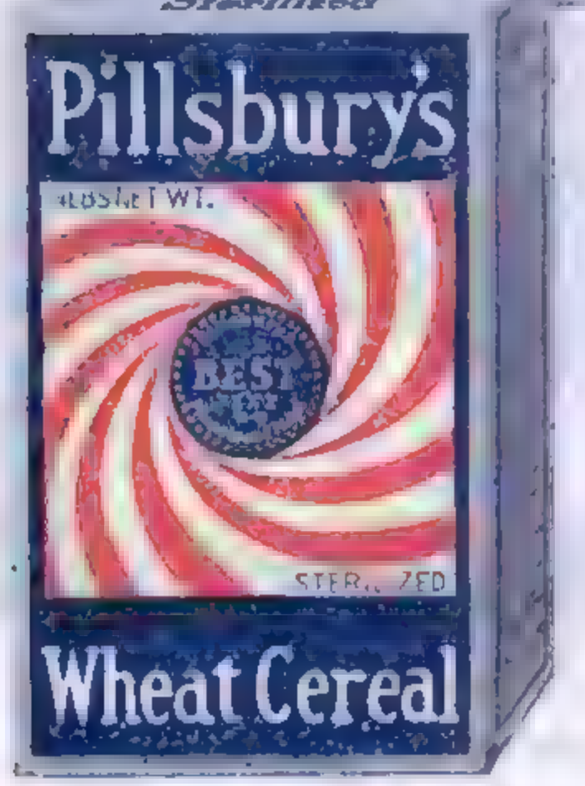
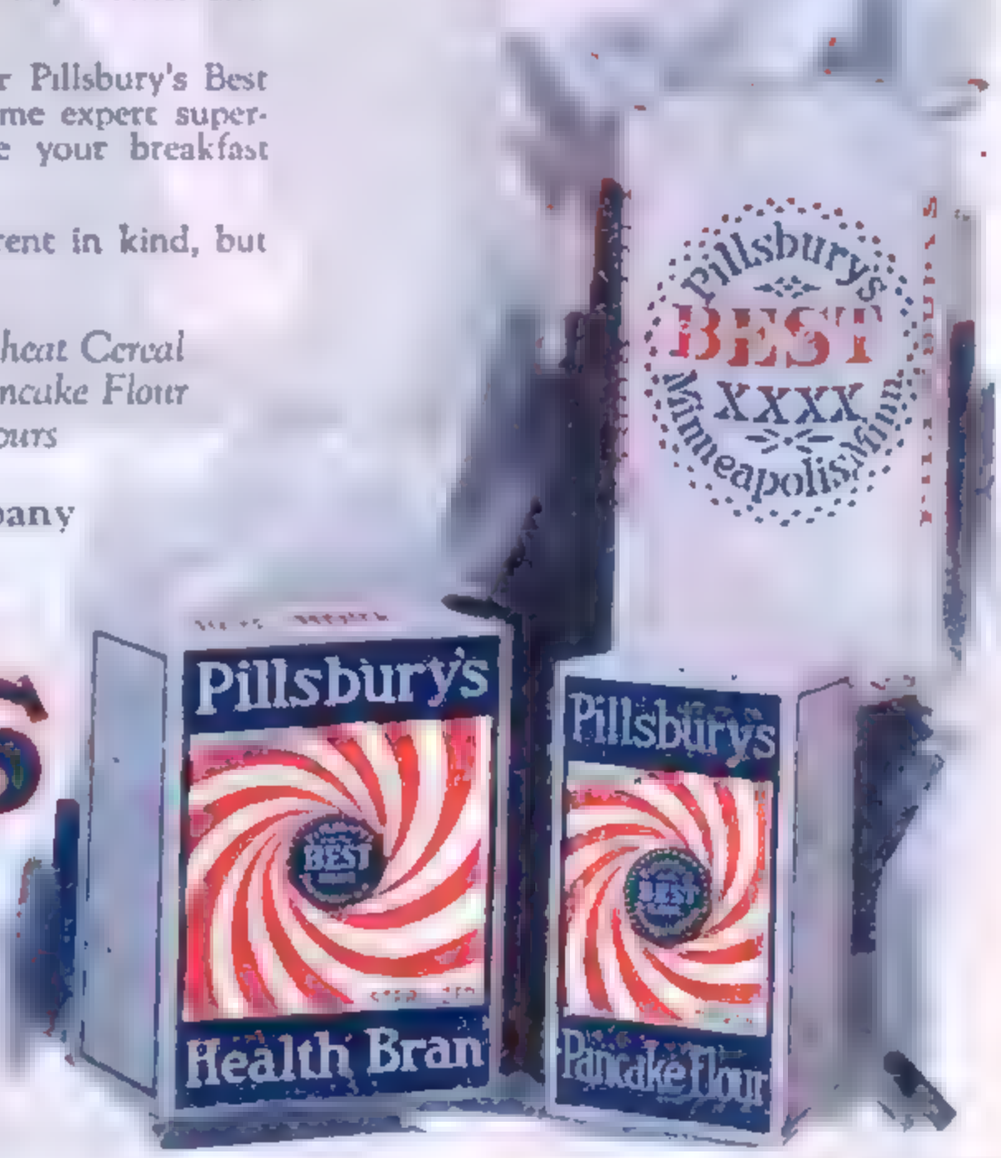




Pillsbury's FAMILY OF FOODS

Wheat Cereal

BERNICE BOBS HER HAIR

(Continued from Page 15)

"What's on your mind?" inquired Marjorie, rather puzzled.

Bernice paused before she threw her hand grenade.

"I heard what you said about me to your mother last night."

Marjorie was startled, but she showed only a faintly heightened color and her voice was quite even when she spoke.

"Where were you?"

"In the hall. I didn't mean to listen—at first."

After an involuntary look of contempt Marjorie dropped her eyes and became very interested in balancing a stray corn flake on her finger.

"I guess I'd better go back to Eau Claire—if I'm such a nuisance." Bernice's lower lip was trembling violently and she continued on a wavering note: "I've tried to be nice, and—and I've been first neglected and then insulted. No one ever visited me and got such treatment."

Marjorie was silent.

"But I'm in the way, I see. I'm a drag on you. Your friends don't like me." She paused, and then remembered another one of her grievances. "Of course I was furious last week when you tried to hint to me that that dress was unbecoming. Don't you think I know how to dress myself?"

"No," murmured Marjorie less than half aloud.

"What?"

"I didn't hint anything," said Marjorie succinctly. "I said, as I remember, that it was better to wear a becoming dress three times straight than to alternate it with two frights."

"Do you think that was a very nice thing to say?"

"I wasn't trying to be nice." Then after a pause: "When do you want to go?"

Bernice drew in her breath sharply.

"Oh!" It was a little half cry.

Marjorie looked up in surprise.

"Didn't you say you were going?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Oh, you were only bluffing!"

They stared at each other across the breakfast table for a moment. Misty waves were passing before Bernice's eyes, while Marjorie's face wore that rather hard expression that she used when slightly intoxicated undergraduates were making love to her.

"So you were bluffing," she repeated as if it were what she might have expected.

Bernice admitted it by bursting into tears. Marjorie's eyes showed boredom.

"You're my cousin," sobbed Bernice. "I'm v-v-visiting you. I was to stay a month, and if I go home my mother will know and she'll wah-wonder ——"

Marjorie waited until the shower of broken words collapsed into little sniffles.

"I'll give you my month's allowance," she said coldly, "and you can spend this last week anywhere you want. There's a very nice hotel ——"

Bernice's sobs rose to a flute note, and rising of a sudden she fled from the room.

An hour later, while Marjorie was in the library absorbed in composing one of those noncommittal, marvelously elusive letters that only a young girl can write, Bernice reappeared, very red-eyed and consciously calm. She cast no glance at Marjorie but took a book at random from the shelf and sat down as if to read. Marjorie seemed absorbed in her letter and continued writing. When the clock showed noon Bernice closed her book with a snap.

"I suppose I'd better get my ticket."

This was not the beginning of the speech she had rehearsed upstairs, but as Marjorie was not getting her cues—wasn't urging her to be reasonable: it's all a mistake—it was the best opening she could muster.

"Just wait till I finish this letter," said Marjorie without looking round. "I want to get it off in the next mail."

After another minute, during which her pen scratched busily, she turned round and relaxed with an air of 'at your service" Again Bernice had to speak.

"Do you want me to go home?"

"Well," said Marjorie, considering, "I suppose if you're not having a good time you'd better go. No use being miserable."

"Don't you think common kindness ——"

"Oh, please don't quote Little Women!" cried Marjorie impatiently. "That's out of style"

"You think so?"

"Heavens, yes! What modern girl could live like those inane females?"

"They were the models for our mothers."

Marjorie laughed.

"Yes, they were—not! Besides our mothers were all very well in their way, but they know very little about their daughters' problems."

Bernice drew herself up.

"Please don't talk about my mother."

Marjorie laughed.

"I don't think I mentioned her."

Bernice felt that she was being led away from her subject.

"Do you think you've treated me very well?"

"I've done my best. You're rather hard material to work with."

The lids of Bernice's eyes reddened.

"I think you're hard and selfish, and you haven't a feminine quality in you."

"Oh, my Lord!" cried Marjorie in desperation. "You little nut! Girls like you are responsible for all the tiresome colorless marriages; all those ghastly inefficiencies that pass as feminine qualities. What a blow it must be when a man with imagination marries the beautiful bundle of clothes that he's been building ideals round, and finds that she's just a weak, whining, cowardly mass of affectations!"

Bernice's mouth had slipped half open.

"The womanly woman!" continued Marjorie. "Her whole early life is occupied in whining criticisms of girls like me who really do have a good time."

Bernice's jaw descended further as Marjorie's voice rose.

(Continued on Page 163)

"Well," Said Marjorie, "No Girl Can Permanently Bolster Up a Lame-Duck Visitor, Because These Days it's Every Girl for Herself"

With every step you, too, receive a blow

In early China and Persia there was a form of torture—horrible not on account of its violence but because of its refined cruelty

KNOWN as the Bastinado, this punishment consisted of light blows on the feet of the victim with a small stick or lath of bamboo.

Not in the severity of the blows, which were scarcely more than taps, but in the constant repetition of this tapping, which reduced the strongest man to nervous exhaustion, lay the terror of the punishment.

This grim torture was a product of savage civilization.

Yet at the present time millions of Americans are inflicting like punishment upon themselves—because they fail to adjust themselves to changed conditions of modern life.

Today even the smallest cities and towns have miles of hard paved streets and even harder sidewalks. The floors of homes and offices, too, are hard and unyielding.

Every step you take with leather

heels or ordinary "dead" rubber heels on modern streets, sidewalks and floors is a hammer blow and, like the Bastinado, a shock to the nervous system.

The average man takes 8000 steps a day. Every day he receives 8000 of these shocks. Their constant repetition tends to destroy that store of energy so vital to success.

How serious medical authorities have found this condition of modern life is revealed by hospital and army reports.

Since the wide introduction of modern sidewalks and pavements, foot troubles have increased in New York City by 30%. The report of the Surgeon General on the first million draft troops shows that men from cities and towns have 20% more flat feet than men from farms.

Even those who escape the worst of the consequences, too often lose the very rewards for which they are fighting.

"The struggle of business in city life is a long drawn out fight against fatigue," says Dr. William Brady. "You dare not rest for fear of being left behind, but gradually fatigue slows down your pace—your energy is gone."

Remove one cause of fatigue

You can do much to prevent this condition. You can eliminate the shocks of pounding hard heels on still harder pavements. O'Sullivan's Heels are specially made to absorb these jolts and jars.

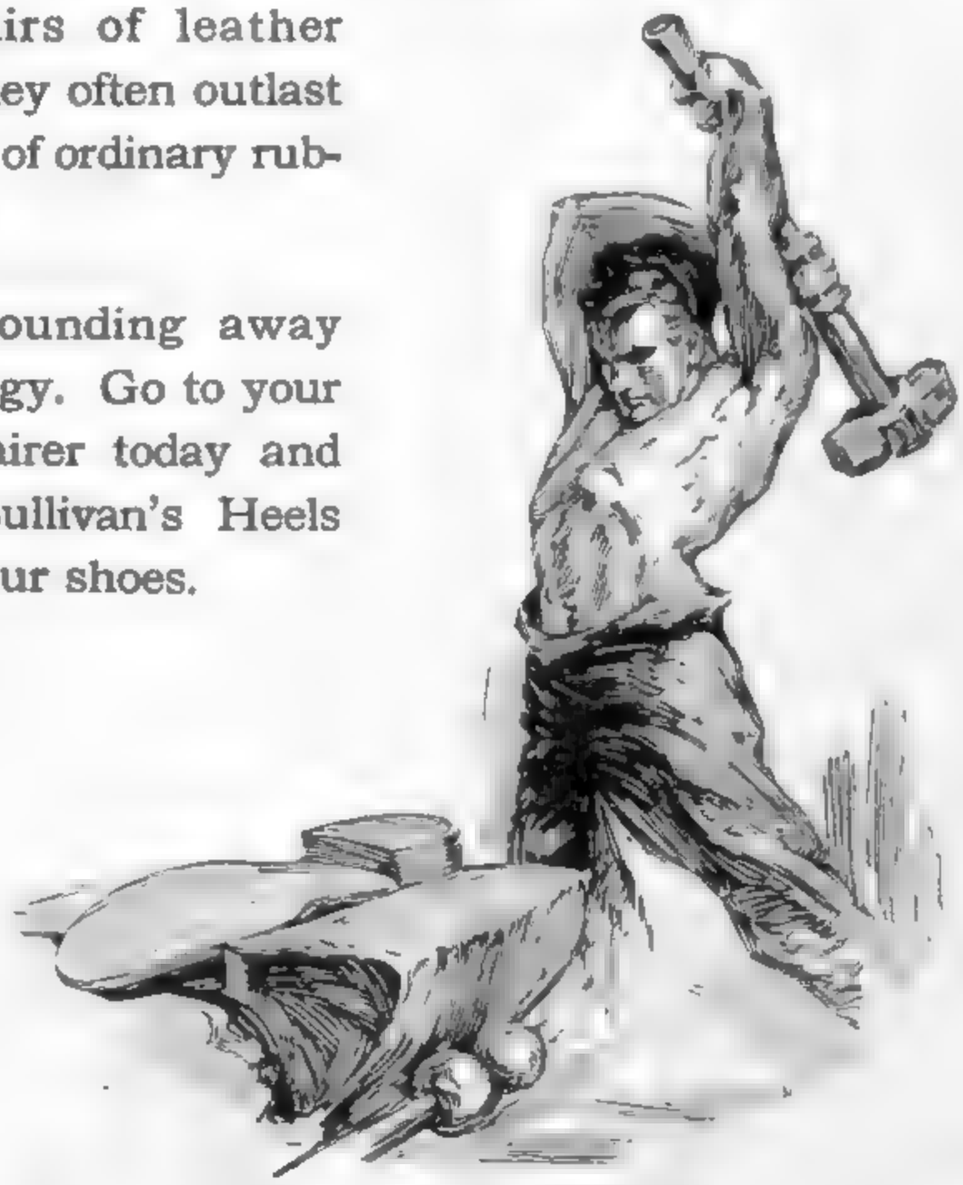
To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by a special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The "compound" is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars of walking. The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels will outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.

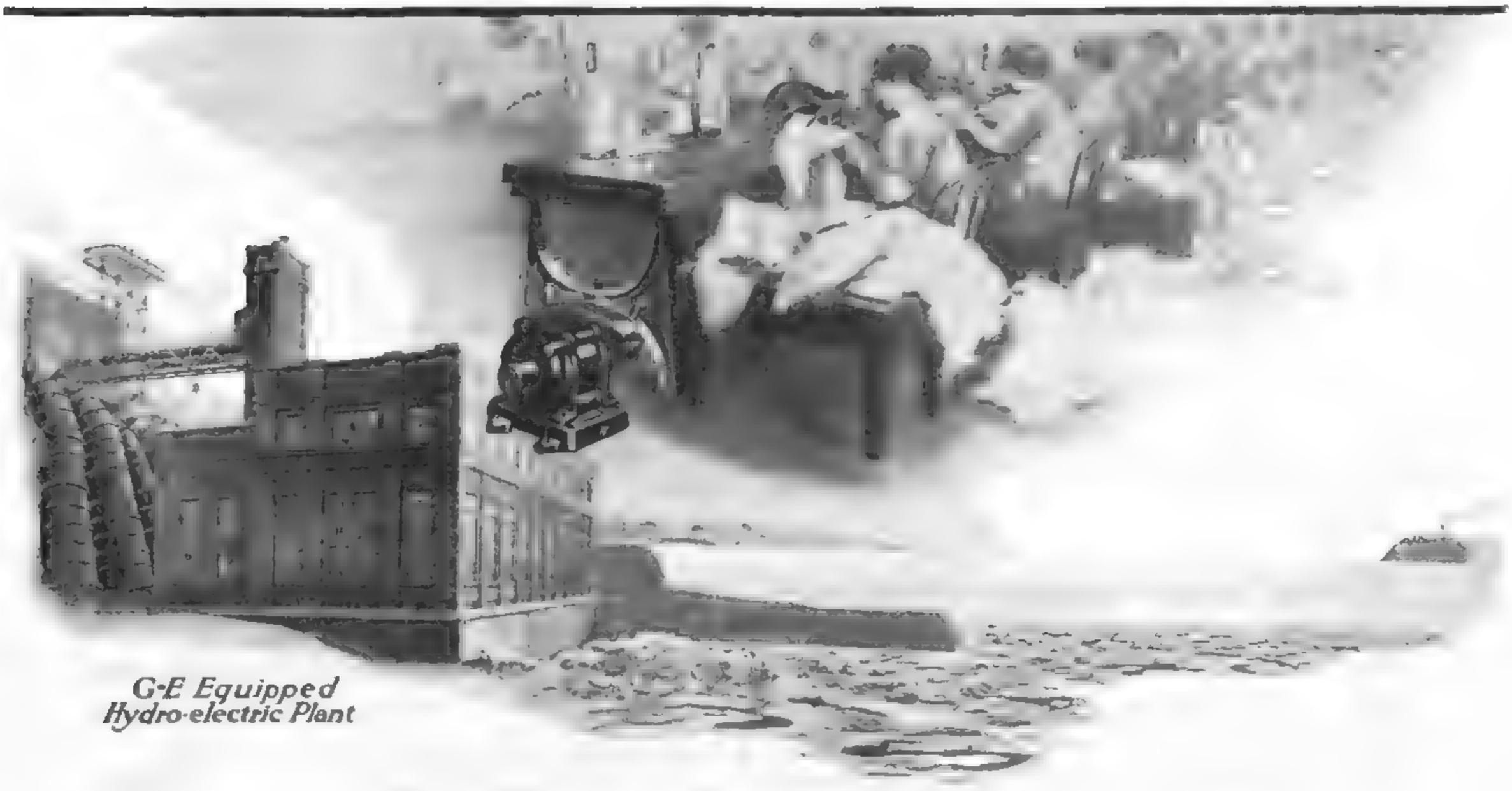
O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy.

In many cities production can be increased, its quality improved, and new industries added by efficiently making and using the available power



G-E Equipped Hydro-electric Plant

How electricity increased and improved a textile city's production

EACH mill in a certain textile city was driven by its old water wheel —production was low, so was quality.

In summer, low water and leaky canal beds slowed up the wheels—in winter, anchor ice did the same.

Finally, G-E textile mill specialists were called in to suggest a better way of using the water power.

A central water power plant was built to supply all mills with electric power and provide a surplus for new industries.

Electric drives at each mill applied power directly to productive machines, and losses due to mechanical drives were largely eliminated.

Machinery was enabled to operate at a constant maximum productive speed.

Its output was increased 35% and a very much better product resulted.

Any community's efficiency may be increased many fold by the proper utilization of Nature's resources and the application of electricity in homes, industries or on farms.

Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

43 346

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 159)

"There's some excuse for an ugly girl whining. If I'd been irretrievably ugly I'd never have forgiven my parents for bringing me into the world. But you're starting life without any handicap——" Marjorie's little fist clenched. "If you expect me to weep with you you'll be disappointed. Go or stay, just as you like." And picking up her letters she left the room.

Bernice claimed a headache and failed to appear at luncheon. They had a matinée date for the afternoon, but the headache persisting Marjorie made explanation to a not very downcast boy. But when she returned late in the afternoon she found Bernice with a strangely set face waiting for her in her bedroom.

"I've decided," began Bernice without preliminaries, "that maybe you're right about things—possibly not. But if you'll tell me why your friends aren't—aren't interested in me I'll see if I can do what you want me to."

Marjorie was at the mirror shaking down her hair.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes."

"Without reservations? Will you do exactly what I say?"

"Well, I ——"

"Well nothing! Will you do exactly as I say?"

"If they're sensible things."

"They're not! You're no case for sensible things."

"Are you going to make—to recommend ——"

"Yes, everything. If I tell you to take boxing lessons you'll have to do it. Write home and tell your mother you're going to stay another two weeks."

"If you'll tell me ——"

"All right—I'll just give you a few examples now. First, you have no ease of manner. Why? Because you're never sure about your personal appearance. When a girl feels that she's perfectly groomed and dressed she can forget that part of her. That's charm. The more parts of yourself you can afford to forget the more charm you have."

"Don't I look all right?"

"No; for instance, you never take care of your eyebrows. They're black and lustrous, but by leaving them straggly they're a blemish. They'd be beautiful if you'd take care of them in one-tenth the time you take doing nothing. You're going to brush them so that they'll grow straight."

Bernice raised the brows in question.

"Do you mean to say that men notice eyebrows?"

"Yes—subconsciously. And when you go home you ought to have your teeth straightened a little. It's almost imperceptible, still ——"

"But I thought," interrupted Bernice in bewilderment, "that you despised little dainty feminine things like that."

"I hate dainty minds," answered Marjorie. "But a girl has to be dainty in person. If she looks like a million dollars she can talk about Russia, ping-pong or the League of Nations and get away with it."

"What else?"

"Oh, I'm just beginning! There's your dancing."

"Don't I dance all right?"

"No, you don't—you lean on a man; yes, you do—ever so slightly. I noticed it when we were dancing together yesterday. And you dance standing up straight instead of bending over a little. Probably some old lady on the side line once told you that you looked so dignified that way. But except with a very small girl it's much harder on the man, and he's the one that counts."

"Go on." Bernice's brain was reeling.

"Well, you've got to learn to be nice to men who are sad birds. You look as if you'd been insulted whenever you're thrown with any except the most popular boys. Why, Bernice, I'm cut in on every few feet and who does most of it? Why, those very sad birds. No girl can afford to neglect them. They're the big part of any crowd. Young boys too shy to talk are the very best conversational practice. Clumsy boys are the best dancing practice. If you can follow them and yet look graceful you can follow a baby tank across a barb-wire skyscraper."

Bernice sighed profoundly, but Marjorie was not through.

"If you go to a dance and really amuse, say, three sad birds that dance with you; if you talk so well to them that they forget they're stuck with you you've done something. They'll come back next time, and gradually so many sad birds will dance with you that the attractive boys will see there's no danger of being stuck—then they'll dance with you."

"Yes," agreed Bernice faintly. "I think I begin to see."

"And finally," concluded Marjorie, "poise and charm will just come. You'll wake up some morning knowing you've attained it, and men will know it too."

Bernice rose.

"It's been awfully kind of you—but nobody's ever talked to me like this before, and I feel sort of startled."

Marjorie made no answer but gazed pensively at her own image in the mirror.

"You're a peach to help me," continued Bernice.

Still Marjorie did not answer, and Bernice thought she had seemed too grateful.

"I know you don't like sentiment," she said timidly.

Marjorie turned to her quickly.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about that. I was considering whether we hadn't better bob your hair."

Bernice collapsed backward upon the bed.

IV

ON THE following Wednesday evening there was a dinner dance at the country club. When the guests strolled in Bernice found her place card with a light feeling of irritation. Though at her right sat G. Reece Stoddard, a most desirable and distinguished young bachelor, the all-important left held only Charley Paulson. Charley lacked height, beauty and social shrewdness, and in her new enlightenment Bernice decided that his only qualification to be her partner was that he had never been stuck with her. But this feeling of irritation left with the last of the soup plates, and Marjorie's specific instruction came to her. Swallowing her pride she turned to Charley Paulson and plunged.

"Do you think I ought to bob my hair, Mr. Charley Paulson?"

Charley looked up in surprise.

"Why?"

"Because I'm considering it. It's such a sure and easy way of attracting attention."

Charley smiled pleasantly. He could not know this had been rehearsed. He replied that he didn't know much about bobbed hair. But Bernice was there to tell him.

"I want to be a society vampire, you see," she announced coolly, and went on to inform him that bobbed hair was the necessary prelude. She added that she wanted to ask his advice, because she had heard he was so critical about girls.

Charley, who knew as much about the psychology of women as he did of the mental states of Buddhist contemplatives, felt vaguely flattered.

"So I've decided," she continued, her voice rising slightly, "that early next week I'm going down to the Sevier Hotel barber shop, sit in the first chair and get my hair bobbed." She faltered, noticing that the people near her had paused in their conversation and were listening; but after a confused second Marjorie's coaching told, and she finished her paragraph to the vicinity at large. "Of course I'm charging admission, but if you'll all come down and encourage me I'll issue passes for the inside seats."

There was a ripple of appreciative laughter, and under cover of it G. Reece Stoddard leaned over quickly and said close to her ear: "I'll take a box right now."

She met his eyes and smiled as if he had said something surpassingly brilliant.

"Do you believe in bobbed hair?" asked G. Reece in the same undertone.

"I think it's unmoral," affirmed Bernice gravely. "But, of course, you've either got to amuse people or feed 'em or shock 'em." Marjorie had culled this from Oscar Wilde. It was greeted with a ripple of laughter from the men and a series of quick, intent looks from the girls. And then as though she had said nothing of wit or moment Bernice turned again to Charley and spoke confidentially in his ear.

"I want to ask you your opinion of several people. I imagine you're a wonderful judge of character."

Charley thrilled faintly—paid her a subtle compliment by overturning her water.

Two hours later, while Warren McIntyre was standing passively in the stag line abstractedly watching the dancers and wondering whither and with whom Marjorie had disappeared, an unrelated perception began to creep slowly upon him—a perception that Bernice, cousin to Marjorie, had been cut in on several times in the past five minutes. He closed his eyes, opened them and looked again. Several minutes back she had been dancing with a visiting boy, a matter easily accounted for; a visiting boy would know no better. But now she was dancing with someone else, and there was Charley Paulson headed for her with enthusiastic determination in his eye. Funny—Charley seldom danced with more than three girls an evening.

Warren was distinctly surprised when—the exchange having been effected—the man relieved proved to be none other than G. Reece Stoddard himself. And G. Reece seemed not at all jubilant at being relieved. Next time Bernice danced near, Warren regarded her intently. Yes, she was pretty, distinctly pretty; and to-night her face seemed really vivacious. She had that look that no woman, however histrionically proficient, can successfully counterfeit—she looked as if she were having a good time. He liked the way she had her hair arranged, wondered if it was brilliantine that made it glisten so. And that dress was becoming—a dark red that set off her shadowy eyes and high coloring. He remembered that he had thought her pretty when she first came to town, before he had realized that she was dull. Too bad she was dull—dull girls unbearable—certainly pretty though.

His thoughts zigzagged back to Marjorie. This disappearance would be like other disappearances. When she reappeared he would demand where she had been—would be told emphatically that it was none of his business. What a pity she was so sure of him! She basked in the knowledge that no other girl in town interested him; she defied him to fall in love with Genevieve or Roberta.

Warren sighed. The way to Marjorie's affections was a labyrinth indeed. He looked up. Bernice was again dancing with the visiting boy. Half unconsciously he took a step out from the stag line in her direction, and hesitated. Then he said to himself that it was charity. He walked toward her—collided suddenly with G. Reece Stoddard.

"Pardon me," said Warren.

But G. Reece had not stopped to apologize. He had again cut in on Bernice.

That night at one o'clock Marjorie, with one hand on the electric-light switch in the hall, turned to take a last look at Bernice's sparkling eyes.

"So it worked?"

"Oh, Marjorie, yes!" cried Bernice.

"I saw you were having a gay time."

"I did! The only trouble was that about midnight I ran short of talk. I had to repeat myself—with different men of course. I hope they won't compare notes."

"Men don't," said Marjorie, yawning, "and it wouldn't matter if they did—they'd think you were even trickier."

She snapped out the light, and as they started up the stairs Bernice grasped the banister thankfully. For the first time in her life she had been danced tired.

"You see," said Marjorie at the top of the stairs, "one man sees another man cut in and he thinks there must be something there. Well, we'll fix up some new stuff to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night."

As Bernice took down her hair she passed the evening before her in review. She had followed instructions exactly. Even when Charley Paulson cut in for the eighth time she had simulated delight and had apparently been both interested and flattered. She had not talked about the weather or Eau Claire or automobiles or her school, but had confined her conversation to me, you and us.

But a few minutes before she fell asleep a rebellious thought was churning drowsily in her brain—after all, it was she who had done it. Marjorie, to be sure, had given her her conversation, but then Marjorie got much of her conversation out of things she read. Bernice had bought the red dress, though she had never valued it highly before—and her own voice had said the words, her own lips had smiled, her own feet had danced. Marjorie nice girl—vain, though—nice evening—nice boys—like Warren—Warren—Warren—what's-his-name—Warren ——

She fell asleep.

V

TO BERNICE the next week was a revelation. With the feeling that people really enjoyed looking at her and listening to her came the foundation of self-confidence. Of course there were numerous mistakes at first. She did not know, for instance, that Draycott Deyo was studying for the ministry; she was unaware that he had cut in on her because he thought she was a quiet, reserved girl. Had she known these things she would not have treated him to the line which began "Hello, Shell Shock!" and continued with the bathtub story—"It takes a frightful lot of energy to fix my hair in the summer—there's so much of it—so I always fix it first and powder my face and put on my hat; then I get into the bathtub, and dress afterward. Don't you think that's the best plan?"

Though Draycott Deyo was in the throes of difficulties concerning baptism by immersion and might possibly have seen a connection, it must be admitted that he did not. He considered feminine bathing an immoral subject, and gave her some of his ideas on the depravity of modern society.

But to offset that unfortunate occurrence Bernice had several signal successes to her credit. Little Otis Ormonde pleaded off from a trip East and elected instead to follow her with a puppylike devotion, to the amusement of his crowd and to the irritation of G. Reece Stoddard, several of whose afternoon calls Otis completely ruined by the disgusting tenderness of the glances he bent on Bernice. He even told her the story of the two-by-four and the dressing room to show her how frightfully mistaken he and everyone else had been in their first judgment of her. Bernice laughed off that incident with a slight sinking sensation.

Of all Bernice's conversation perhaps the best known and most universally approved was the line about the bobbing of her hair.

"Oh, Bernice, when you goin' to get the hair bobbed?"

"Day after to-morrow maybe," she would reply, laughing. "Will you come and see me? Because I'm counting on you, you know."

"Will we? You know! But you better hurry up."

Bernice, whose tonsorial intentions were strictly dishonorable, would laugh again.

"Pretty soon now. You'd be surprised."

But perhaps the most significant symbol of her success was the gray car of the hypercritical Warren McIntyre, parked daily in front of the Harvey house. At first the parlor maid was distinctly startled when he asked for Bernice instead of Marjorie; after a week of it she told the cook that Miss Bernice had gotta holda Miss Marjorie's best fella.

And Miss Bernice had. Perhaps it began with Warren's desire to rouse jealousy in Marjorie; perhaps it was the familiar though unrecognized strain of Marjorie in Bernice's conversation; perhaps it was both of these and something of sincere attraction besides. But somehow the collective mind of the younger set knew within a week that Marjorie's most reliable beau had made an amazing face-about and was giving an indisputable rush to Marjorie's guest. The question of the moment was how Marjorie would take it. Warren called Bernice on the phone twice a day, sent her notes, and they were frequently seen together in his roadster, obviously engrossed in one of those tense, significant conversations as to whether or not he was sincere.

Marjorie on being twitted only laughed. She said she was mighty glad that Warren had at last found someone who appreciated him. So the younger set laughed, too, and guessed that Marjorie didn't care and let it go at that.

One afternoon when there were only three days left of her visit Bernice was waiting in the hall for Warren, with whom she was going to a bridge party. She was in rather a blissful mood, and when Marjorie—also bound for the party—appeared beside her and began casually to adjust her hat in the mirror Bernice was utterly unprepared for anything in the nature of a clash. Marjorie did her work very coldly and succinctly in three sentences.

"You may as well get Warren out of your head," she said coldly.

"What?" Bernice was utterly astounded.

"You may as well stop making a fool of yourself over Warren McIntyre. He doesn't care a snap of his fingers about you."

For a tense moment they regarded each other—Marjorie scornful' aloof; Bernice astounded, half angry, h.. fraid. Then two cars drove up in front of the house and there was a riotous honking. Both of them gasped faintly, turned, and side by side hurried out.

(Concluded on Page 167)

GLIDDEN

PAINTS - VARNISHES - COLORS - INSECTICIDES

GLIDDEN

PAINTS - VARNISHES - COLORS - INSECTICIDES

Everywhere on Everything

-Glidden stops depreciation

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Most men know this, yet there are thousands of rust-eaten factory buildings, commercial structures, houses and barns rapidly going to rack and ruin.

All for the lack of paint. All for the lack of protection that costs so little compared with the savings made. To help save this loss is the prime reason for Glidden Endurance Paints—to make every paint-dollar do a full dollar's worth of work.

If science applied to paint-making, if specialization in every field, if years of experience will help reach this objective, then Glidden progress is noteworthy. Glidden users know these things from experience. Glidden dealers can supply the necessary materials and give you the name of a good painter.

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THE man who tempers a BILLINGS & SPENCER die performs a task of infinite delicacy. He builds high character into steel. His craft goes beyond mere knowledge—it is work no machine can perform, no instrument gauge. The rightness of the Triangle B die passes inevitably to the Triangle B forging. In steel, as in men, character begets character.

(Concluded from Page 163)

All through the bridge party Bernice strove in vain to master a rising uneasiness. She had offended Marjorie, the sphinx of sphinxes. With the most wholesome and innocent intentions in the world she had stolen Marjorie's property. She felt suddenly and horribly guilty. After the bridge game, when they sat in an informal circle and the conversation became general, the storm gradually broke. Little Otis Ormonde inadvertently precipitated it.

"When you going back to kindergarten, Otis?" someone had asked.

"Me? Day Bernice gets her hair bobbed."

"Then your education's over," said Marjorie quickly. "That's only a bluff of hers. I should think you'd have realized."

"That a fact?" demanded Otis, giving Bernice a reproachful glance.

Bernice's ears burned as she tried to think up an effectual come-back. In the face of this direct attack her imagination was paralyzed.

"There's a lot of bluffs in the world," continued Marjorie quite pleasantly. "I should think you'd be young enough to know that, Otis."

"Well," said Otis, "maybe so. But gee! With a line like Bernice's ——"

"Really?" yawned Marjorie. "What's her latest bon mot?"

No one seemed to know. In fact, Bernice, having trifled with her muse's beau, had said nothing memorable of late.

"Was that really all a line?" asked Roberta curiously.

Bernice hesitated. She felt that wit in some form was demanded of her, but under her cousin's suddenly frigid eyes she was completely incapacitated.

"I don't know," she stalled.

"Splush!" said Marjorie. "Admit it!"

Bernice saw that Warren's eyes had left a ukulele he had been tinkering with and were fixed on her questioningly.

"Oh, I don't know!" she repeated steadily. Her cheeks were glowing.

"Splush!" remarked Marjorie again.

"Come through, Bernice," urged Otis. "Tell her where to get off."

Bernice looked round again—she seemed unable to get away from Warren's eyes.

"I like bobbed hair," she said hurriedly, as if he had asked her a question, "and I intend to bob mine."

"When?" demanded Marjorie.

"Any time."

"No time like the present," suggested Roberta.

Otis jumped to his feet.

"Swell stuff!" he cried. "We'll have a summer bobbing party. Sevier Hotel barber shop, I think you said."

In an instant all were on their feet. Bernice's heart throbbed violently.

"What?" she gasped.

Out of the group came Marjorie's voice, very clear and contemptuous.

"Don't worry—she'll back out!"

"Come on, Bernice!" cried Otis, starting toward the door.

Four eyes—Warren's and Marjorie's—stared at her, challenged her, defied her. For another second she wavered wildly.

"All right," she said swiftly, "I don't care if I do."

An eternity of minutes later, riding down town through the late afternoon beside Warren, the others following in Roberta's car close behind, Bernice had all the sensations of Marie Antoinette bound for the guillotine in a tumbrel. Vaguely she wondered why she did not cry out that it was all a mistake. It was all she could do to keep from clutching her hair with both hands to protect it from the suddenly hostile world. Yet she did neither. Even the thought of her mother was no deterrent now. This was the test supreme of her sportsmanship; her right to walk unchallenged in the starry heaven of popular girls.

Warren was moodily silent, and when they came to the hotel he drew up at the curb and nodded to Bernice to precede him out. Roberta's car emptied a laughing crowd into the shop, which presented two bold plate-glass windows to the street.

Bernice stood on the curb and looked at the sign, Sevier Barber Shop. It was a guillotine indeed, and the hangman was the first barber, who, attired in a white coat and smoking a cigarette, leaned nonchalantly against the first chair. He must have heard of her; he must have been waiting all week, smoking eternal cigarettes beside that portentous, too-often-mentioned first chair. Would they blindfold her? No, but they would tie a white cloth round her neck lest any of her blood—nonsense—hair—should get on her clothes.

"All right, Bernice," said Warren quickly.

With her chin in the air she crossed the sidewalk, pushed open the swinging screen door, and giving not a glance to the uproarious, riotous row that occupied the waiting bench went up to the first barber.

"I want you to bob my hair."

The first barber's mouth slid somewhat open. His cigarette dropped to the floor.

"Huh?"

"My hair—bob it!"

Refusing further preliminaries, Bernice took her seat on high. A man in the chair next to her turned on his side and gave her a glance, half lather, half amazement. One barber started and spoiled little Willy Schuneman's monthly haircut. Mr. O'Reilly in the last chair grunted and swore musically in ancient Gaelic as a razor bit into his cheek. Two bootblacks became wide-eyed and rushed for her feet. No, Bernice didn't care for a shine.

Outside a passer-by stopped and stared; a couple joined him; half a dozen small boys' noses sprang into life, flattened against the glass; and snatches of conversation borne on the summer breeze drifted in through the screen door.

"Lookada long hair on a kid!"

"Where'd yuh get 'at stuff? 'At's a bearded lady he just finished shavin'."

But Bernice saw nothing, heard nothing. Her only living sense told her that this man in the white coat had removed one tortoise-shell comb and then another; that his fingers were fumbling clumsily with unfamiliar hairpins; that this hair, this wonderful hair of hers, was going—she would never again feel its long voluptuous pull as it hung in a dark-brown glory down her back. For a second she was near breaking down, and then the picture before her swam mechanically into her vision—Marjorie's mouth curling in a faint ironic smile as *if* to say:

"Give up and get down! You tried to buck me and I called your bluff. You see you haven't got a prayer."

And some last energy rose up in Bernice, for she clenched her hands under the white cloth, and there was a curious narrowing of her eyes that Marjorie remarked on to someone long afterward.

Twenty minutes later the barber swung her round to face the mirror, and she flinched at the full extent of the damage that had been wrought. Her hair was not curly, and now it lay in lank lifeless blocks on both sides of her suddenly pale face. It was ugly as sin—she had known it would be ugly as sin. Her face's chief charm had been a Madonna-like simplicity. Now that was gone and she was—well, frightfully mediocre—not stagy; only ridiculous, like a Greenwich Villager who had left her spectacles at home.

As she climbed down from the chair she tried to smile—failed miserably. She saw two of the girls exchange glances; noticed Marjorie's mouth curved in attenuated mockery—and that Warren's eyes were suddenly very cold.

"You see"—her words fell into an awkward pause—"I've done it."

"Yes, you've—done it," admitted Warren.

"Do you like it?"

There was a half-hearted "Sure" from two or three voices, another awkward pause, and then Marjorie turned swiftly and with serpentlike intensity to Warren.

"Would you mind running me down to Derry's shop?" she asked. "I've simply got to get a hat there before supper. Roberta's driving right home and she can take the others."

Warren stared abstractedly at some infinite speck out the window. Then for an instant his eyes rested coldly on Bernice before they turned to Marjorie.

"Be glad to," he said slowly.

VI

BERNICE did not fully realize the outrageous trap that had been set for her until she met her aunt's amazed glance just before dinner.

"Why, Bernice!"

"I've bobbed it, Aunt Josephine."

"Why, child!"

"Do you like it?"

"Why, Ber-nice!"

"I suppose I've shocked you."

"No, but what'll Mrs. Deyo think tomorrow night? Bernice, you should have waited until after the Deyos' dance—you should have waited if you wanted to do that."

"It was sudden, Aunt Josephine. Anyway, why does it matter to Mrs. Deyo particularly?"

"Why, child," cried Mrs. Harvey, "in her paper on The Foibles of the Younger Generation that she read at the last meeting of the Thursday Club she devoted fifteen minutes to bobbed hair. It's her pet abomination. And the dance is for you and Marjorie!"

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, Bernice, what'll your mother say? She'll think I let you do it."

"I'm sorry."

Dinner was an agony. She had made a hasty attempt with a curling iron, and burned her finger and much hair. She could see that her aunt was both worried and grieved, and her uncle kept saying, "Well, I'll be darned!" over and over in a hurt and faintly hostile tone. And Marjorie sat very quietly, intrenched behind a faint smile, a faintly mocking smile.

Somehow she got through the evening. Three boys called; Marjorie disappeared with one of them, and Bernice made a listless mechanical attempt to entertain the two others—sighed thankfully as she climbed the stairs to her room at half past ten. What a day!

When she had undressed for the night the door opened and Marjorie came in.

"Bernice," she said, "I'm awfully sorry about the Deyo dance. I'll give you my word of honor I'd forgotten all about it."

"'Sall right," said Bernice shortly. Standing before the mirror she passed her comb slowly through her short hair.

"I'll take you downtown to-morrow," continued Marjorie, "and the hairdresser'll fix it so you'll look slick. I didn't imagine you'd go through with it. I'm really mighty sorry."

"Oh, 'sall right!"

"Still it's your last night, so I suppose it won't matter much."

Then Bernice winced as Marjorie tossed her own hair over her shoulders and began to twist it slowly into two long blond braids until in her cream-colored negligee she looked like a delicate painting of some Saxon princess. Fascinated, Bernice watched the braids grow. Heavy and luxurious they were, moving under the supple fingers like restive snakes—and to Bernice remained this relic and the curling iron and a to-morrow full of eyes. She could see G. Reece Stoddard, who liked her, assuming his Harvard manner and telling his dinner partner that Bernice shouldn't have been allowed to go to the movies so much; she could see Draycott Deyo exchanging glances with his mother and then being conscientiously charitable to her. But then perhaps by to-morrow Mrs. Deyo would have heard the news; would send round an icy little note requesting that she fail to appear—and behind her back they would all laugh and know that Marjorie had made a fool of her; that her chance at beauty had been sacrificed to the jealous whim of a selfish girl. She sat down suddenly before the mirror, biting the inside of her cheek.

"I like it," she said with an effort. "I think it'll be becoming."

Marjorie smiled.

"It looks all right. For heaven's sake, don't let it worry you!"

"I won't."

"Good night, Bernice."

But as the door closed something snapped within Bernice. She sprang dynamically to her feet, clenching her hands, then swiftly and noiselessly crossed over to her bed and from underneath it dragged out her suitcase. Into it she tossed toilet articles and a change of clothing. Then she turned to her trunk and quickly dumped in two drawerfuls of lingerie and summer dresses. She moved quietly, but with deadly efficiency, and in three-quarters of an hour her trunk was locked and strapped and she was fully dressed in a becoming new traveling suit that Marjorie had helped her pick out.

Sitting down at her desk she wrote a short note to Mrs. Harvey, in which she briefly outlined her reasons for going. She sealed it, addressed it and laid it on her pillow. She glanced at her watch. The train left at one, and she knew that if she walked down to the Marborough Hotel two blocks away she could easily get a taxicab.

Suddenly she drew in her breath sharply and an expression flashed into her eyes that a practiced character reader might have connected vaguely with the set look she had worn in the barber's chair—somehow a development of it. It was quite a new look for Bernice—and it carried consequences.

She went stealthily to the bureau, picked up an article that lay there, and turning out all the lights stood quietly until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Softly she pushed open the door to Marjorie's room. She heard the quiet even breathing of an untroubled conscience asleep.

She was by the bedside now, very deliberate and calm. She acted swiftly. Bending over she found one of the braids of Marjorie's hair, followed it up with her hand to the point nearest the head, and then holding it a little slack so that the sleeper would feel no pull she reached down with the shears and severed it. With the pigtail in her hand she held her breath. Marjorie had muttered something in her sleep. Bernice deftly amputated the other braid, paused for an instant, and then flitted swiftly and silently back to her own room.

Downstairs she opened the big front door, shed it carefully behind her, and feeling idly happy and exuberant stepped off the porch into the moonlight, swinging her heavy grip like a shopping bag. After a minute's brisk walk she discovered that her left hand still held the two blond braids. She laughed unexpectedly—had to shut her mouth hard to keep from emitting an absolute peal. She was passing Warren's house now, and on the impulse she set down her baggage, and swinging the braids like pieces of rope flung them at the wooden porch, where they landed with a slight thud. She laughed again, no longer restraining herself.

"Huh!" she giggled wildly. "Scalp the selfish thing!"

Then picking up her suitcase she set off at a half run down the moonlit street.

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MOTOR TRUCKS

Stewarts are built for work— not for expense

By building in quantity five sizes suited to 90% of the needs of American business—Stewart produces a sound, durable, high-grade truck at $200 to $300 less than the average cost—a truck so refined and simplified that it costs much less to operate.

Stewarts are built for work, not for expense.

Work means capacity, speed, and full time every day.

Stewart design reduces to a minimum all the usual costs of operation.

1. Long life cuts depreciation expense—Stewarts are still working full time after seven years of use.

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3. No under-weight—the racking keeps a frail truck needing repairs and makes it a final loss. Stewart owners buy more Stewarts.

4. No over-weight—inexperienced truck designers, afraid of the unknown, include hundreds of pounds of extra weight, to jounce and jar, and wear the running parts. In seven years of progressive truck-building, the Stewart engineers have refined and eliminated a pound here and there until now the Stewart is a 100% truck, rid of every bit of waste and extravagance, but powerful and durable beyond the last factor of real safety.

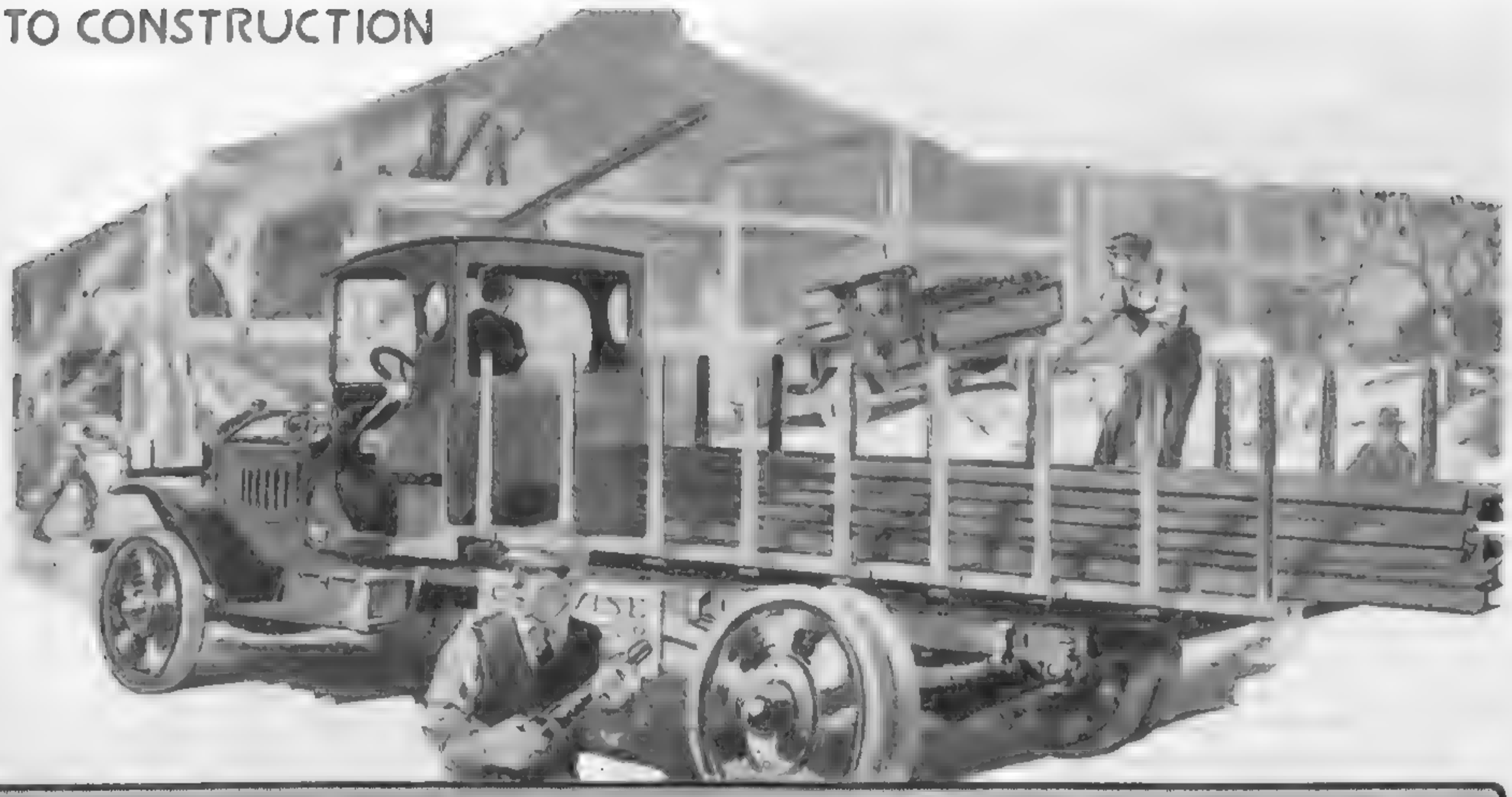
The Stewart is economical because Stewart simplified design eliminates hundreds of needless parts, producing a simpler, stronger truck, easy to operate and keep in order. With less weight, there's less wear and tear, less delay and expense for repairs and replacements, less expense for tires, gasoline and oil.

Every dollar you put into a Stewart is a live, working, producing dollar.

Quality Trucks since 1912

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO

TO CONSTRUCTION



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Many business men buy a truck too light for their requirements.

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The man who starts with a Stewart finds his business grows, and adds another Stewart.

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Service has been dependable at all times.

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At the present time we are using two three-quarter ton Stewart trucks, and have been since the year 1915. Our first one was delivered to us in July, 1915, and is today going over the streets of Worcester doing the same work it did four years ago.

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16½ miles to one gallon gasoline
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$10.84 for repairs

This car has been driven over 11,000 miles and the head has never been removed from the engine. It also runs as quiet as the day it was delivered. We are so much pleased with Stewart trucks that another one is to be delivered to us in the Spring.

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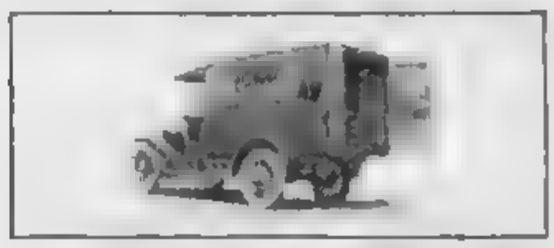
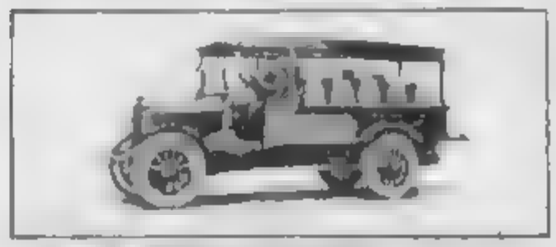


Model 11—½-Ton Capacity—Chassis $1350
Electric starter, electric lights, magneto ignition



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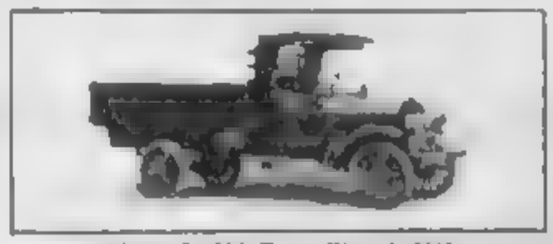

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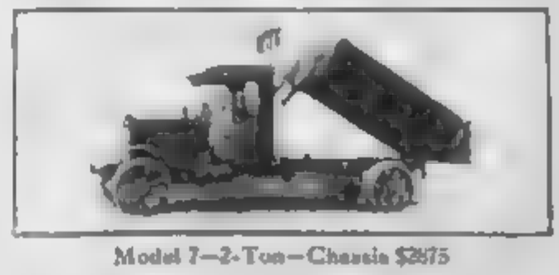

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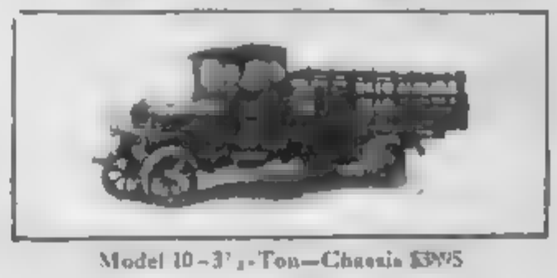

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Quality Trucks since 1912

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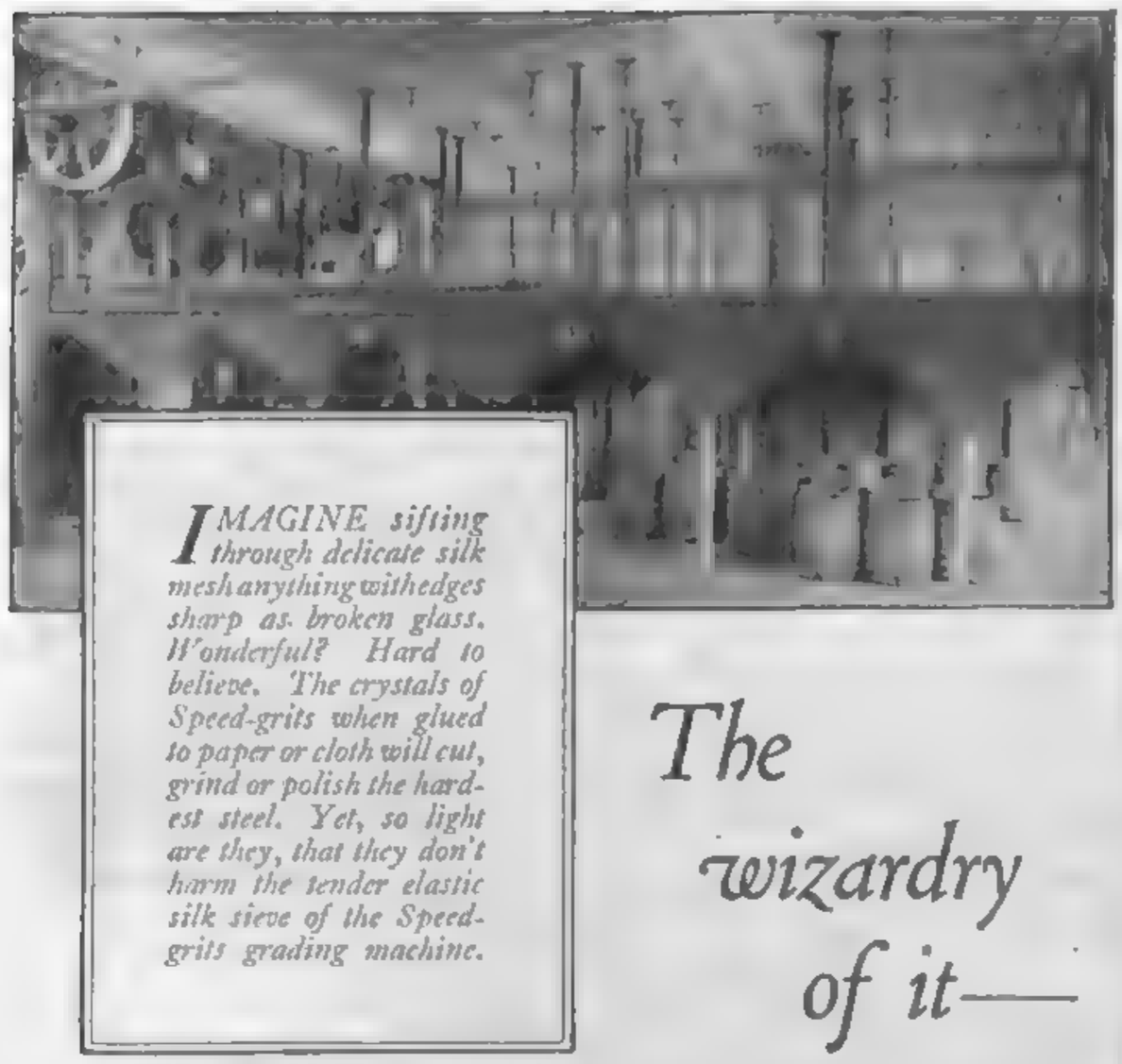
STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO



IMAGINE sifting through delicate silk mesh anything with edges sharp as broken glass. Wonderful? Hard to believe. The crystals of Speed-grits when glued to paper or cloth will cut, grind or polish the hardest steel. Yet, so light are they, that they don't harm the tender elastic silk sieve of the Speed-grits grading machine.

The wizardry of it—

Up from the dust of the crushing room glide the bucket-elevators—each bucket heaped high with its load of crushed and sharp-splintered abrasives.

These tiny grits, so near alike that with the naked eye you can't tell one from the other, must not vary in size. One grit a trifle oversize on abrasive paper or cloth is enough to mar and scratch a fine polished surface. That's where the need of exact sorting comes in—and the grading machines are wizards at it.

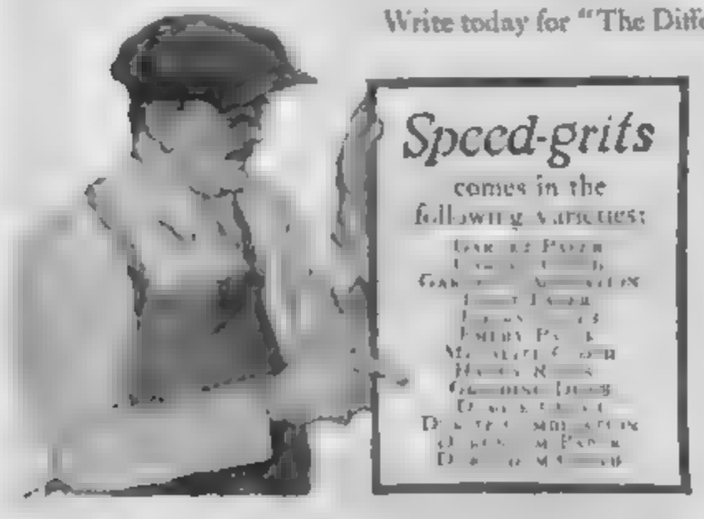
Watch that machine as it starts work—watch its screens of fragile silk fibres as they begin vibrating gently—watch how the screens sort out just the grits they want from the stream of mixed sizes that flows over their silken surfaces. Results are nearly always 100%, but one oversize grit may have squeezed through.

No chances are taken with Speed-grits. Straightway these sorted grits are turned over to two expert screens—post graduates of the school of accuracy. Number One of these experts sifts out the grits that are too small. Number Two sorts out the exact sized grains wanted. Every oversized grain is skidded into the discard.

Still a chance of oversight?

Before these grits finally take up their finishing rôle on the ready-for-use Speed grits they must pass a final test before a board of "Detective" screens—exacting chaps that search carefully all over again for that one chance oversize grit, the grit that might do the damage on some delicate polishing job. And all this grading is just one of the Manning processes that put the "difference" into Speed-grits.

Small wonder that Speed-grits are depended on in the world of abrasives, wherever there is polishing, grinding, or cutting to be done—small wonder that "Good Workmen Know the Difference."



Write today for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Co., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco and other leading cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Company in your telephone book.

Look for this trademark on the back of every sheet, belt or disc.

Manning Speed-grits

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say sandpaper, say Speed-grits.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

the moment when conviction has been established is one of the highest qualities of selling. The salesman who does not save hammer blows for use in closing has not prepared himself in thorough manner for his work.

It is no longer true that price makes the market. People to-day are willing to pay a higher price for an article when they know that they are buying security, reputation, style, appearance or purity with it. One investigator maintains that more articles can be sold at twenty-one cents than at nineteen because of the feeling on the part of the buyer that at twenty-one cents the article has had a four-cent cut, while at nineteen cents it has been reduced only one penny. It is likewise true that in the minds of many purchasers the price of an article actually determines its quality. Many cases have occurred where in testing human nature articles of considerable value have been offered at a ridiculous price without attracting a purchaser, the conclusion being that when anything is too cheap most prospective buyers are skeptical.

It is the nature of a majority of salesmen to overrate the methods and goods of their competitors and secretly underrate many of the merits of their own products. This condition is due to the fact that the salesman is the one person who always is informed by prospective buyers of the cheapness and excellence of the other fellow's goods. Sometimes the seller hears so much of this talk that he commences to believe it and then busies himself in an effort to persuade his own company to reduce prices. There are cases on record where prices have been reduced to satisfy such a demand, and the result has been disastrous. In several instances of this kind consumers have refused to buy at the lower price because of a suspicion that the quality of the article had been lowered.

In this new day of salesmanship and sales management we have reached the commencement of an era when scientific methods will be substituted more and more for superstitious beliefs and hit-or-miss plans. All modern companies have learned that a business built on nothing more lasting than personal good will has an unstable foundation. Great corporations have discovered the value of indirect action. Large central-station companies producing electricity have gone into the manufacture and sale of electrical appliances, not to make money on these articles but to create an increased demand for electric current. One large manufacturer of bookcases increases the sales of his product by carrying on a campaign of education to encourage the wider reading and purchase of books.

Sales managers have also discovered that there are better ways of handling men than those that prevailed in years past. If a salesman who has shown some degree of ability proves to be a failure in one locality he is now transferred to another field or a different line of work, where he may have a second chance to prove his worth. The day of the man with many side lines has passed and the hour of concentrated thought and ability has come.

Few managers now drive their salesmen on by continual faultfinding. The newer plan is to take the man completely into the confidence of the company, ignoring the fact that an occasional employee might undertake to profit by the inside knowledge he has gained of general business conditions and the company's plans.

It is now understood that nagging letters reduce rather than increase the efficiency of the average salesman. Continual criticism from the home office will do more than anything else to kill the seller's ambition. Wise managers now find it best to encourage a salesman until there is no further doubt that the man is a failure, when his services are promptly dispensed with.

Buying is but the climax of confidence. The creation of this confidence in buyers can only be accomplished by an efficient selling organization, which cannot be created in an hour. Every sales organization should be regarded as the motive power of the company. It is likewise an accurate reflection of the sales manager's ability and the company's policy. When a corporation first starts its green salesmen as students in the factory, then teaches them the principal selling points of their merchandise, and finally trains them skilfully to meet objections, it has created sellers who are equipped to overcome exceptional difficulties and procure satisfactory results for the company. If in addition this same concern does not overlook the fact that its salesmen cannot sell an article in which they themselves lack confidence, and further that the best kind of enthusiasm is not that developed by ginger talk but by the opportunity to earn a handsome money reward, the company may rest secure in the wisdom of its policy and the solidity of the business foundation it is building.

LUCK OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

of the two. Her hair, which was simply arranged above her white narrow forehead, was silver gilt in tone. Her small, finely carved face might have been cut out of the heart of a shell, delicately pink and white, a little hard, quite perfect as to the contour of nose, lips and chin. She had the clear blue, rather full-set eyes which often go with a high temper.

Bodily the sisters were of about the same size; and this was fortunate, since neither possessed a garment which she need not share with the other. Irma, however, seemed rounder and softer. The difference was psychological rather than real. Her beauty was more tropical than that of her sister—lazier and more generous. There was a natural wave in her soft brown hair, a breadth to her brow and—must I say it?—a pleasant fullness to her face which indicated that she might grow stout in her thirtieth year. We often see this marked difference in children, flower of the same parentage. It is as though some artful potter had turned out at different periods two vases of equal perfection, entirely different in decorative scheme, yet both plainly marked with the character of their maker.

An hour went by, only the rockers on the porch breaking the sisterly silence. Now and again some splendid vehicle would go whizzing down the concrete ribbon of road. Then the Pollard sisters would raise contemplative eyes, sigh and return to their occupations. Battle-gray cars with headlights like scientific instruments of destruction, lumbering limousines with windows glaring plutocratically, wire-wheeled little speedsters within which two of opposite sex crouched ecstatically, sedate touring cars with lily-white tires and uniformed men among the brassy instruments of the cockpit—the world awheel went swiftly toward its destiny while the Pollard sisters sat stagnate on their shabby porch, tired of their environment, tired of their relatives, tired of each other.

Inside the house a bell rang thrice.

It was the Pollards' ring, and both girls came to their feet at the same instant and bolted for the screen door.

Winnie, being always the nimbler of the two, got there first. Wherefore Irma sighed again and went back to her shirt waist.

"Who was it?" she asked when at last her sister reappeared.

"Oh, that McCracken boy."

"Arthur McCracken?" asked Irma, lifting her eyes.

"Uh-huh."

"What does he want?"

"He and Mr. Cleaver—you know that new bald one at the store—want to take us to the movies to-night."

"Well, we can't be alone all the time that Uncle Henry's away."

"I'd rather be alone than with that McCracken boy and that bald-headed ——"

"You didn't refuse them?" Irma opened her brown eyes wide.

"I certainly did."

"Why, Winnie Pollard! What for?"

"Just because. I told him we had another engagement and would have all this week and next."

"What did he say?"

"He was very impertinent." Winnie was fond of calling people impertinent. "He said, 'You and Irma have got awful stuck-up

(Continued on Page 173)

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

TODAY, a house without a bathroom would be considered as extraordinary as was the house with a bathroom thirty years ago.

The modern house should have one bathroom for each two bedrooms. As for the kind—they should have built-in baths, pedestal lavatories and other fixtures in keeping.

Whether in a new or rebuilt house the modern bathroom presents the same attractive appearance and performs the same functions. Why be without the best?

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	*EAST ST. LOUIS	10 N. MAIN	*ERIE	330 W. TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	918 11TH	*FORT WORTH	628 MONROE
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	MILWAUKEE	424 BROADWAY	KANSAS CITY	301 RIDGE ARCADE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	*TOLEDO	311 ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	311 FIFTH ST	SAN FRANCISCO	149-55 BLUXOME
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	*COLUMBUS	255 S. THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	323 W. MAIN	*LOS ANGELES	216-224 E. CENTRAL
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PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*YOUNGSTOWN	464 W. FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	546 BARONNE	CHICAGO OFFICE	1020 KARPEN BLDG
*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	*WHEELING	3120 JACOB	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AND SMITH	*TORONTO, CAN.	59 E. RICHMOND
*ST. LOUIS	810 N. SECOND	*HUNTINGTON	2ND AVE. AND 10TH ST.	*DALLAS	1900 JACKSON	*HAMILTON, CAN.	20 W. JACKSON

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies of Mine, Mill and Factory for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch. If interested in plumbing fixtures for factories, write for book, "Factory Sanitation."

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This chart shows the distances in which a car should stop, at any given speed, if the brakes are efficient

Head-on at the curve!

Will your brakes hold?

TWO hundred feet from the curve—climbing the hill on high. Then without warning the other car dashes around the bend. It's headed directly for you—you've both got to slow up or crash. *Will the brakes hold?*

It's only in a case like this that you realize the *vital* importance of brakes that never fail. Yet—in lesser emergencies—you trust your life to your brakes a dozen times a day.

Don't rely blindly on brakes that may fail you just at the critical moment. The chart above shows how quickly you *should* be able to stop. *Have your brakes inspected by your garage man regularly.*

Perhaps they need only a slight adjustment—perhaps they need new lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. Unless frequent adjustments are made, you can never be *sure* that your brakes will hold.

Making brake lining by hydraulic compression

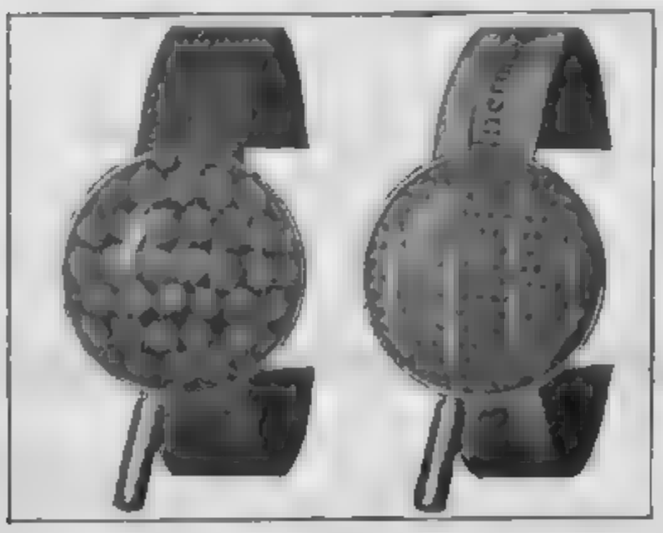
By using *40% more material* than in ordinary woven lining—by compressing this material under tremendous *hydraulic pressure* into a tight, close-textured mass—we have perfected a brake lining that wears down slowly, and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

Brakes lined with Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining never grab or slip. They do not swell from dampness, because Thermoid is *Grapnalized*—an exclusive process which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

Because of its long-wearing qualities and unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks have standardized on Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time you need new brake lining, be sure that you specify Thermoid.

The new Thermoid book on automobile brakes is the most complete publication on the subject ever printed. It tells how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write today.



Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture

Wears down quickly and unevenly.

Loses its gripping power as it wears.

Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining

Notice the compact texture. Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface until worn wafer thin

Thermoid Rubber Company

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Branches in all principal Canadian cities

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

(Continued from Page 170)

all of a sudden, haven't you?' Isn't that per-fect?"

"What did you say?"

"I told him we had and we'd be more so from now on."

"Ain't you cruel to him!"

"Don't say 'ain't'!" commanded Winnie.

"Aren't, then."

Irma folded the hands which she managed to keep pretty in defiance of her surroundings, and resumed:

"Of course he'll never speak to us again."

"Do you care?" asked Winnie with a sharp look out of her blue eyes.

"I can't say that I do," mused the brown-eyed sister; then added dreamily: "Winnie, what's the matter with us anyhow?"

"Mercy, can't you see?"

Winnie brought a high heel down and tossed her fashion magazine across the veranda.

"Can't you see?" she persisted. "We don't belong here, rotting like sour apples among the cows and chickens. You know we're better looking than any other girls in Brookhaven Township. What's the use of being pretty out here—or anything? We've never had a thing all our lives. We have to swap stockings and dresses and underclothes if we want to look decent. We even have to use the same comb. The only earthly object I own all to myself is a toothbrush. Goodness, how I hate it!"

"It's nobody's fault but our own," said Irma, falling back on her gentle philosophy.

"How on earth do you make that out?" asked Winnie, permitting her voice to grow shrill.

"Well ——"

Irma had trouble as usual with her reasoning.

"I don't see what we've done but be born too pretty for our surroundings," complained the blond sister. "I sometimes feel like cutting off my hair and knocking out my front teeth. Then I'd go over to Patchogue and marry a clerk and be happy."

"You wouldn't," said Irma with a languid smile.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. But I know just how you feel sometimes. If we lived a little farther back from the road I think it would be better. But those darned cars going by all day ——"

One went whizzing past at that moment, a steel-hooded specimen with two young plutocrats crouched behind the wheel.

"—— all day long, going somewhere, seeing something, spending money, having a good time. But, of course, if you married Arthur McCracken you could afford a flivver."

"Am I a flivver?" asked Winnie, raising her proud ambitious little head to a pose which required no answer.

"I often think," said Irma, "that if we went to New York we might get started some way."

"How?" There were both inquiry and spitefulness in the question.

"Well, there's clerking in a department store ——"

"Clerking in a department store!" Winnie brought all her scorn into the echo. "That's about as far as you seem to think. Do I want to stand on my tired feet watching people buy the sort of things I've always needed—beautiful carpets and furs and imported clothes and all sorts of wonderful furniture? No, sir! I'd rather rot than do that."

"Of course if your idea is to catch one of them fairy-story dukes ——"

"Those," corrected the cultured sister.

"—— one of those fairy-story dukes, then it's all right. But it ain't my ambition at all."

"Well, what is?" Winnie took her up, too much annoyed to rebuke the last inelegance.

"My husband will just come along," said Irma, her uncultivated voice much sweeter than her sister's. "He'll be different from everybody else in the world—something about him sort of better and bigger. I'd know it all right and he'd see something in me too. I wouldn't ask any questions. If I stopped to ask questions it would be all spoiled. But we'd understand and we'd love each other."

"Who's fairy storying now?" inquired Winnie.

But Irma made no answer. Her dark eyes were fixed upon the point where the road turns a little and disappears beyond the bridge.

Afternoon brought a cold drizzly rain, an unseasonable rain which quite ruined Uncle Henry's retail milk industry. Irma and Winnie Pollard spent the afternoon near the stove in the dust-colored sitting room. To relieve their eyes of the sad streaked wall paper and the crayon photo enlargements on their bamboo easels the girls must needs turn again toward the open road, where now under a soaking mist automobiles passed with less and less frequency and seemed to hurry as though shuddering with the cold.

It was after supper, early dusk coming on, and Irma had just crossed the room to raise the globe of a pot-bellied oil lamp when her sister—still at the window—uttered a little scream. There came a disturbing noise from the direction of the road, a sound of shattered glass and crunching steel.

"Good gracious!" cried Winnie, paling in the twilight as she stood, her nose against the pane. "Irma, they're killed! They're killed!"

Vaguely through the moist glass Irma could see a mountainous wreck rearing chaotically on a grassy bank beyond the fence. The long nose of an automobile above the mass was pointing at a high angle like the muzzle of a siege howitzer. A wheel hurtled far from its axle hung helplessly on a picket of the fence. Out of the destruction the figure of a man moved—moved with a horrid crablike gait, an elbow aimlessly raised.

Winnie—quick as usual—was the first to run down the walk toward the road. Irma caught up with her at the gate in time to see the curiously walking man double suddenly and fall all of a heap among the weeds on the opposite side. But as they approached he sat up and grinned, a good-humored plucky grin. The slight drooping of his left eyelid gave his face a whimsically secretive look. He was leaning sidewise, mopping his ear with a handkerchief that had already become moistly crimson.

"Trying not to spoil my clothes," he explained cheerfully. "It's the only suit I've got—with me."

"Are you hurt?" asked Winnie, faint and foolish.

"Some," grinned the wounded man. "But you ought to see the other fellow."

"Other fellow?"

Irma cast frightened glances toward the rubbish heap, upon which, apparently unhurt, a green roadster perched triumphant.

"You don't mean there's somebody—in there?" gasped Winnie.

"Look here, Lilian!" grinned the man with the drooping eye. "How do you think the car got here? Just ran itself?"

Evidently another human brain had steered the bolt to its own destruction; somewhere under the wreckage that brain—dead or alive—lay buried with the body it had misguided.

Irma ran over and began inanely to stare into the topmost car, which reared at its high angle.

"That's mine, young lady," cried the cripple from the roadside. "Peek under the junk pile, will you, and see what's happened to that amateur ——"

Under a mound of shattered glass and metal she thought she heard a groan. Scrambling now on hands and knees she was horrified to see an arm and a leg protruding from beneath a sheet of steel which had been torn away from the hood. The sight made her weak and sick for a moment, but Winnie had now joined her in the rescue and a combination of their small strengths was sufficient to lift the metal covering and reveal the body that lay there.

"He's dead!" cried Winnie, and began to whimper softly.

"Shut up!" commanded her sister as she leaned down and took a closer look.

His handsome motor coat, matted with fresh blood, gave him the appearance of a large animal newly killed. But it was an animal with a fine human head whose pallid face exaggerated the curling hair and wisp of mustache not much larger than one of the dark eyebrows. The man was not dead, that was evident, for his arms and shoulders twitched spasmodically.

"Can you beat that?"

The man with the drooping eyelid had stooped to gather a number of square little porcelain dishes from the road. He was squatting now, and as he examined the curiosities one at a time the smile of satiric humor was again on his lips.

"Paints!" said he. "Well, I hope that lad knows more about pictures than he

Two-Minute Oats

An Instant Hot Oat Dish

Already 3-Hour Cooked

Free

A Trial Breakfast
Send Coupon

For the Man

Who likes oatmeal and needs it. Yet breakfast must be hurried. Here is the finest oat dish ever tasted, and it's ready before the coffee.

For the Boy

Who needs oats—the supreme food. Now no day need start without them. And now they are doubly delicious.

Oatmeal
Without Waiting
Hot—Super-Cooked

At last we've solved the problem of a ready-cooked oat food.

We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

We cook it as no home can cook it—so it easily digests.

Then we evaporate it.

That's the secret. In this dry, condensed form all the flavory freshness keeps.

* * * * * * *

You simply stir it in boiling water. Within two minutes it absorbs the water. One cup swells to five cups of delicious oatmeal.

You serve it steaming hot—super-cooked—in half the time it takes to boil eggs.

And it is just as fresh, just as flavory as the moment it came from our cooker.

A Flavor
That Delights

Two-Minute Oats, in addition, has a new, exquisite flavor. This comes from the high-heat cooking.

Never was the oat dish made so enticing.

* * * * *

So it means a quick oatmeal, cooked as it should be.

It means that oats—the food of foods—can be served for hurried breakfasts.

It means that this vim-food—the food for growth—need never be omitted.

And it means a new delight in oatmeal.

You have waited years for such a dish. Start now to enjoy it.

Two-Minute Oats is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

The Quaker Oats Company

Breakfast With Us

Mail this coupon for a six-dish package. See now what it means to you. Your grocer has the regular packages.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

3101

6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1758 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oats

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"It's a WDC"
WD C
TRADE MARK
The owner of a WDC is justified in his pride of possession, for it's a good-looking pipe.
But best of all it's a fine smoking pipe—sweet and mellow from the start—an easy pipe to break in.
Genuine French Briar. Seasoned the Demuth way. Guaranteed.
Your dealer carries and recommends the WDC.
WM. DEMUTH & CO.
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World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

does about cars. Is there a doctor near this hick corner?"

"This what?" asked Winnie, straightening up.

"We won't get mad about it, will we?" he grinned teasingly. "But if you want that artist to be something but a dead old master you'd better hurry up—I'm telling you."

It was Winnie who thought of Doctor Brindley in Patchogue and telephoned the news of the accident. Meanwhile a tinny little road monster came chugging up, a boxlike tonneau revealing its peaceful occupation, which was to deliver groceries. A young man with red hair and pimples to match his scarlet sweater got out and showed proper concern. Irma, recognizing the same Arthur McCracken whom Winnie had so handily snubbed, felt embarrassment until the youth took affairs into his own hands and set about getting the wounded man into the house.

The man with the drooping eyelid found a lap robe, which he converted into a litter. The cripple groaned once as they were lifting him up the steps. Old Serena was holding a light near the sufferer's face.

Hazel eyes opened and a cultivated voice drawled: "I say, Albert, go a little easy, will you?" Then apparently recognizing a *faux pas* he added, "I beg your pardon," and fainted again.

They laid him on Aunt Naomi's carved black-walnut bed in the company bedroom downstairs. This was a sacrilege, but all the rules were suspended to-night. He seemed so limp and broken that no one dared touch him before the long-delayed arrival of Doctor Brindley.

"Which one of them cars is yours?" asked Arthur McCracken, carefully avoiding speech with the Pollard sisters but showing willingness to be of use to humanity.

"The top one," said the stranger shortly.

"How did it git way up there without busting in two?"

"Luck of the road!" The drooping eye came down to a responsive grin. "I'd made for the high bank, you see, trying to dodge the artist. If I'd had a little more power I'd have climbed right over him."

"Gee! D'you want me to give you a tow into Peter's garage?"

"I do not."

The refusal seemed to come sharp and decisive.

"You can't set out there forever."

"That's true, friend."

The man with the drooping eyelid turned to the Pollard sisters and questioned them impersonally:

"You young ladies haven't got any garage room to spare here, have you? A cow garage'll do."

"Uncle Henry has one for his car—of course he'll need it when he comes back," faltered Winnie.

"Well, look here, buddy!" This rather patronizingly to Mr. McCracken. "A couple of strongarms like you and me can get that little runabout down and round to the back yard."

"Guess we can," admitted Arthur.

By the time Doctor Brindley's coupelet had stopped at the gate the green car had been jerked, pried and hauled to its proper position, four tires on the road. As the doctor stepped into the sick room McCracken's delivery car could be heard chugging hysterically at the task of towing a wounded sister into Uncle Henry's garage.

Doctor Brindley worked behind closed doors, sticking his head out now and then to ask for hot water or more towels. He gave his orders to old Serena, quite ignoring the Pollard sisters, whom he seemed to consider far too light for such an emergency. After half an hour of this Winnie grew impatient.

"I wonder what that man's doing out in the garage?" she asked of Irma, who, of course, couldn't imagine.

"Arthur's gone," said Irma. "I guess he's pretty mad at us."

"You stay here and mind the doctor," commanded the more decisive of the sisters. "I'm going out to see what he's doing."

Winnie saw a lantern glowing in the little lean-to by the cow shed. The incessant blows of a hammer upon steel proclaimed that the owner of the green car was already engaged in the work of restoration. He was leaning over a dented mud guard when she came in, his appearance rendered piratical by the towel which he wore round his wounded ear.

"Hello, Winnie!" he greeted her cheerfully.

"How do you know my name's Winnie?" she asked, piqued by his familiar manner.

"I'm a mind reader," he proclaimed. "Your name's Winnie, your sister's is Irma—Winnie and Irma Pollard. Say, your Uncle Henry doesn't kill his flivver with kindness, does he?"

This last remark with a critical look round the shackly interior.

"If you don't like the place you can take your car to a garage," she invited spitefully.

"Oh, no! The natives round here may be all right at mending mowing machines. But this is a car. How's the perfect gentleman in there?"

Apparently he was referring to the second-best man in the collision.

"I don't know. The doctor's still with him."

"Heads he lives, tails he dies," suggested he. "Say, that McCracken is a nice lad, ain't he?"

"I'm glad you like him," said she, her hauteur increasing.

No one was more willing to coquette than Winnie Pollard when she found the occasion worthy of her mettle. But this person she regarded from the first as a social mistake.

"He's promised to haul me in some extra parts," declared the man with the drooping eyelid. "And friendship could do no more. I like that lad. Seems to me he'd make a splendid breadwinner for one or two of you handsome girls."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

She still lingered—she knew not why. He had brought his grinning face out from under the hood, and enraged though she was she could not deny the attractiveness of his grin.

"Say, you girls aren't very much alike, are you?"

"Not so very," she admitted.

"Queer too!" he mused. "Two such perfect thirty-sixes living out here among the dandelions without a marriage license between you."

"What business is it of yours?" she asked him.

"We ought to know each other better. My name's Freeland—Sidney W. Freeland. Get used to me."

She made no comment upon this.

"You're prettier than your sister," he went on, straightening up and facing her. "You've got the pep—but we can't eat pepper all the time, can we? However ——"

He was wiping his hands daintily on a lavender handkerchief as he took a step forward.

"See here, angel face, I'm a quick worker, see? And I've taken a shine to you right off the reel. I'll have my old hack on the road again to-morrow. What's the matter with your putting on your bonnet and shawl and joining me in a little life?"

"I don't understand."

She was backing away now, flushing hotly.

"Sure you don't! What do you know about Broadway? Shows and swell chow joints? I'll show you ——"

That she didn't intend to do it was no excuse. She struck out with all her might and slapped him flatly on his florid cheek. His mouth came down just an instant, but he was grinning again when he said: "Rejected! Come to think it over, I shouldn't wonder if Irma and I would hit it off a lot better. You'd go fine on the Amsterdam Roof, but what I want is a she-woman. Place in the home stuff, get me? Hello! There goes the doc—better catch him and find out how the perfect gentleman's pulling out."

III

ALL this took place on a Saturday evening. Monday morning found the Pollard sisters awhirl with a new set of follies and ambitions, involuntary hostesses to two young men who had been thrown almost literally on their hands.

He whom Mr. Freeland had called the perfect gentleman was far too ill to be moved, and as to Mr. Freeland himself, he had quite obviously decided to stay on. Winnie had been for his immediate banishment, but he had wrought upon Irma's more tender heart, convincing her that the torn ear, which Doctor Brindley had stitched and dressed, would surely be the death of him were he turned out carless into the cold and damp of night. Therefore they found him a bed in the little room off the kitchen where the hired man used to sleep in the days when the Pollards could afford to hire a man.

(Continued on Page 177)

Here is a real opportunity, right now, for live men with good average common sense and industry, to make a lot of money on a small investment

MAKING money out of crowds—that's the whole story in a nutshell. That's what Woolworth, and Kresge, the movies, and the department stores do—they make their money out of crowds.

You can make money out of crowds too, and you can do it on a small investment.

Your opportunity to make money out of crowds is the candy-kiss business with the machine cutting and wrapping kisses in your store-window. It stops the crowds every time, for everybody likes to see a machine in motion. They stop, they come in, and they buy—kisses or whatever else you have to sell.

Yes, here is a real money-maker for any man with good average common sense and industry. There's a good profit on every sale of kisses and you make that good profit thousands and thousands of times a year. In large and small cities all over this country, North, East, South and West, men are making anywhere from $3,000 to $10,000 a year—some as much as $15,000 to $25,000 or even more—and they have been doing it for years. Most of these men started on small capital, and all of them made money from the start. Tree of Kansas City has added one machine after another; James Brothers of Atlantic City are operating a battery of machines, and others on the Boardwalk, seeing their success, have followed suit. Kresge 5-and-10-cent stores started in Newark, and now have machines in many other large cities. And not only in this country but in England, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Argentina, Cuba, Sweden—these machines are used all over the world. We recently shipped a machine and two tons of waxed paper to a concern in Norway. The machine had no sooner arrived than they cabled for two more machines and eight tons of paper.

The demand for kisses is already immense and is growing fast, for good kisses are first-rate candy at a moderate price. And they are chewing-candy—you may not realize it, but candy kisses are almost as much a national habit as chewing gum.

Yes, the demand for kisses is great and is growing fast, and the machine in the window brings that demand right to your store. It is manufacturing, advertising, and selling—all in one.

The kiss business is simple—men and women, without candy experience, are carrying it on successfully. Making kisses is very easy. We show you exactly how to do it and give you formulas. You or an intelligent assistant can do the rest. You make the same thing over and over again by automatic machinery. Materials are easily obtained on short notice.

Expenses are low. Many of the usual costs of doing business are eliminated. No cost for advertising—the machine does that. No waste or dead stock. The business is cash—no customers' books to keep, no bad debts.

You see, it's a good business in every way—easy to conduct, self-advertising and selling, low expenses, and first-rate profits. All these combined make it a safe business.

You can also sell at wholesale, as most owners of kiss-machines do: grocers, small candy-stores, tobacco shops, drug-stores, etc., will be glad to sell your kisses. This extra business makes you a good profit, keeps your machine busy—and a busy kiss machine is what pulls in your crowds. That is what makes the money fast—crowds.

There are opportunities to make money out of crowds in every city in the world—great cities like New York, London, Paris, or smaller cities like Seattle, Mansfield, and Richmond. All you need is a store on a busy street with people passing by. Put your machine in the window, stop the crowds, bring them in, sell them good kisses at a good profit, and make real money.

This is Foster & Bastian's, 416 Water Street, Portsmouth, Va., a city of only 40,000. The South, as well as the North, is making money out of the strong human nature appeal made by the Kiss Machine in motion. Kisses, like chewing gum, are a national habit.

Now, how about *you?* Do you want to have a business of your own and be independent?

Or have you already a store in a good location and are not making as much money as you ought to? Do you want to pull in the crowds and sell them kisses as well as your other merchandise?

Or are you a candy-manufacturer and want to simplify your business, get a larger volume of sales, and make better profits?

If you are one of these three kinds of men, write us a letter or fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us.

We will send you our book "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business." It's a good book, careful, thorough, and tells you how to use this great opportunity so as to make the most money.

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD MASS

NEW YORK OFFICE 30 Church Street — CHICAGO OFFICE 111 W Washington Street — LONDON W H Beers & Son

A-5-1 20

------COUPON. Fill out, cut off, and mail------

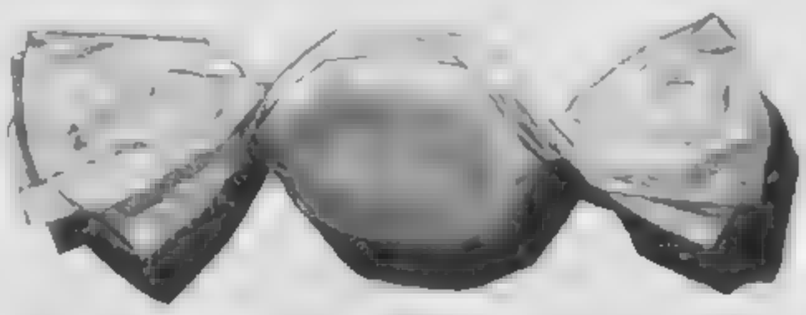
Package Machinery Company
Model K Dept. Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is_____

Name_

Address



This is one of the wrapped kisses that come tumbling out of the Model K Kiss Cutting and Wrapping Machine 120 or more to the minute—2 every second—as fast as you can count them.

The first food of the morning

COFFEE

The first food of the morning should be refreshing and invigorating.

It should start you on the day's work with vim and vigor and robust bounding energy.

So COFFEE has become the indispensable breakfast beverage.

It supplies strength and staying power; it is substantial and satisfying.

Drink COFFEE.

Sao Paulo, Brazil, in the greatest coffee growing district in the world, is one of the healthiest and most progressive cities in the world.

COFFEE — *the universal drink*

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(Continued from Page 174)

Clothes? He had a plenty, he said, in the suitcase he produced, an expensive box plainly lettered with the initials D. D.

"I borrowed it off a friend," was the way he accounted for the unsuitable monogram.

And Sunday morning the Pollard sisters, having risen early to help Serena prepare a company breakfast, heard a steely bang-bang-bang from the direction of Uncle Henry's garage. All during the lighting of fires, the chopping of hash, the making of coffee, that unsabbatical noise continued.

"He ought to be arrested for working on Sunday," snapped Winnie, who had wakened in a bad humor from her short sleep.

"He's very fond of his car," declared Irma, "and he won't let anybody else go near it. It's a perfectly lovely auto."

"Better tell him breakfast's ready," suggested Winnie shortly.

Irma found Mr. Freeland's legs sticking out between the rear wheels of the roadster she so openly admired.

"Breakfast is ready," she announced from the doorway of the ramshackle garage.

"Hello, Irma!"

The rat-tat-tatting ceased and Freeland's muscular body crawled snakelike into view.

"How's the P. G. this morning?" was his first question as soon as he came to the upright.

"The what?"

"The perfect gentleman."

"Oh, he was awful restless all night. Winnie and I took turns setting up with him. Doctor Brindley was in again this morning. It seems he's got two ribs and an arm broke and he can't be moved for two weeks."

"The lucky stiff!" commented Freeland, his face lighting up to a smile.

"I don't think he's very lucky," she declared.

"I'd get my neck busted just to have a girl like you hanging round and nursing me."

Irma said nothing, but she was regarding him now with a new interest. There was something lawlessly attractive about his heavy bronze hair, disordered by the work he had been doing. His smile was brilliant, his whole expression vital. His forearms, bared for labor, covered with a tawny down, were at once soft and terrible like a lion's paws.

"You're lots prettier than your sister," he said, never relaxing his gaze.

"Most people don't think so," she replied.

"I'm not most people. Irma, I've never looked at a girl this way before. I work fast—that's my way. How would you like to see everything, Irma? Hit the road, blow into the big town, give all the show places the once over? There's something about you, Irma ——"

She could feel his fine strong arm round her waist. She closed her eyes.

"Please don't!" she faintly begged.

Strangely enough he obeyed, and she was filled with a vague disappointment.

"Let's go in to breakfast," he suggested, more gruffly than was his wont.

As soon as he had finished his third cup of coffee and discussed the early morning removal of the wrecked car that had lain in the road all night he turned to the coldly polite Winnie and said casually, "I don't suppose you know the name of the bird you're nursing in there."

"Do you?" she asked, her attention reviving.

"I'm something of a king in my own line, but my hat's off to the star boarder."

"Who in the world is he?" asked Winnie almost cordially.

"I found the tailor's tag in his overcoat pocket. Also two letters. We're introduced, eh what?"

"Do tell us!" pleaded Irma.

"Fitzroy Colburn—heard of him?"

"Fitzroy Colburn!"

It came explosively from two pairs of pretty lips, pronouncing a great name indeed.

"When his family find it out," predicted Freeland, "they'll come rolling out with a pair of drug stores and a hospital."

"You mean," asked Winnie, now obviously eager, "that he's one of those awfully rich Colburns—the Fitzroy Colburn you read so much about in Gossip's Weekly?"

"If you read Gossip's Weekly so much," conceded Freeland, dropping his eye toward Irma. "You'd better treat him soft, girlie, now that you've got him down. You know how those millionaire kids are always falling for the trained-nurse stuff."

"Indeed!"

She had stiffened again.

"Pat his pillow, Winnie, and gather goldenrod with your own fair hand. Trot out the Tennyson, turn on the music box. It's one chance in a lifetime."

Winnie rose from the table and switched out of the room.

"You oughtn't to talk that way to my sister," said Irma, trying to be severe.

"I told you I was a mind reader," declared the odd waif of the road. "Now look here, Irma. There's a can of brown quick-drying auto paint in the garage. I haven't got the nerve to take my car out all scratched up the way it is. Do you suppose Uncle Henry would get sore if I borrowed the paint and left a couple of dollars on the mantel shelf?"

"I don't think he'd care," conceded Irma, little knowing whether he would care or not.

The telepathic Freeland had mind-read all too well in Winnie's case. That morning she had risen, bored with the prospect of nursing an unknown cripple back to health, but the mention of Colburn's illustrious name brought a roseate color into Aunt Naomi's company bedroom, wherein the man with the slender face and eyebrow mustache turned restlessly in his bandages, staring now and then out of his drugged sleep to eye her curiously ere settling back among the pillows.

Fitzroy Colburn! Even as a little girl she had read with interest of the death of the elder Fitzroy Colburn and of the great estate he had apportioned, leaving half to public institutions, half to be divided among four children. Subsequently these four had been almost constantly in the papers. There was the fashionable Mrs. Modderson, living most of the year at Southampton. There was Eugenia Colburn, who had married the Duke di Verni, and Cornelius Colburn, who had been killed in an aviation accident. Gossip's Weekly—which Winnie bought as often as possible from a Patchogue news stand—mentioned Fitz Colburn as the queer fish of the family, a dilettante who collected everything but wives. Why didn't he marry? Possibly—according to Gossip's Weekly—aestheticism had turned him into another Pygmalion, only capable of falling in love with marble statues.

There, swaddled in gauze, and helpless upon Aunt Naomi's black-walnut bed, lay the man who could buy his way into royal houses and whose name was his passport into the society of three continents. Freeland's vulgar analysis had proclaimed a truth which she scarcely admitted to herself.

Winnie tiptoed to the bedroom door, opened it softly and peeped in. His dark curly hair lay ruffled upon the pillow. With his eyes closed, his fine nostrils wide, his lips tight pressed below the line of mustache, he looked distinguished, saintlike. What a life he could give some woman! What golden vistas of pleasure could open up at his command! He would clothe his wife like a princess; she could dance all night—every night; she could sit in a carved chair surrounded by people who laughed and talked wittily; she could go where she pleased from one beautiful place to another.

The invalid opened his hazel eyes and gave her for the first time a reasoning look.

"By Jove, my head aches," he drawled. "What's wrong here?"

He had reached over and touched the arm which had been bandaged to a splint.

"You had an accident. I don't suppose you remember," she informed him gently. "Your machine ran into another one right in front of our house."

"Of course it did. I got rather a knock, didn't I?"

"You'll be all right, the doctor says, if you lie still for a week or so."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor Brindley from Patchogue."

"Oh, yes." This seemed to settle something in his mind. "Have you said anything to my sister about this?"

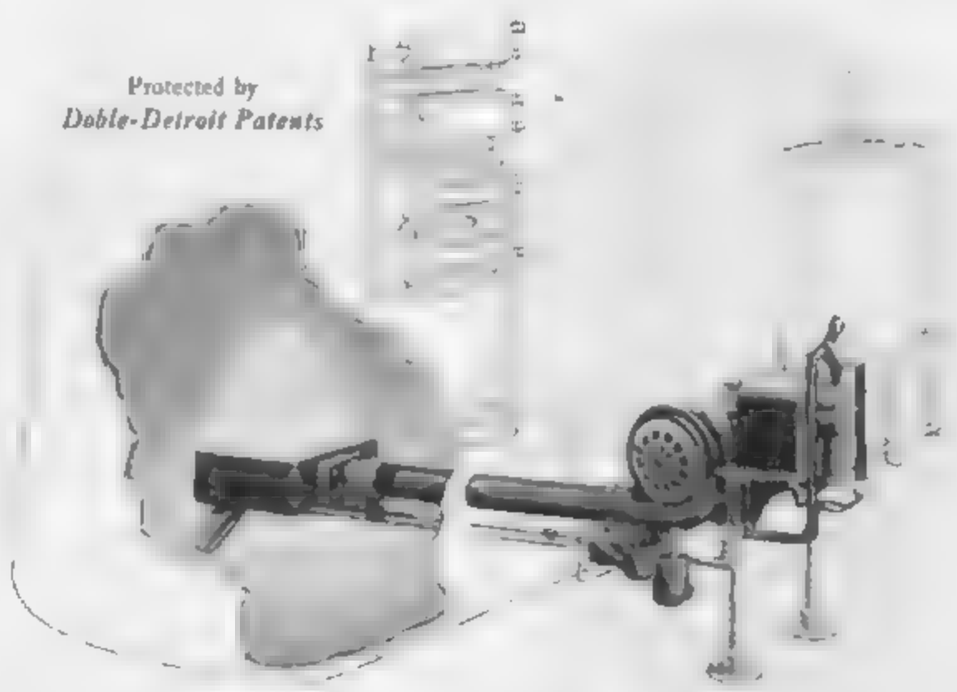
Her heart sank at the thought of relinquishing him into other hands.

"Well, no—not yet."

"Please don't," he added drowsily. "She'll make no end of a row."

After this he went to sleep again.

The burden of nursing fell upon Winnie, but she felt no resentment. Indeed she bore it as lightly as a flower. On the one or two occasions when Irma presented herself and asked half-heartedly if she could be of any service her sister sent her impatiently about her business, which was concerned with automobile repairs, it turned out.



Nokol in your furnace will end coal dirt and drudgery

TENDING a coal furnace is downright dirty drudgery.

You can end it for good with Nokol; other folks have done it; hundreds.

Nokol is [illegible]; leaves no dirt; works intermittently [illegible] the control of a thermostat; makes your furnace practically self-tending.

It can be installed through the ash door of any modern steam, hot water or hot air plant; merely the coal grates must be removed.

With Nokol, your main job is to set the thermostat; Nokol looks after itself; maintains uniform temperature in your home; automatically; all the time.

Of course, it needs occasional attention; any good mechanism does; a drop of lubricant once in a while, etc.

Another point: Nokol operates and burns oil only when heat is needed; that isn't often these days; real economy.

On the National Board of Fire Underwriters' Approved Appliance List.

Write for literature.

Price of Nokol, complete, without storage tank, $325 f. o. b. Chicago; average cost of installation, $35

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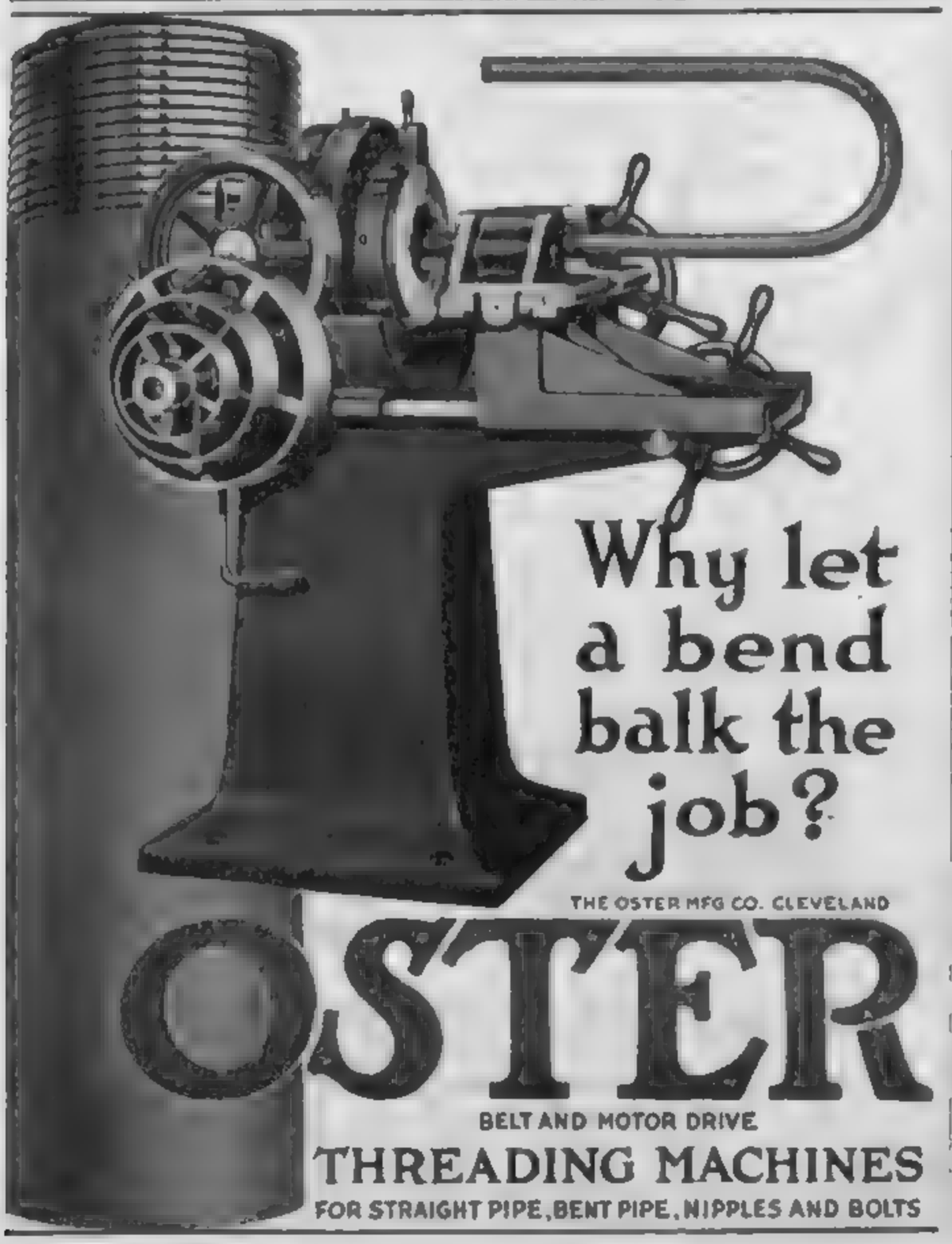
automatic oil heater

THE STEAM CORPORATION

Division of Amalgamated Machinery Corporation

72 WEST ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.


Why let a bend balk the job?
THE OSTER MFG CO. CLEVELAND
OSTER
BELT AND MOTOR DRIVE
THREADING MACHINES
FOR STRAIGHT PIPE, BENT PIPE, NIPPLES AND BOLTS

All day long Irma was in a state of curious agitation. Mr. Freeland had permitted her, with the benevolence of a Tom Sawyer, to assist in painting his car. She appeared at Serena's noon dinner with brown-paint stains on her hands and shirt waist and she was laughing merrily at Mr. Freeland's facetious style of conversation.

"Aunt Naomi'll murder you," promised Winnie, pointing out spots of misplaced paint.

Irma looked over at Freeland as if for confirmation before she said, "It's an old thing anyhow."

"I'll send you out a bale as soon as I'm on the road again," declared Freeland, passing his plate for another helping of stew.

"How soon will that be?" asked Winnie, not concealing her motive for the question.

"It depends on Irma. She's a slow painter. She's two wheels and a fender behind now."

"He knows more about a car!" chimed Irma. "It seems to me he's taken everything out and put something else in since morning."

"He's probably got 'em in wrong," Winnie was so ill-natured as to suggest.

"Bet you a nut sundae I haven't," he grinned. "I'll have the old horse back on the road to-morrow morning. Who wants to join me for a joy-ride as far as Rector's?"

"Not me!" declared Winnie.

When the doctor came in that afternoon he congratulated the bright-haired sister upon her nursing. He pronounced the patient as well as could be expected, which is the same as saying that a man is no better than he should be. The rich Mr. Colburn slept a great deal of the afternoon. For supper he took a little of the beef broth which Winnie had prepared and rewarded her with a wan smile.

"You haven't told my sister?" he asked, this thought appearing uppermost in his mind.

"No, Mr. Colburn," replied his lovely nurse.

"There's something amazingly restful about this situation," said he.

Old Serena volunteered to occupy a couch outside the sick-room door that night. Irma and Mr. Freeland sat out on the porch until a late hour; Winnie had to call her twice before she would come to bed.

As soon as the self-willed automobile repairer had locked himself into the little room off the kitchen and the girls were snuggled in their double bed Irma turned toward her sister and whispered, "Winnie!"

"Yes," answered the volunteer nurse, busy with her own thoughts.

"Mr. Freeland wants me to marry him."

There was no response, but Irma in the darkness felt her sister's laughter.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Dearie, you don't know a thing about him."

"Neither do you."

"I suppose not."

But if Winnie went to sleep in ignorance of Mr. Freeland the morning did its best to complete her education. The noise of his car rumbling its way out of the garage woke her early. From her upstairs view she could see him driving the little roadster—now converted from bright green to sober brown—merrily from road to road. At breakfast time, however, he came out of his room, where he had been dressing carefully as for a journey. He wore a sport shirt which, though handsome as to its silken stripe, appeared to be at least a size too tight for him. Mr. Freeland was in excellent spirits.

"How did the P. G. rest?" was his first smiling question as he sat down and helped himself to two fried eggs.

"All right," declared Winnie, who rather approved of Freeland's appearance this morning. "He slept well, Serena says."

"Don't leave him to Serena," was Freeland's sly caution, which threatened for a moment to reopen hostilities. "I'm going to hit the road this morning," he added as if by way of salve to her feelings.

"What's your hurry?" asked Winnie.

"Oh, I'm born restless. And say, did any of you girls see that rubber coat of mine?"

"It's in Mr. Colburn's closet," declared Irma, agitated over the smallest trifle. "We used it to cover him with before the doctor came."

"Sit still!"

There was such authority in the command that both girls were quieted.

"I'll get it myself," he declared. Then turning to Winnie: "I'm not gone yet, you know. The old hack needs another try-out, so I've asked Irma to join me in a joy-ride round Bellport and back."

"Aunt Naomi might not like it," said Winnie, grown suddenly puritanical.

Irma only laughed, a nervous uneasy little sound, as she rose to take Mr. Freeland's plate to the kitchen for another helping of ham and eggs.

After breakfast he opened Colburn's door noiselessly and tiptoed in. Winnie followed him, resenting the intrusion, but she had no sooner gained the doorway than she saw the invalid's eyes open in a steady stare fixed upon Freeland.

"Anything I can do for you?" drawled Colburn.

"Hello!" said Freeland pleasantly. "I thought you were asleep."

"I thought so too," smiled the rich man wanly.

"They've left my rubber coat in your closet and I've come to gather it. I guess you don't remember me, do you?"

"I imagine not."

"You ought to. I'm the man you ran into out on the road night before last."

"My word!" Colburn struggled as if to rise from his pillows. "You are a solid object, aren't you?"

"I guess you thought I was a truckload of coal," grinned Freeland.

"Your car damaged much?"

"Not much. Mine landed on top, you know. But you ought to see what happened to yours!"

"I don't want to," moaned Colburn, closing his eyes and the conversation simultaneously.

It was near midmorning when Irma, looking ever so bright in the sport coat which she shared with Winnie, came down the stairs. Freeland had brought his rejuvenated car to its place before the gate and waited for her as she started slowly down the walk.

"Don't be long!" her sister—standing on the porch—called after her.

"No, I won't!" Irma responded without turning.

Then the little feet upon the walk stopped abruptly and Irma came flying back.

"You aren't mad, are you, Winnie?" she asked, her eyes filling with tears.

"Why, no," replied Winnie, astonished. "But I hardly think Aunt Naomi would like it."

"Please don't be cross!" pleaded the dark-eyed girl. "I love you so much!"

And before Winnie could say another word Irma had kissed her and run rapidly down the walk to leap into the seat beside her waiting knight.

The morning went by, the noon hour passed, afternoon grew middle-aged with a spiteful wind blowing from the east and bringing with it torrential rains. Winnie tried to deceive herself into believing that the weather had something to do with Irma's delayed return. Once or twice Winnie had been concerned in innocently unconventional adventures which had required explanations to Aunt Naomi. But the shy and modest Irma had never done anything like this before. The house seemed terribly lonesome. Winnie began to realize how much she had depended on her sister's companionship.

At four o'clock the telephone rang three times—the Pollard ring.

"Hello!"

Winnie was at the receiver almost before the bell had ceased to trill. The rain and wind had caused electric disturbances along the line. A million voices seemed to be gibbering out of empty air.

"Got the wire—hello!—it was a blue dress—honest, I'll be out, dearie—two hundred feet of number six—shut up!"—all the mad sounds of Walpurgis Night combined in the instrument to which Winnie strained her ear, hoping for the voice that was meant for her.

"Winnie—that you, Winnie?"

It came distinctly now.

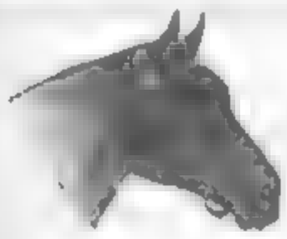
"Yes, Irma—where are you?"

"New York. Winnie! We were married this afternoon at three. I'm so happy, dear. Aren't you glad?"

That was all. Babel broke in again. After a quarter of an hour of futile listening Winnie relinquished the instrument and sank down in a pantry chair. She had never thought that of Irma. To go without a word of warning! A resentful fury overcame her, but in the midst of the storm, like a voice speaking out of the whirlwind, came the knowledge that Irma was the one human being she had ever loved.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Horse Sense"



Twelve years ago, gasoline sold for 6 cents a gallon. A Traffic makes gasoline money go farther.

In 1896 there were only 4 automobiles in the United States—now there are 7,000,000.

With $633,000,000 available for good road work in 1920, the Government is urging the early letting of road contracts for the year. This sum is more than four times the amount estimated in 1919.

All trucks traffic—but there is only one Traffic Truck.

Motor-driven vehicles in the United States represent in the form of energy 150,000,000 horse-power, against 45,000,000 in steam, water and stationary gas engines combined. It is estimated that there is only 15,000,000 horse-power available from all the horses in the United States.

Edison made the burning of candles for lighting an expensive luxury—Traffic Trucks have made hauling with teams unprofitable.

The Traffic will save 50% of what it costs to haul with teams.

The Traffic is the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1495 *Factory*

Traffic Truck chassis equipped with cab, hoist, steel dump body (painted and varnished), *no extras required.* $1990 complete, at factory.

Notice to Dealers

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada.

The demand for Traffics has made it necessary to quadruple the production this year.

Many dealers are getting in line now for future Traffic franchises.

You have no time to lose.

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

(chassis) $1495 (factory)

—being frank about it

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THE HOWIE COMPANY, INC.

EFFICIENCY MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES OF SERVICE

"PEERLESS" SKYLIGHTS AND VENTILATING RIDGE ROOFING

Detroit, Mich., February 7, 1920.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: We placed an order with the Ideal Sales Company of this city, who we understand are your distributors for Detroit and vicinity, for another Traffic Truck, but they will not commit themselves as to a definite date for delivery.

We have got to the point where we must have additional equipment immediately. If you cannot fill our order without delay, we will be compelled to purchase another make, of which we operate two in our fleet.

Were it not that we are well pleased with the performance of our "Traffic," which we purchased from the Ideal Sales Company about five months ago and which has been operating every day, including nearly every Sunday, with full capacity loads about Detroit and on suburban trips over extremely bad roads; and were it not for the fact that we have not incurred a single repair bill or trouble of any kind (not even an adjustment), we would not go to all this trouble of taking this matter of delivery of another "Traffic" up with you direct.

We might add that the fuel consumption per mile with our "Traffic" is less than that of other makes of trucks we operate of the same load capacity, and which have cost us a great deal more money. We have decided on "Traffics" for future equipment, providing we can get them.

Please wire us promptly upon receipt of this letter.

Yours very truly,

The Howie Company-Incorporated

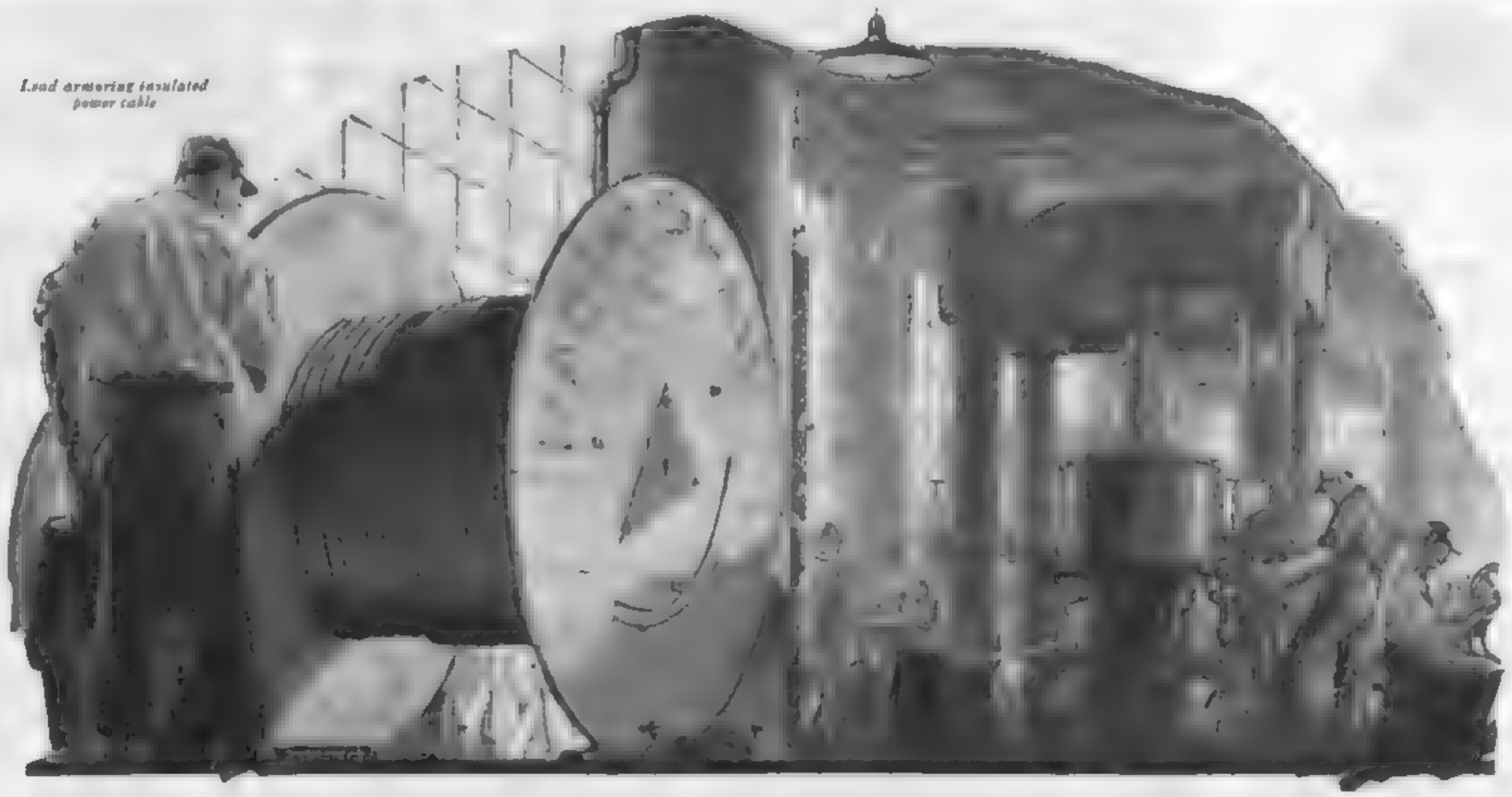
O/K CRW

Chas. R. Woolensack Sec'y.-Treas.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world



Armoring the Right Arm of Industry

ELECTRIC power, flexible, adaptable, economical, is the deft hand of comfort and convenience—the sinewy right arm of industry.

Its wonderful development within the present generation has been in response to the modern demand for mechanical production—a demand which steam power could not answer, for it is rooted to its birthplace while the long tentacles of electricity reach out over the miles to every seat of power use.

▼

Electrical *transmission* made electricity supreme.

To the science and practice of electrical transmission Habirshaw has been a generous contributor. Habirshaw pioneered in this field—began the manufacture of insulated wire and cable before the day of commercial importance of the electrical industry. From the Habirshaw laboratories came the first impulses of many advances in the methods and means of insulation—in the Habirshaw plants were initiated many of the ingenuities of mechanics which have made more and more automatic the production of insulated electrical conductors, with consequent reductions in cost and closer approach to perfection of product.

▼

Habirshaw is a modern armorer, a great organization plying a complicated craft, providing with its secure coat of mail the right arm of industry.

Habirshaw wire is a standard product—has always been a standard product. But the function of supply comprehends not only quality production but also distribution.

Habirshaw wire and cable are distributed by the Western Electric Company. This great Company is one of the most efficient and economical organizations in the world for warehousing and distribution. Through the Western Electric service Habirshaw is brought into every active market in the United States. With Western Electric Company, Habirshaw renders a *complete* public service of production and distribution.

▼

For electrical satisfaction use Western Electric materials and equipment throughout—all are standard as Habirshaw. And entrust installations only to men of competent technical skill—to your architect or qualified electrical engineers or contractors

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
Incorporated
10 East 43rd Street, New York

Habirshaw Wire Distributed by
Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

DUDE WRANGLERS

(Continued from Page 34

he's as good as any man that lives—but not a damned bit better.

On the dude ranch the order of things is still further reversed, for instead of being the servant of the guests the wrangler is to a certain extent their boss. And to many this is a new sensation, which they really enjoy and to which they submit for the sheer novelty of it

Though Mr. Smith's physical system was somewhat impaired, there was absolutely nothing wrong with his brain, which was unusually keen. It happened that I was frequently at Carter's and saw that Mr. Smith had in a much shorter time than most fallen readily into the new order of things and was more than satisfied to be diplomatically bossed by Larry. He invited me to accompany him on a ride planned for the entertainment of the guests, which would take us well back into the hills, and I noted that his first attitude had entirely disappeared. When we dismounted for lunch he proceeded to tie his horse to a loose pole that leaned against a tree.

"Nothing like that," Larry remonstrated. "Don't never tie a horse to somethung loose. He'll jerk back and it'll start after him and off he goes. One time I was out with six men, and while I was in the cook tent they tied all six horses to a down pole that rested cross a log, three on each side. I heard a smash and looked out. Here they come, right at that tent, some of 'em with their legs across the pole and every one fightin' scared! I dove under the side wall just as they tied into that cook tent and wrecked the whole shebang. One dead horse and two cripps and a smashed outfit was the net result. Snub him to a solid tree."

Each remonstrance was accompanied by an example illustrative of possible results. When we started on once more the Detroit banker attempted to mount from the right side of his horse.

"Try to climb his other side," Larry cautioned. "Of course these horses is gentle broke, but anything unusual is apt to startle 'em. Last year I had a man try to claw his way up onto a gentle horse from the right side and he hooked a goose neck spur in his hip bone to help him across. What happened to him was like the man that says his horse tossed him up in the air and then jumped up and hit him twice with the saddle horn, but that he dodged him on the third jump; only this fellow dodged his horse by at least seventeen feet the very first jump—and Carter give me particular hell."

On the homeward way we were treated to a still further display of Larry's qualifications to hold down a wrangler's job. The elder Miss Carrington had heard of the horsemanship of the riders of the open, and she had heard also that Larry had once been top hand for the M—D outfit when they grazed thirty thousand head of cows and that he was a bronc fighter of repute.

Larry's Riding Lesson

"Larry, with all your experience," she said, "it doesn't seem that you ride as gracefully as you should."

"No'm," Larry admitted. "I don't guess I make much of a figure on a horse."

"It's because you don't post the trot," she explained. "You should, you know."

"Not when you ride a horse hard over rough country," Larry returned.

"I guess Professor Allison of the Elmhurst Riding Academy gave me three lessons," Miss Carrington retorted. "He said it was the only way—and he knows!"

"Sure he knows!" Larry answered pacifically. "None better. But I never had a chance to take lessons off o' him, and was forced to pick it up by myself." He declined to try it out to see how he liked it and blamed his unwillingness on the horse. "Not while I'm up on Papoose," he said. "Pappy is a little touchy and he'd maybe resent it if I'd start to cutting up that way. Some other time. S'pose you ride correct and post the trot, sort of, and I'll make out the best I can."

This was an average day for Larry, and I could see that Smith had come to appreciate his good qualities.

Of course Carter's real name is not Carter. I had no wish to give undue prominence to any one wrangler. Besides, Carter seems to be one of the few men I know who at least for the present does not need the advertising, for I had a letter from him a few days ago stating that his time and accommodation were booked for a year in advance. The same is true of many of the others, and there are numbers of Carters scattered through the hills of several Northwest states and they are mostly clean-cut fellows. And the majority of them are busy men whose services must be engaged far in advance. This is particularly true if one longs for even more primitive conditions and recreations than those afforded by the ranches and desires to take a pack trip far back over the gun trails of the hills.

There is much of the land where the dude wranglers hold sway that is primitive wilderness where a man can ride for days over game trails, never once crossing a wagon road or finding a single trace of man except perhaps the ashes of some camp fire. The last big game herds in the United States live in this country and it is a veritable paradise for the fisherman. On one short trip I have seen moose, sheep, elk, deer and bear. In an hour's ride I saw five bull moose and several cows and calves, two bull elk and more than fifty cows, a porcupine, a coyote and a mule deer doe.

Untouched Trout Streams

The trout streams are practically untouched. On one occasion the members of a party I was with stopped fishing after fifteen minutes for the reason that two and three pound trout were so easily taken that the element of sport was lost and it would have been slaughter to continue. We were three days' pack from the nearest wagon road and could not take them with us, so they were left in the streams.

Another party was camped two miles from us and they had built a smudge fire in a tepee and were smoking their fish. They caught only the number that they could preserve, and two hours' fishing on each of three consecutive days gave them fish in plenty.

The man who takes one of these pack trips has opportunity to see little-known lakes and streams and cañons, beauties of Nature the very existence of which the majority of our population does not even suspect; and with it all he has the privilege of associating with a breed of men that it is a pleasure to know, for the dude wranglers are an interesting lot.

There is Earl Crouch, who has been top hand for some of the biggest cow outfits in the Northwest, who toured the world as a bronc fighter with a Wild West show and for a time operated a show of his own; Bob Rumsey, a six-foot product of Yale; Johnny Goff, of Roosevelt fame; the Nordquist brothers; Hardy Shull, once of Alaska. Shull is a husky specimen familiarly known as Tripod, through the fact that he rode round a bend as several freighters were considering the advisability of rigging a tripod arrangement to unload a heavy piece of machinery.

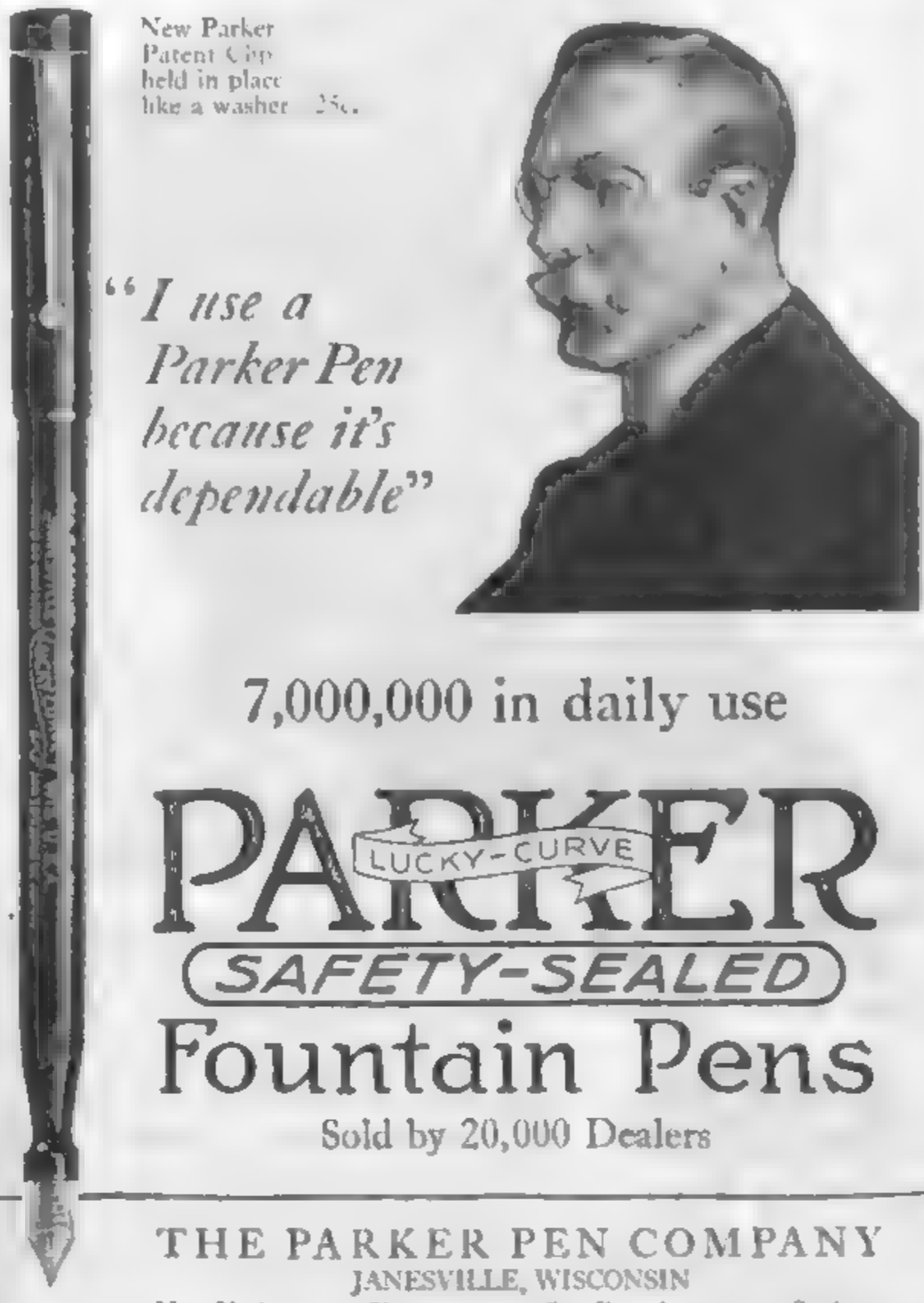
"Won't need one," a freighter observed. "I'll bet this fellow that just hove in sight a dollar that he cain't lift it off—and before he gets here I'll bet you a dollar he kin."

There is Fred Richard, who guided the Prince of Monaco when he visited this country as Buffalo Bill's guest on a hunting trip on one of the colonel's last trips in the hills. There are Bill Howell, Shorty Kelley and Joe Jones; Hurricane Bill Herrick, who roped a Colorado grizzly in the nineties. Some fifteen years later a witness reported this fact and it roused a widespread controversy over whether or not such a thing could be done. The anatomy of the bear was exhaustively discussed and held up as evidence that a rope would not hold on his neck. I happened to be one of a hunting outfit where the dudes interrogated Bill on this point.

"Well, I actually believed I did rope him at the time," Bill said. "But it's since been proved scientifically unpossible."

All of these men, and hundreds of others of like stamp, have turned dude wranglers. All have had varied experiences worth recounting, and their dudes reap the benefits.

Take for example Ned W. Frost. He was raised on one of the first horse ranches in Northwestern Wyoming and has witnessed the changing conditions of the game herds since the elk wintered in the foothills with the antelope bands that numbered countless thousands. He killed his first grizzly



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before his eleventh birthday and when he was twelve years old he was killing enough meat to fill two freight wagons every second week when his brother came in on the semi-monthly trips with supplies for the Frost store. The meat was freighted to Red Lodge, Montana, on the return trips. Frost is generally acknowledged as authority on the habits of Western game, as well as on various other matters. But not all of his experiences happened in the early days, two notable incidents having occurred in recent years.

His dogs chased a bobcat along the rims of one of the wildest and most beautiful cañons in the world and it disappeared in a hole in the rocks. Frost went in after it and used all his matches. Later he returned with a lantern and a ball of twine. When he reached the end of the twine he followed it back to the open air. That cat pelt was lost to him, for the end of the cave has never been found. A section of the cañon has recently been set aside and a new national park named for Frost.

In all probability he has been in at the death of more grizzlies than any other man in the world, and has been in many tight places with wounded silvertips, but it was always his contention that a grizzly would rarely, if unmolested, go out of his way to attack a man. His own case was the exception that proved the rule. About four years ago a huge grizzly strolled into Frost's camp at night. His party was in the dude tent, but the wranglers slept in the open. The bear picked the cook up out of bed and mauled him, then turned on Frost, who had shown more nerve than judgment by raising in his sleeping bag, and while still in a sitting position sought to slug the bear in the head with a stick of firewood. He had sufficient presence of mind to throw his knees over his head as the animal turned on him. The bear mauled the sleeping bag and bit through it, tearing the meat from both of Frost's legs, then started off with him. Fortunately Frost was spilled head-first out of the bag and over a ledge, while the bear went on with the empty bed, carrying it fifty yards through the timber before dropping it.

While Frost was recuperating I spent some time with him. He said that if another had told him of a like occurrence he would have been inclined to doubt it; for though there have been many deaths from wounded or annoyed grizzlies, that is one of the very few authentic cases of a bear deliberately invading a camp at night and roughing the sleeping men. The only other two such occurrences I know of happened in the same locality within ten days after Frost's experience, and both beyond doubt were perpetrated by the same animal. It is instances such as this, one out of a million, that have given all bears, including the harmless blacks, a bad name which they do not deserve.

The Place for Tired Business Men

Those who visit the dude ranches gather much first-hand information on subjects that are of absorbing interest to them, but it must be confessed that a certain class of wranglers are inclined to enlarge on some topics in order to entertain their charges.

An outfit was hunting bear from a camp a few miles above my place. They had put out baits, but the game was slow in coming from the dens and the heavy drifts made extensive traveling impossible. I was leaning against the front gate conversing with another dude handler whose spring party had not yet arrived. The cook from the bear camp rôde past and my companion inquired as to the success of the hunt.

"Not a pelt till yet," the cook returned. "But the dudes are having the time of their lives—forgot all about bear. Jim's put on a new wrangler that used to steal horses with him over in Idaho. They've restole mebbe two or three hundred thousand head in the last week. They left one poor devil plumb afoot and ninety miles from water just before I rode off. The dudes are having the best bear hunt up to date."

Mr. Smith's case was typical of all tired business men who try out the dude ranches. I made a rough sort of an estimate over a period of three years and decided that at least one-third of those who took long pack trips far back into the hills beyond range of mail and telegraph were physicians following the rest cure they prescribed for others. For there is no doubt but that it is a rest cure, notwithstanding its rather strenuous nature. A great many of the physical frailties of the modern business man spring originally from mental overexertion. This was exactly Mr. Smith's case. His was mental weariness that had occasioned physical exhaustion. His active brain would not sleep.

A few weeks at Carter's threw him back to normal balance. Every night he was tired physically to a point where he slept. He craved foods that he had previously avoided and he felt more fit than at any time in the last ten years.

He and the Detroit banker suddenly decided to take a two weeks' pack trip back into the hills.

A variety of comforts and luxuries are provided on these trips and all must be packed in on horses, even the sheet-steel stove for the cook tent and smaller heating stoves for the dude tents. Each man is usually limited to one war bag into which he must cram his knickknacks and extra articles of attire.

When the pack string was led out the two Misses Carrington faithfully snapshotted every move. Larry was but little more than five feet in height, and when he planted one foot on a pack that was higher than his head as he gave a last tug on the lash rope the younger sister discovered that she had just used the last film in her roll and despite his assurance that he finished every pack in just that way he was forced to hold his uncomfortable pose till she had changed rolls.

The packing was nearly finished when Mr. Smith emerged from his cabin with his war bag ready for the start. The wranglers gazed in amazement as he moved toward them, one end of the bag held across his shoulder while the other dragged the ground.

"There!" he said triumphantly as he dropped it.

A Regular Man's Country

"There is right!" Larry exclaimed. "I said to get a grain sack. That there is a wool sack, and full to the neck. Even if there was enough of us to hist that onto a horse he couldn't get through the timber. You ain't moving, Mr. Smith—only just taking a little ramble for two weeks."

He sought out a canvas grain sack and ruthlessly pared down the contents of the other till it could be crammed into the smaller bag.

When Mr. Smith returned he confided to me that he was loath to go. He felt better than he had for years and his nightly rest was now a pleasure. Where formerly he had tossed and longed for daylight he now regretted being summoned from his bed roll, the only redeeming feature about early rising being the thought that he could sit down to a hearty breakfast prepared by the best cook that ever tossed a flapjack. For Mr. Smith had come to swear by Ed's cookery.

He even had some idea of taking Ed home with him, but he thought of the well-ordered establishment and decided that Wind River Ed, who had his own set way of doing things, might not fit in.

"But I'm coming out again in the spring," he told me when I met him in town the day of his departure. "Got the time all bargained for. And I'm going to put a few of my friends onto the fact that this country has the other side beat a mile."

Larry grinned cheerfully at Mr. Smith.

"An' you're the boy that never went any place twice," he said. "Them's the ones that falls the hardest—you fellows that has rammed all over the rest o' the world first. I've milled round considerable myself, though you wouldn't never suspect it. You and me has viewed enough places to be able to know a regular country when we see it. I ask you now, did you ever hit any man's land that's got anything on this?"

Mr. Smith emphatically denied it, and in parting he handed Larry a twenty-dollar note. Larry beamed.

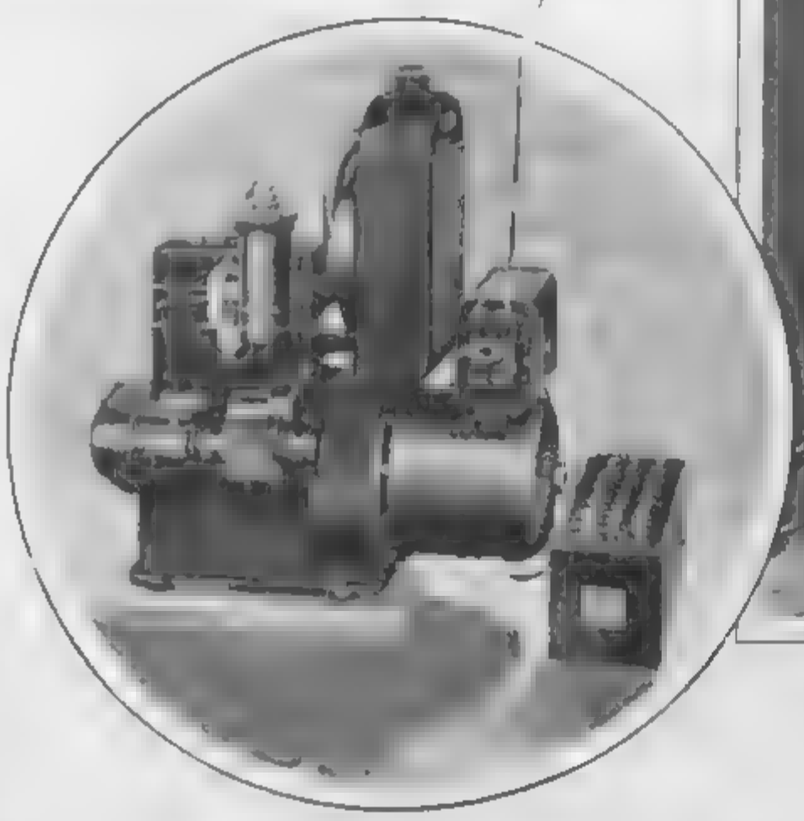
"I'm going right down to Boots & Saddles and buy a silver-mounted bit I see in the window a while back," he said. "I'll dress Papoose up in it when you come back next spring and you won't hardly know the onery little devil. I always have to invest my money in something sensible like that as soon as I get it. Otherwise I'm liable to spend it foolish."

I had lunch with Mr. Smith in the little hotel and a salesman sat at our table. He looked over my host's brown face and rather battered outing costume.

"Are you a rancher out here, or a tourist?" he asked at length.

"Neither," said Mr. Smith. "I'm a chronic dude."

AUTOMATIC



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G. S. L. TO HIMSELF

(Continued from Page 17)

and the Labor Group would have found it impossible to be so romantic and grand and tragic about themselves. They would have seen that the ages were not noticing them, that they were off on their facts, that they were not making history at all—or that the history they were making would all have to be made over in a week. They had the facts wrong about the Capital Group, and wrong about the Public Group; and like dear little girls were believing in their dear little minds what they thought was prettiest about themselves.

Of course it is only fair to say that capital, though it did not do anything so grand, was probably responsible for the grandeur of labor's emotions and actions, and was equally believing what it wanted to believe about itself.

With capital not yet grown up—not yet really capable, as the really mature have to be in the rough and tumble of life, of making a creative use of criticism—incapable of self-confession, self-discipline and of making fun of itself, it naturally follows that with labor in the same undeveloped state the President's conference was mainly valuable as a national dramatization, a rather loud and theatrical acting out, before an amazed people, of the fact that capital and labor in this country as institutions were as petulant, as incapable, as full of fear, superstition and childishness about each other as the monotonous strikes and lockouts they have dumped on us and made us pay for forty years had made us suspect they were.

For forty years capital and labor have taken out all the things that bothered them—their laziness in understanding each other, their moral garbage, their moral clinkers, tin cans and ashes—and dumped them in what seems to them apparently to be a great back yard on this nation—called the public.

There are three courses we can take in the Public Group now:

We can try to discipline capital and labor into producing together, by passing laws and heaping up embarrassments and penalties.

We can let them see how much better they can make things by sicking them on to each other and letting them discipline each other.

We can make fun of both of them quietly to themselves, keep quiet-hearted, matter of fact, full of realism, humor, relaxation and naturalness, and deal with capital and labor as Lincoln would, by getting laughing and listening started.

Then let them laugh at themselves.

America should arrange to have Judge Gary, Mr. Dooley and Mr. Gompers get together on a desert island and face things out.

A great deal of capital in this country, especially the best of it, is already seeing and already acting on facts about itself it has not wanted to believe. It is already seeing that it cannot carry off with labor or with the public any longer the idea of looking pure and noble, standing before people in a kind of eternal moral Prince Albert coat, one's hand in one's bosom, and with the same old pompous-looking face, without looking ridiculous. It is seeing that it would rather laugh at itself, in a pinch, than to have other people laughing at it, that the only thing left for it to do now is to get serious, scientific and economic, smile at its airs with labor and the public, and lay them aside.

If capital sees how it really looks, laughs at itself, goes in quietly for self-criticism, self-confession and self-discipline, labor will.

If labor does it, capital will.

Whichever side does it first, and does it best—does it in the most human, attractive and contagious way—will find a hundred million people handing over to it the power and the leadership of the country.

To whichever side it comes first to show the most shrewdness, the most fearlessness, the most generosity in seeing facts against itself, will come the honor of the first victory.

The first victory either side will be allowed by the people is its victory over itself.

People in this country who are not fooled by themselves, who are capable of self-criticism, self-confession and self-discipline, can have anything they want.

▼

THE same thing that everybody can see is going to happen in business in this country from now on—the pushing forward, the victory over all others in business of the men who are not fooled about themselves—is going to be seen happening ten times over in politics.

The leading symptom of the mood of the people, the magnificent blanket political secret that covers all the other secrets of the coming conventions and elections, the dominating fact of the next man's four years in the White House, is the thing that is going to be done by the people from today on, to politicians who are fooled about themselves.

Any little natural impression my fellow citizens have had at the beginning of this article that in putting forward my idea of being a lawyer backward, or the idea that we must all practice at being lawyers backward to ourselves, I am putting forward just a gay pleasant thoughtlet, instead of a grave, pressing national issue, an issue on which the fate of a people is at stake, fades away when one really begins to think of how the idea would really work out if tried on particular politicians.

The ways in which great employers and labor unions are being fooled about themselves at the expense of all of us, in the industrial world, are matched on every side in the world of politics.

The personal trait of great political as well as industrial value for which the people of this country are going to look in the men they allow to be placed over them, the men they give power and command to, is the quality in a man of being sensitive about facts, especially facts in people. What we are going to look for in a man is his having an engineering and not a sentimental attitude toward his own mind and the minds of others. We are going to give power and place to the man who has a certain eagerness for a fact whatever it does to him, who has a certain suppleness of mind in not believing what he wants to. The man we are going to look past everybody for, pick to be a President or a senator, after this, is the man who is not hoodwinked or polarized by his own party or by his own class, who is not fooled about himself, who keeps without swerving, because he likes it and prefers it, to the main trunk line of the interests of all of us.

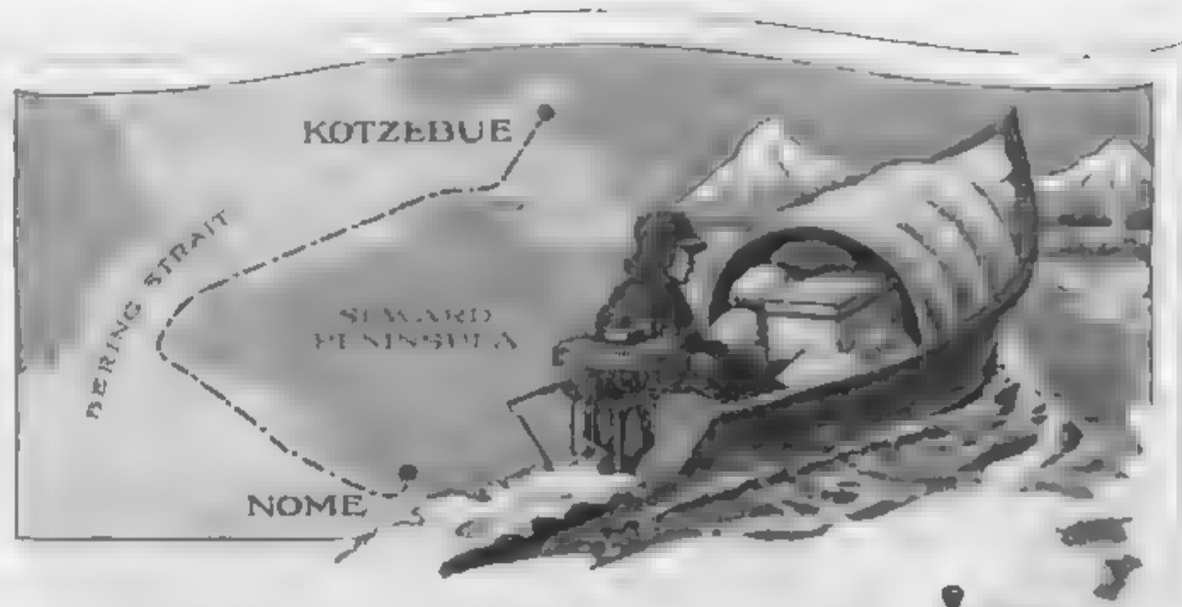
▼

BEFORE the new profession of being a lawyer backward is established, and before very many offices have really been opened up where one can go in and have one's mind changed ten dollars' worth instead of having it poored, soothed and petted, a good many of us are going to find it necessary to practice on ourselves and in a humble way as amateurs, doing any little odd jobs we can on ourselves, at home.

The essential fact in any fundamental workable truth about human nature is that all the people who have any are very much alike.

The best we can do about it—most of us—is to recognize the fact that, in spite of the thought of the people it mixes us up with, the best of us probably are, or probably are going to be, fooled about ourselves, and that the only practical working difference between us in the end is that some of us have caught ourselves in the act more often than others, have wrought out a livelier, more desperate self-consciousness, and have made rather elaborate and regular arrangements, perhaps, for catching up to ourselves and for swearing off from ourselves in time.

Here is Charles Evans Hughes, for instance, who from the day he was born hates a Socialist from afar off—a man who never had in his younger days, perhaps, like some of us, a streak of being one; and yet the first thing Charles Evans Hughes does before anybody can say Jack Robinson, the very first minute he reads in his paper that the New York Assembly has refused to give their seats to five Socialist members, is to be a lawyer backward to himself, with a big national jerk draw his national self together, and before the country is half waked up at breakfast the next morning we have the spectacle of an act of sympathy and protest in behalf of American Socialists from the last man most people would think it of, an open letter insisting that the Assembly should take the Socialist members they had waved out of the room and conduct them back to their seats as the accredited representatives—until proved individually unfit—of citizens of the United States.



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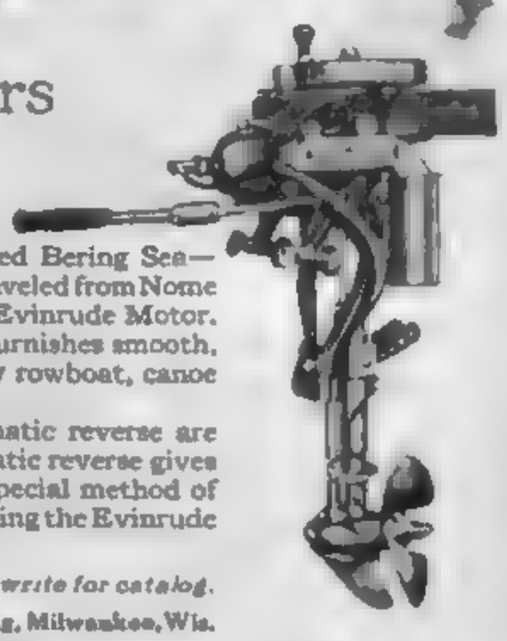

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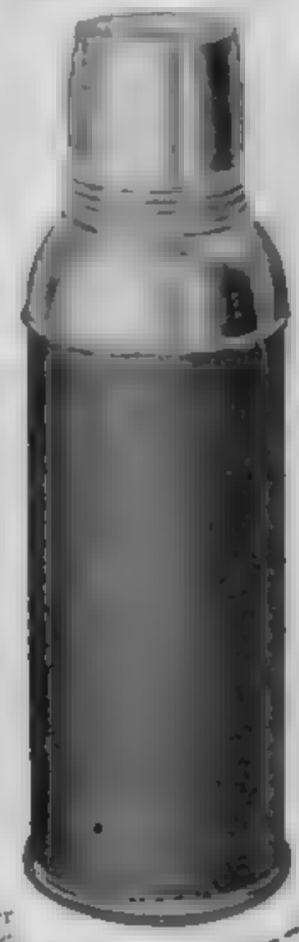

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Mr. Hughes is as anxious to do anything he can during one lifetime to discourage socialism as Henry Cabot Lodge is to discourage Woodrow Wilson, but the reason that the American people have been glad to have Charles Evans Hughes as justice of the Supreme Court, the reason that they came within three inches of making him President of the United States is that in an eminent degree he is a man who has made elaborate, conclusive and habitual arrangements with his own mind for not being deceived by Charles Evans Hughes, for being a lawyer backward, for fighting himself, for stepping up out of being a mere lawyer and sitting sternly on the bench of the supreme court against himself.

When the members of the Bar Association of the City of New York who backed Mr. Hughes were presenting to the world, our slowly enlightened world, the spectacle of several hundred lawyers rising to the occasion and being lawyers backward to themselves, it probably would not be fair to divide off crudely the sheep from the goats, and to say that those who voted to back Mr. Hughes were, and those who did not were not equally exposed to being fooled about themselves. Mr. Hughes and his followers were probably men who are more on their guard, who have regular and standing arrangements with themselves against themselves, and who acted more quickly than others in this case in the way they should wish they had acted in three weeks, three years or three lifetimes.

The extraordinary struggle our nation will make in the next four years to justify democracy—to justify the power of the human spirit to be free, generous, noble and just in self-government—the power of men of differing classes, of differing groups and interests to live in orderly good will and mutual understanding together, until we make at last a great nation together in the sight of nations that say we cannot do it—all this is going to turn for this country not upon our not being a blind people, or upon our not being a prejudiced people, or upon our not being full of the liability to be deceived about ourselves, but on what we do about it when we are, upon our making arrangements beforehand for seeing through ourselves in time, upon our putting forward men to represent us who shall not be demagogues, who shall lead us as we are, with clear eyes to what we are going to be, men who shall lead us by opening our imaginations, by touching our vision instead of petting us in our sins.

VII

THE two great party conventions that are supposed to sort out and arrange the next four years a hundred million people in America are going to have to live, are coming toward us fast.

If I were writing a book for the next President to run for President on, the first thing I would arrange for in the book would be to put down in it two platforms for him to run on—one platform on what he believes, and the other platform on the way he believes it and gets other people to believe it.

The way the next President we pick out does his believing, the way he keeps from believing weakly what he wants to, and from being fooled about his party and about himself, the clean-cutness and honesty of his mind, the tone, the ring in which he believes in himself and gets other people to believe in him—is going to be, from the point of view of his getting for this country at home and abroad what it wants, the most important thing about him.

The most important part of the next President's platform is going to be, in the eyes of the people, his character, the way his personal traits and habits dramatize what he says, the way he lives what he believes.

The American people may not be shrewd about seers or about historians or philosophers, but they are very likely any minute to be deep about people.

In dealing with a trait in human nature with which they are familiar in their own lives every day a hundred million people, without trying, are deep.

If a hundred million people could sit down and write a book, a book or open letter addressed in the next two months to those two big vague, whoofy nobodies we call our political parties, and tell them in so many words the kind of President the people want and understand, the kind of President the people would sweep into the White House when they saw him, no matter what any politician said, I am inclined to believe it would be found—when the book by the hundred million people was out—that our people feel on the whole that we could not have anything better in our country for our next President than a man who would be a lawyer backward.

What the platform of personality we want our next President to have amounts to is this: Know everything a lawyer knows, have everything a lawyer has—and just turn it round and use it the other way and be another kind of man about it.

The fate of America and the fate of the world may be said to be turning to-day on the degree in which during the next four years, during the next President's Administration, the American people and all groups of the people stop believing weakly what they want to believe and face the facts about themselves.

In order to be efficient, in order to be free or even to have enough to eat, millions of American men and women of all groups and classes of the people have got to be capable, and show that they are capable, of changing their minds about themselves.

Everything we are hoping to do turns upon our recognizing, as a people, standing out from the rest and pushing forward to lead us, men who know more than most of us know, men who are practiced in changing their own minds and who can therefore change ours.

Instead of having for the next President of this country a man who braces people, who tightens people up in their convictions or who drives the old beliefs they want to believe further down into them and makes them believe them harder, we are going to put in our demand for a President who is the engineer of the will of the people, who draws people out, who has the common sense, the reality, the sense of humor and the humanness to look facts and folks in the eyes, who keeps people on all sides who have dealings with him from being fooled about themselves, a man who makes people real when they are with him, who makes them, when they even think of him, real with themselves and real with one another, and real in politics.

I mean by a man's being real in politics, being a politician backward, keeping open to facts, acting and preferring to act as children and strong men act, with the deepness and directness of the child.

The hundred million people, in the book they would write if they had time, would put in their demand for a big, simple, fellow human being in the White House, a man anybody can understand, a man who does things with people and gets things out of people because he makes people feel they know him.

The political parties cannot help themselves the moment the people speak. They would rather slide in a man who does not see through them if they could, perhaps, but the great political party that sees first and sees best that only a man who sees through it, and who will go into the White House to keep on seeing through it, can be elected, will sweep this country as clean as a whistle.

VIII

IF I WERE writing a book to be used during a presidential campaign, used as a handbook of the beliefs of the people, a book in the next few weeks for a nation to say yes or no to, for a great people to go before their conventions with and demand the kind of candidate for President they want—the first belief I would put down for the new President to run on would be the

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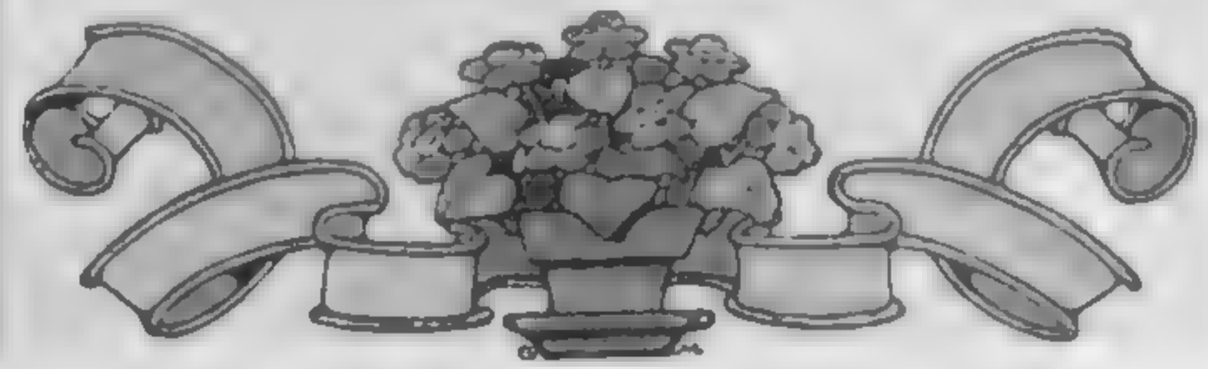

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(Continued from Page 186)

belief that every man in this country is a bigger, a better, truer man than the present arrangements of our industrial and social life seem willing to let him express.

We are all practically waiting in crowds to-day all over this country—in held-in and held-back crowds—to act better than we look.

This belief is the first practical working belief the next President of this country should have about the people.

Putting this belief forward as a hard-headed everyday working belief about human nature in America is going to be the way to get a President for our next administration who shall release the spirit of the nation and reveal to a world, not only in promise but in action, that the people of America are as great a people, as true, level-eyed and steady-hearted a people as the spent and weary peoples of Europe have hoped we were.

The trouble with America in her own eyes and the eyes of the world to-day is not that we are not what has been hoped of us, but that the industrial machine we have heaped upon our backs does not let us express ourselves to ourselves or to others as we really are.

The first moment we find that as clear-cut, conclusive and perfect arrangements are made for people's being good as are now being made for their being bad, the goodness in each man and in each class in America—which now takes the form of telling other men and other classes they ought to be good—the goodness in each man which in our present system he bottles up until a more convenient season or lets peter out into good advice will, under our new machine or our modified system, be allowed to the man himself.

No man with things as they are going can feel quite safe just now with his own private goodness. He has to run to the labor union or the manufacturers' association to make sure he has a right to be as good, as human or as reasonable as he wants to be. No man feels he can let himself go and be as good as he likes, because nobody else is doing it and because there is no provision for what happens to a man and happens to him quick who is being more good than he has to be.

The mean things we are doing on a large scale to one another just now in America are not mean things it is our nature to do. We have let our machines get on top of us and wave our meanness at people over our heads. Our machines which capital and labor have for expressing us as employers and workmen to one another caricature us.

All one has to do is to look about and observe the way in which our present machines of trusts and labor unions are working together to make a dollar worth fifty cents.

The reason the dollar is worth only fifty cents is that nearly everybody who has anything to do with the dollar feels conscientiously that he owes it to himself and to his class to furnish as little work for a dollar as he dares, and to take a dollar for fifty cents' worth of work.

Each man sees this several times a day, but he belongs to a vast machine for getting something for nothing. Every man knows in his heart that the cure for everybody's trying to get something for nothing is everybody's at once getting to work doing more than he has to for the money. Then the American dollar will quit being worth fifty cents.

Why doesn't he do it? Because the machinery he belongs with and everybody belongs with consists of two great something-for-nothing machines. Both of these stupendous machines of capital and labor are geared for backing in producing, and not for going forward. All that has to be done with them is to run them the other way round and we have what we want.

People on both sides admit in a vague, anonymous, scattered fashion that the way to meet a situation in which prices are too high is for everybody to produce more and charge less for what he produces.

But labor will not do this if capital does not do it.

Capital will not do it if labor does not do it.

It cannot be done by one man getting up all alone and saying he will get on with half a profit or half a wage when he sees everybody about him getting on with twice as much.

The only way it can be done is by organizing, by arranging machines for mutual expression, mutual confession and coöperation, by the men in each industry saying "I will if you will," until we cover the nation.

This is one of the first things anti-Bolshevik capital and anti-Bolshevik labor are going to stand for—the organizing and advertising, each in its own industry, of voluntary understanding and professional producing, among men who produce.

The men who are increasing the cost of flour by having too high wages in flour mills will say to men who are increasing the cost of cotton by too high wages in cotton mills: "We will make cheaper flour for you if you will make cheaper cotton for us."

Chock Talks

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GILBERT TOYS

Are you "a handy man around the house"?

OR do you call in your next door neighbor to help out on many of those little "ticklish" jobs which you could do as well as he if you only had the proper tools?

You don't have to be a *craftsman* to put up a hammock, but you'll be surprised to see how "crafty" you will become as soon as you accumulate a set of *good tools*.

Pick up a Millers Falls tool the next time you are in a hardware store—handle it—you will find it to have that unmistakable "feel" that only good tools have.

DO YOU OWN A DRILL—

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MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Millers Falls, Mass.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

It is not a matter of meanness in American human nature we are dealing with. It is a matter of agreement between men who do not want to be mean—hundreds of thousands and millions of men who do not feel mean or want to be mean, and who are trying to slink out of it.

The thing cannot be done without mutual agreement, and the agreement probably cannot be made without voluntary contagious publicity, without organizing a national I-will-if-you-will between capital and labor. The men who produce with their minds will say to those who work with their hands, "We will agree to take less profits and reduce the prices that you pay for goods if you will agree to take less wages and produce more."

Capital will say to labor, "If you will produce ten per cent more we will scale down prices and make your dollar buy twenty per cent more."

Having a larger margin and more time to think things out many employers are going to feel that it is up to them to confide the facts to all concerned, and not to ask their men to do anything they do not do more of themselves. They will have machinery for being confidential with the men and for letting the men know and believe they are doing it.

Instead of having everybody rushing wildly round organizing to say "I won't if you won't!" we will have a hundred thousand picked capitalists and millions of picked workingmen in ten thousand cities who will set going everywhere a huge public voluntary national "I-will-if-you-will!"

Instead of assuming from now on that we are a mean people, and making larger and more handsome arrangements for being meaner than ever, we are going to turn to, all together, and make in the next four years a machine that will express our better natures as well as our present one does our worst ones; machines for mutual confession in each industry, for mutual self-expression and coöperation. Instead of having highly organized engines of ill will between classes, huge pile drivers for pounding into each class what it believes already—instead of being all wound up on both sides into a kind of hysteria or cramp of everybody's having his own way, of everybody's being obliged to believe what he likes to believe—we will proceed to provide machines for crowds and classes to be human and confidential with one another, the way single human beings are; machines for self-criticism, self-control and self-discipline instead of machines to discipline one another; machines for crowds' looking one another in the eyes, and grasping one another by the hand and building a democracy that Germans will long to be asked to belong to, and that will fill the mouths of the Bolsheviks with silence forever.

There is one thing we do not intend to be wheedled out of in our next political conventions and during our next President's four years, and that is that our two great machines in this country, our industrial and our political one, shall be taken out of the hands of men who are fooled about themselves and who will not listen to others.

We do not believe that there is anything essentially the matter with what is called our capitalistic system or our labor-union system except men—the men who think they belong in the front ranks of capital and the front ranks of labor.

The scared men and the men who are fooled about themselves in politics and business—who are trying to fool the rest of us, who are trying to make a great, simple, clean-hearted, clear-eyed, generous country like ours look and act, every few weeks or every few days, as if all that the people in it could really do to express themselves to one another and to the world was to spread around lockouts, strikes, political deadlocks, minority hold-ups and party threats—shall be turned out of office by the people and huddled away out of sight.

In our industrial and political expressing machines on every hand we give notice we are going to pick men out, men who shall make these machines express us, our freedom, our justice, our steadiness of heart and our belief in America, in ourselves, in one another, our desire to listen to those who disagree with us, our human sporting instinct about our party and ourselves, and the victory of the people, the common sense and good will of common human nature in America and the world.

To the great capitalists who instead of being fellow laborers are still mooning absent-mindedly about in the last century, still prinking themselves as the owners of the world, and still thinking of themselves as the captains or military leaders of industry; to the labor-union dukes and dictators that capitalists like this have created to fight them—the hundred million people appointed to run this country give notice.

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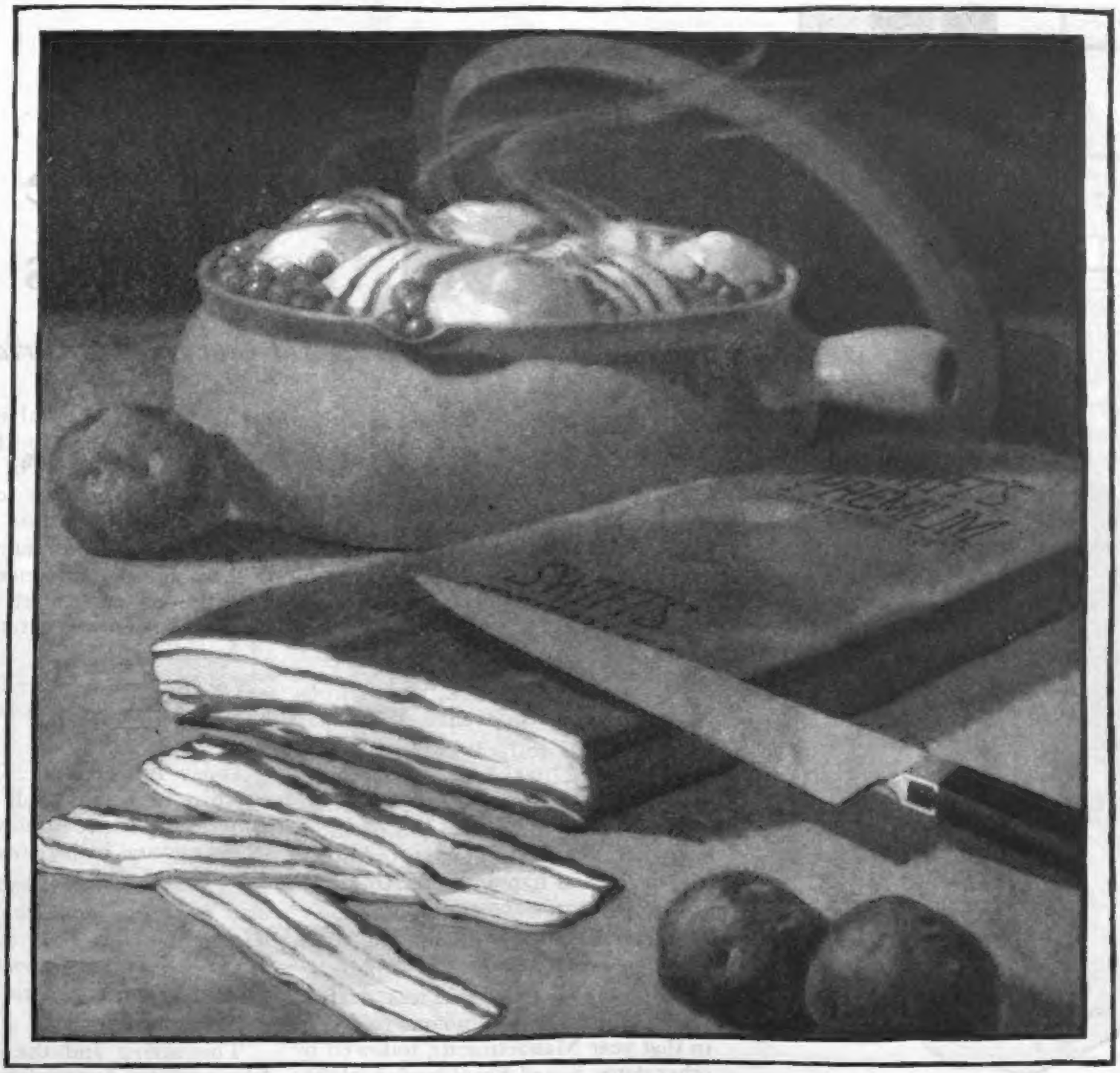

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